

December 16, 1959

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The Australian **WOMEN'S WEEKLY**

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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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DECEMBER 16, 1959

Vol. 27, No. 28

Our cover

• Film star Leslie Caron is a pretty summer picture with her high hat, flower-printed dress, and gay bouquet. Wife of actor-producer Peter Hall and mother of 2½-year-old Christopher and year-old Jennifer, Leslie has just completed a starring role in "The Subterraneans," a film about America's beatniks.

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Homemaker

Teenagers' Weekly, 16-page pull-out, featuring Listen Here, page 7, Here's Your Answer, page 10, Teena, page 15.

THE WEEKLY ROUND

• At 69, Erle Stanley Gardner, author of the Perry Mason mystery "The Case of the Mythical Monkeys" (pages 16 and 17), needs five secretaries to keep up with activities.

HE is one of the most prolific writers in the United States.

He also travels the country crusading for wise administration of criminal justice and for a popular understanding of the problems of crime prevention.

Erle Stanley Gardner seldom sees television's Perry Mason shows until they appear on the screen in his home.

An executive of the studio that produces the shows, which star Raymond Burr as Mason, said:

"The author does read and offer advice on the scripts. He is so wisely constructive, so stimulating in his sympathetic way. We call him the master."

Staff artist Ron Laskie, who has done the very realistic illustrations for the serial, says he enjoyed the assignment because he was able to watch Perry Mason on TV.

We feel his time was not wasted. His illustrations of the

SYDNEY housewife Mrs.

George Foote, whose first novel, a children's animal detection story (page 7), has just been published, told us she can write with her children and their friends playing around her.

"I can answer their questions and even riddles without losing my train of thought," she said.

* BECAUSE of increased postal charges, subscription rates for The Australian Women's Weekly will increase from December 14.

The new 12 months' subscription is: Australia, £2/16/-; New Guinea, £3/14/-; New Zealand and Fiji, £4; British Dominions, £4/10/-; foreign, £5/18/-.

The Australian rate also applies to copies posted to Norfolk Island, Christmas Island, Cocos Island, Lord Howe Island, and Nauru.

A six months' subscription is half the yearly rate.

NEXT WEEK

• Menus for a buffet Christmas dinner — hot or cold — are featured in a three-page cookery section in our next issue. The menus are planned to help the housewife enjoy Christmas dinner with her family and the buffet serving appeals to young and old. A colorful cut-out Christmas crib in our next issue will delight children of all ages.



Engaged – in a Persian palace

THE Shah of Persia and beautiful 21-year-old Farah Diba, pictured when they became formally engaged in a ceremony at the Shah's private palace in Teheran recently. Farah, looking newly sophisticated after her trousseau-buying and glamorising visit to Paris, will become the third wife of the 40-year-old Shah on December 21. Her Dior wedding gown is reported to be of gleaming white satin lavishly embroidered with Persian designs.

To snap them out of
Summer Sag...

It's marvellous
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These two champs are ready for anything . . . even when it means sparring with hot, humid days. They're in top form—thanks to tall glasses of icy-cold, energising Milo. There are malted cereals, health-giving vitamins, essential minerals—a wealth of revitalising goodness in delicious chocolate-flavoured Milo.

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Just add two teaspoons of Milo to a little warm water, stir, then fill the glass with cold milk. For extra-frothy iced Milo, add ice cubes or Ideal ice cream.

MILO
A NESTLE'S QUALITY PRODUCT

N628/59

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The courage of a boy named Mervyn

On a dairy farm at Sexton, in the Gympie district of Queensland, lives a boy named Mervyn Radecker. He is eight years old. Two years ago he lost his right leg in a tractor accident. He has never complained.

By MARJORIE STAPLETON, staff reporter

ONLY once, when Mervyn Radecker had influenza, he said to his mother: "If I had my leg I could climb that tree when I get out of bed."

But now he can climb the tree, anyway.

He can do almost anything, like walking two and a half miles home from Carmyle school if the mood takes him, kicking a snake to death with his wooden leg, riding a scooter, or running on a polished floor.

Mervyn is so well known around Gympie that people from miles call in to see him. They get an object lesson in cheerfulness.

Two years ago Mervyn climbed up for a tractor ride on his father's farm. His trousers caught an obstruction and he was pulled into the

EIGHT - YEAR - OLD
Mervyn Radecker lives a normal life in spite of an accident two years ago.

machinery. His right leg was severed at the calf.

His father's prompt action and knowledge of first-aid saved the boy's life.

His mother, Doris Radecker, called neighbors, who phoned for the ambulance.

This vehicle had just been equipped with a two-way radio and was able to alert the doctors and nursing staff at Glanmore Private Hospital for Mervyn's arrival.

During his seven weeks in hospital Mervyn received many gifts from people in the district.

His favorite is still Freddie the Goldfish, a present from the hospital matron.

But it was Mervyn's father



who gave him the greatest gift—the means to walk again.

The cost of an artificial limb for a fast-growing boy staggered Eric Radecker.

Initially it would cost about £90 and frequent costly alterations would have to be made as the boy grew.

Eric Radecker strode out across his 2½-acre farm by the Mary River wondering what he could do to get the boy off crutches.

Then he found a cedar log,

He carried it home and carved a new limb for Mervyn.

This limb is adjusted to Mervyn's growth—or a new one made—every few months.

Mervyn used to lean on his five-year-old sister, Jenny, while he learned to walk again. Now if Mervyn wants anything, Jenny is running for it before he has finished speaking.

Mervyn has two older brothers—Geoffrey, 11, and Neville, 11—and a younger brother, Lyle, 3, as well as Jenny.

When Mervyn has finished growing, his father hopes to provide him with the best limb money can buy.

Until then he is having a series of cedar logs, hand-carved.

Mr. Radecker has already made three limbs for Mervyn, and recently was asked to make them for other people.

"It's wonderful how our family's problems can help another's," said Doris Radecker.

"After Mervyn's accident we received letters from all over Australia giving us advice and sympathy."

"Now we, in turn, pass on our experiences to others. The most wonderful thing about Mervyn is that he never complains, and I think it's partly the nice, constructive interest of other people that has helped him so much."

Mervyn's up with his age group in Grade 3 at tiny Carmyle School and the other 12 pupils say he's a cricket to be respected.



MERVYN doesn't regard his wooden leg as a handicap. He sometimes walks two miles home from school—and he's an expert on his scooter.

A baby crowns the romance of riches-to-rags

By AMELIA EDEN,

socialite niece of Sir Anthony Eden, who gave up a life of luxury to marry an Italian ferry mechanic.

• Like so many other girls today, I have fought for happiness. To win it, I had to overcome the misgivings of my parents, defy convention, and give up a life of ease and luxury.

HOW glad I am I did! For my marriage to an Italian ferryboat engineer just over a year ago has been one of perfect harmony and love.

Now the wonderful new world I have found will soon be complete. For very soon now my first baby will be born.

And then my life on Ischia, a sun-soaked island off the coast of Italy, will have reached a peak of happiness I never dreamed possible.

For the birth of the baby I am making my first visit home to England since my marriage.

So now I can show Gianni, the man I married, all I hold most dear — my parents' lovely home in Fritham, Hampshire, surrounded by the vast wooded acres of the New Forest; Buckingham Palace, where I was presented as a debutante; the Houses of Parliament, where today my brother is a Member, and where my Uncle, Sir Anthony Eden, was once Prime Minister.

Gianni, I know, loves England. It was as much his decision as mine that led me to come home again and have my baby here.

I'm lucky

But what are my thoughts while I wait for the baby that means so much to Gianni and myself? Am I really as lucky as I believe?

I think I am, for I can truthfully say I married for love. I met Gianni when I spent a day in Ischia during a holiday in Italy.

Ours was not a whirlwind marriage. We knew the many obstacles that lay ahead of us, not the least of which was the fact that Gianni's background differed considerably from my own.

But within my first year of marriage I know I have been able to prove completely wrong anyone who suggested that my dream romance might turn into a nightmare marriage.

True, we never have had much money, for Gianni's work as an engineer aboard one of the Naples ferryboats was not very well paid; but we have a little two-roomed house filled with as many

modern gadgets as a British home.

We have a small car, and I have the constant help and company of Mama and Papa Borrelli, Gianni's wonderful parents, and all his brothers and sisters.

What more could any woman want than to prepare for her first baby in one of the world's most beautiful islands?

Here, on this island where the sun seems to shine for ever, I have found a new, happy life, taking many of the ways of the local people as my own.

I can never forget the moment when the Swiss gynaecologist in the International Hospital in Naples had completed his examination of me and, with a smile, turned to Gianni and said: "Your wife is going to have a baby."

Such simple words, yet they mean so much.

Gianni was as happy as I was. And how tenderly he took care of me on the journey home to Ischia!

I wrote immediately to my mother to tell her my news. And although it was strangely difficult to tell her how I felt, I knew deep in my heart that she would understand my feelings at that moment.

My mother's love of children is so strong and our family so united that, despite the distance which separates us now, I never feel completely apart from my old home.

Yet, now that I am back in England, my thoughts are back in Ischia. For, now that I can speak the language fluently and even understand the local slang, I have become part of the Italian way of life.

The Ischia that the tourists know is far different from the Ischia I know. Throughout the next few months my Ischia will be an island of fear — the constant fear of unemployment.

In the summer, when the tourists come, many of the islanders work in the holiday trade as waiters or taxi-drivers.

But when the tourists have gone home and most of the hotels are closed, many people are out of work.

However, Gianni and I need never go hungry. Like many Italians, Gianni's father owns a large tract of land where he grows most of the family's food.

And as a well-known builder

on the island he can always give his son occasional work.

But Gianni had decided he would like to be as independent as possible, and we hit on the idea of buying a boat large enough to take tourists on trips round Ischia.

For several weeks we searched for a suitable boat. We went to neighboring smaller islands and saw broken old hulls; we went to Naples and inspected beautiful sleek launches; and, finally, two miles away in Porto d'Ischia, we found our boat.

It was little more than two years old and capable of carrying 30 people.

It had a good British engine and, apart from some minor alterations and a fresh coat of paint, it was ready for immediate use.

Father charmed

The boat took most of our savings and Gianni and his 15-year-old brother spent all their time working on it.

Just at the time we bought the boat my father, Sir Timothy Eden, came to visit me for the first time since my marriage.

Unfortunately, he had been rather ill when I was married, and did not come to my wedding. But he had promised that he would come to Ischia and meet Gianni as soon as possible.

My father was charmed by the Borrelli family. He can speak good Italian, and had visited Ischia many years ago with the intention of starting a finishing school on the island.

The war had stopped his plans, and now the shortage — and price — of building land made their fulfilment impossible.

Gianni and I told him of our plans and showed him the boat. He thoroughly approved of our idea. But, he pointed out, we had forgotten one detail — a launching ceremony.

So, as soon as the boat was seaworthy, we invited a few friends down to the harbor. Gianni had borrowed some bunting from other boat-owners to decorate our new craft. From the mainmast flew the Italian flag and a Union Jack side by side.

Then my father stepped forward and made his carefully rehearsed speech in Italian, which I had written for him.



IT WAS love before luxury for English socialite Amelia Eden, shown here with her husband, Italian ferry-boat mechanic Gianni Borrelli.

He announced: "I baptise you Princess Amelia. God send you many good and prosperous voyages and a happy ending in your old age."

Then he swung a champagne bottle across her bows. Gianni and his friends gave the boat a push and our new hope gracefully slid into the sea.

In the summer months that followed, the *Princess Amelia*, laden to capacity, took many hundreds of tourists around the island. And we hope that next year we may add another boat to our "fleet."

Both my mother and father are hoping that the baby will be a boy. For I was one of four sisters and one brother, and among four grandchildren there are no boys.

Gianni himself is thrilled at the prospect of being a father. Already he is dreaming up plans to extend our small one-bedroomed home, or look for a larger house.

He still treats me as his bride of only a few days, and he has never allowed the differences in our backgrounds to interfere with our happiness.

Nor did he raise any objection when, before our marriage, I told him I could not become a Roman Catholic.

However, our child will be brought up in the Catholic faith. Not because I have changed my mind about religion, but because I feel it is only fair to Gianni. It might even present some problems for the baby's future happiness in Italy.

In return, Gianni has tacitly agreed that the baby will be brought up in the British way.

This is the life I have chosen — a life full of happiness which will enfold our first-born child.

For whatever else our baby may lack in the future, he will always have an abundance of love.



IN A SMALL SHOP on the island of Ischia, Amelia Borrelli carefully selects items for the baby's layette.



THIS IS the two-roomed cottage on Ischia where Amelia and Gianni live. They plan to extend the house for the baby.

Spend this Christmas with *Revlon*

the most glamorous name in cosmetics

Favourite Revlon Beauty Aids
prettily wrapped for
elegant giving

Jewel-blue
Aquamarine
Lotion and two
cakes of Aquamarine
Soap. 22/-



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Revlon's outrageously feminine skin perfume
Aquamarine Eau de Toilette. 22/-



Aquamarine Lotion and
Aquamarine guest-size Soap. 9/-



Two cakes of
Aquamarine Soap. 9/-

Aquamarine Talc and bath-size Aquamarine Soap. 23/-



Four novelty
guest-size cakes
of Aquamarine Soap. 9/-



Aquamarine Lotion. 12/-

Revlon "Match Box" with
matching Lipstick and Nail
Enamel. 22/-



Aquamarine Talc. 13/-

"Love Pat" compact,
complete
and Lipstick in
Futurama Case. 29.9



To tell the tale of Ozzle, private-eye
of the animal world, the . . .

Authors wrote a world apart

• Sydney housewife Mrs. George Foote, whose first novel—a child's animal detection story—has just been published, wrote it in collaboration with an English friend, Traviss Gill, while he was still 12,000 miles away in London.

THEY exchanged their manuscripts and ideas for the novel by airmail.

The novel, "Mr. Ozzle, of Withery Wood," is expected to do well in the Christmas trade here and in England, and has encouraged Mrs. Foote to go on with what may become a successful writing career.

Three other books—all her own work—have been accepted and she is working on a fifth novel.

She is also script-writing for the A.B.C. Youth Education service, dramatising well-loved tales into plays.

Her literary career, however, is incidental to being a wife and the mother of three children between the ages of three and eleven at her home at Cremorne, Sydney.

"I do most of my writing during a precious hour or so in the mornings, after Jessica, the baby of the family, settles down for a nap," she explained with a smile.

"I really love writing— even letters."

Met at party

Mrs. Foote writes under her maiden name of Carol Odell, but "Mr. Ozzle, of Withery Wood" has been published under the name of Gill Odell, to combine the names of the joint authors. She is a Londoner, and her husband, George, is a former South Australian engineer who worked in London for a number of years before settling in Sydney in 1953.

They met at a party in London given by Mrs. Foote's aunt, Rosalinde Fuller, the English actress and monologue recitalist.

Three months later they were married at the Church of St. Martin-in-the-Fields.

At the time of their meet-

ing she was doing market research, and social surveys for the British Government, as well as dashingly off children's stories for the B.B.C.

One morning making her rounds doing a health survey in Greenwich, she saw an interesting old house with lots of character and charm, obviously belonging to a "middle income group" family, the subject of her survey.

The door was opened by a man in a red silk dressing-gown. He was Traviss Gill, an advertising executive.

"He invited me in to meet

**By MARY COLES,
staff reporter**

his wife and have some breakfast," Mrs. Foote recalls.

"We began talking, I ended up not only having breakfast, but lunch and dinner with them too. It was the beginning of a wonderful friendship.

"Talking about my work one day, Traviss said, 'You ought to write a detective story for children in the eight to 11 age group. They're not very well catered for.'

"I replied, 'Oh, no. You should write one yourself.'

"Then, almost simultaneously we both said, 'Let's do one together.'

That was the beginning of Mr. Ozzle, the ponderous, rather thick-headed badger detective, and his efforts to solve a daring robbery at the animals' savings bank.

But Mrs. Foote's marriage, and the arrival of a son Nigel and daughter Belinda, intervened, and Mr. Ozzle was still incomplete when the Footes left England to make their home in Sydney.

Then, the Mr. Ozzle manuscript began shuttling between the collaborators in England and Australia by airmail.

"We hit on the plan of typing the story in black, and putting questions, comments, and general discussions in red," said Mrs. Foote.

"Airmail postage cost us a small fortune."

Other books in the hands of Mrs. Foote's publishers include an adventurous tale of all the interesting things that make six-year-olds dilly-dally on their way to school, and another story about a little boy who wouldn't eat.

Her next book is set in a fire station.

"Since beginning work on it, the Castlereagh Street Fire Brigade Headquarters has practically become my second home," Mrs. Foote said.

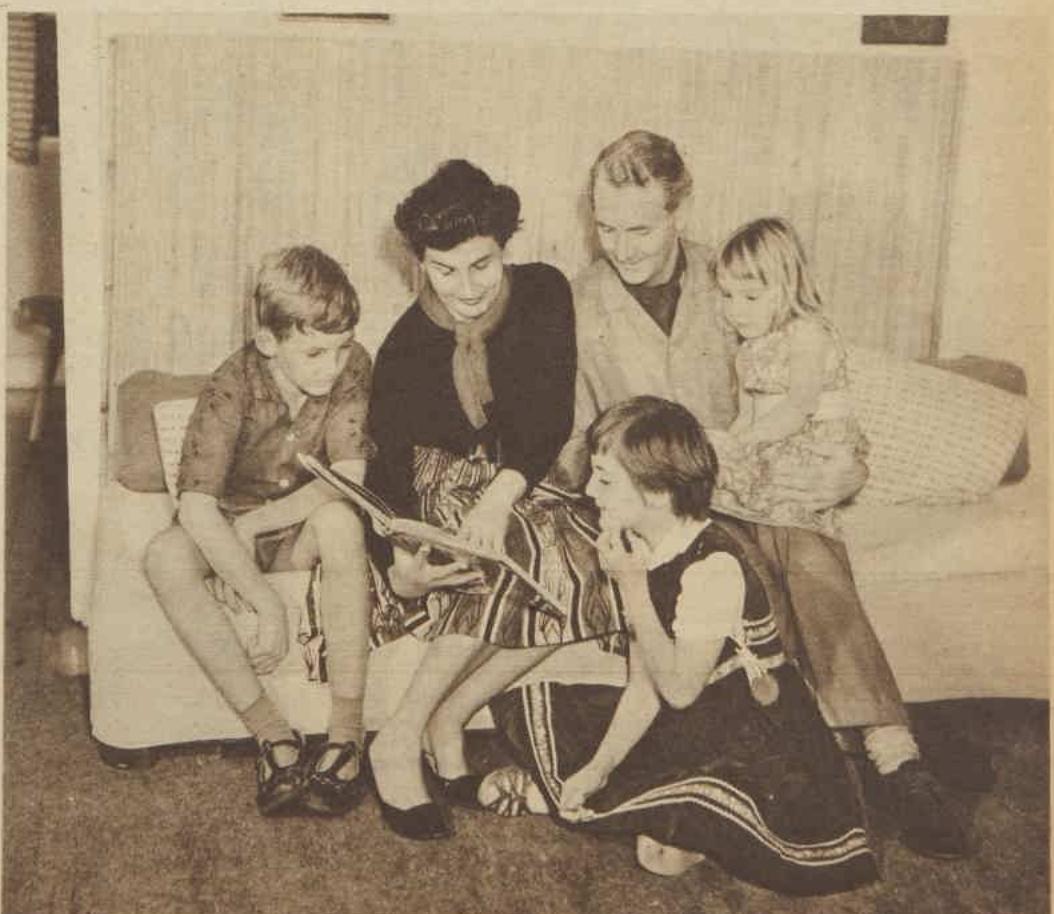
Mrs. Foote says that the real reason she can successfully manage the careers of housewife and writer is because she has a wonderful husband who has encouraged her to write.

But it is to her children that Mrs. Foote looks for literary criticism.

"When I read over something I've written to Nigel, who is eleven, or nine-year-old Belinda, if their eyes dance and they say 'Mummy, that is fabbo or fabulous,' that's all I want to know," she said.



DOING research for her next book at Sydney Fire Brigade Headquarters. Mrs. George Foote hears from Station-Officer Bill Baker that the protective helmets worn by firemen weigh 2½ lb. and are lined with a leather skull-cap.

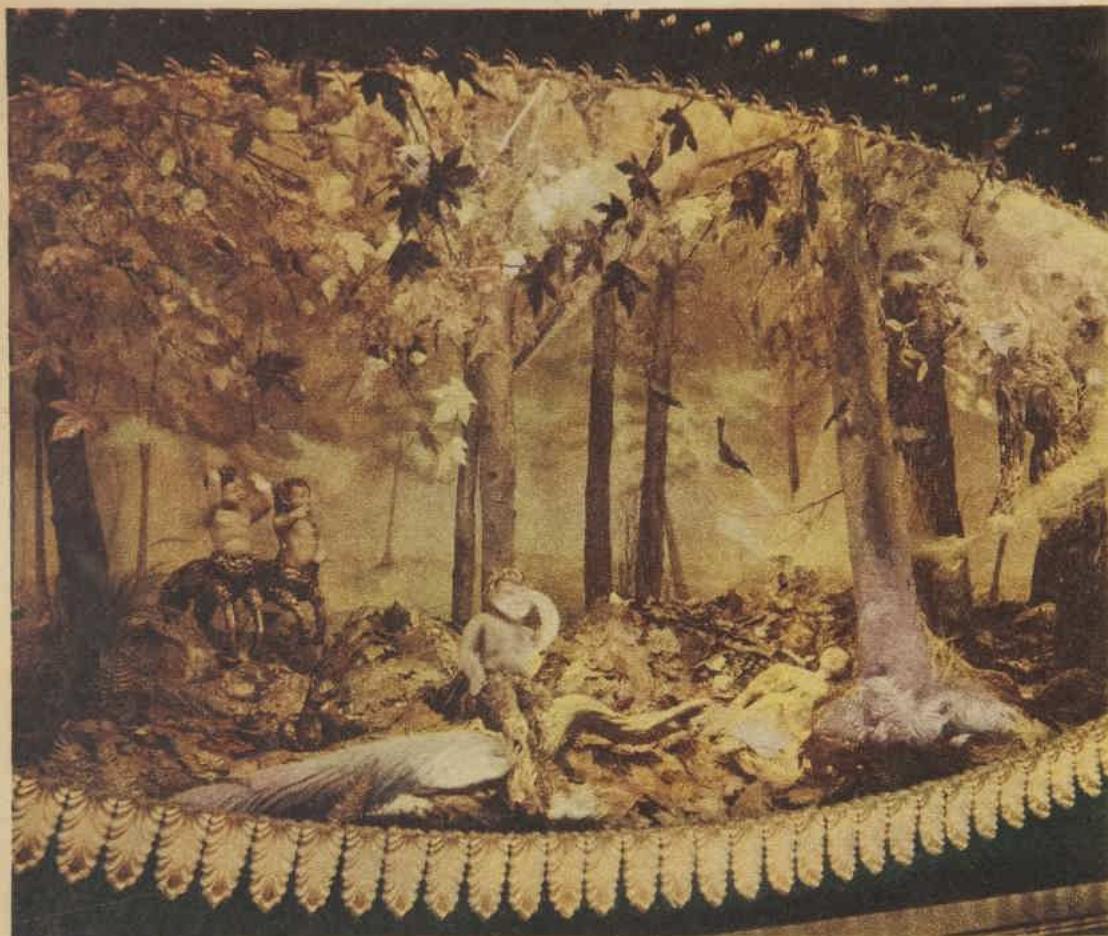


AUTHOR Mrs. George Foote with her husband and their children, from left, Nigel, Belinda (sitting), and Jessica, nursed by her father, in the living-room of their attractive home overlooking Middle Harbor, Sydney.

COLORFUL dust-jacket of the children's novel written by Mrs. Foote and Traviss Gill.



Christmas Windows



● For the third Christmas in succession, hundreds of thousands of people are expected to visit the Myer Emporium in Melbourne to see the window displays.

The store has again given over its entire front-window space to tableau scenes from famous fairy-tales.

"Cinderella," "Babes in the Wood," "Sleeping Beauty" — all the old enchanting stories live anew. The main characters move and "act" the story.

The windows were designed by the store's display manager, Fred Asmussen, helped by the display staff.

BABES IN THE WOOD: The Wicked Uncle has tried in vain to kill his brother's children and keep their lands and money. But the kind birds cover the sleeping Babes with leaves and gentle forest creatures guard them.



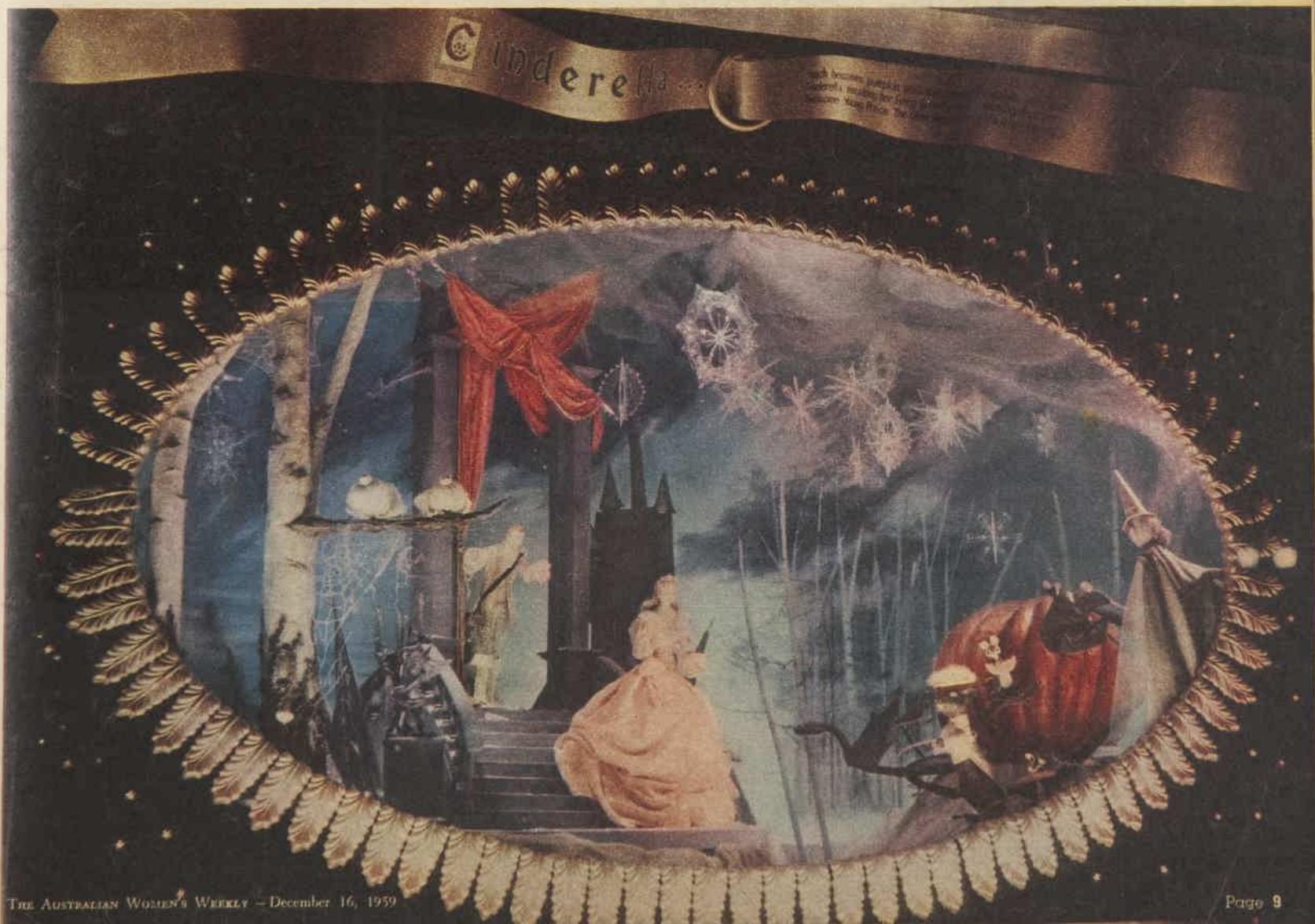
THUMBLEINA: A happy ending comes for Thumbelina, who after many adventures, is rescued by a swallow and flies to the beautiful Land of the Flower Fairies. She is welcomed by the Prince of the Flower Fairies and the Flower Nymphs.

HANSEL AND GRETEL: The golden-haired children escape from the Wicked Witch and her luscious-looking Gingerbread House. The gracious White Swan helps them to cross the river.





SLEEPING BEAUTY (above): Guided by the Good Fairy the handsome young prince, wandering in the spellbound palace, comes upon the Sleeping Beauty. Enchanted by her loveliness, he awakens her with a stolen kiss. The evil spell cast upon her then breaks. **CINDERELLA** (below): The magic coach becomes a pumpkin and the horses turn to mice as midnight tolls, and Cinderella, recalling her Fairy Godmother's warning, runs headlong from the handsome young prince. But her glass slipper remains on the stairs.



NESTLÉ's CHOCOLATES

Tops in everybody's Christmas Stocking



Could anyone wish for a more
thrilling find in a Christmas
stocking than these favourite Nestlé's
chocolate assortments—with the extra pleasure of a gay
keepsake box or tin? For friends... good neighbours
... business acquaintances... Nestlé's
presentation packs are
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the most comfortable, most absorbent napkin ever designed

Now Kotex has Wondersoft covering... a soft open weave covering that's incredibly light and gentle. Only new Kotex with this Wondersoft covering can give you softness you thought you'd never have; complete and even absorbency that never fails; and a

perfect fit that can't ever pull out of shape. The new Wondersoft covering won't rub, won't chafe. It's exceptionally strong, too... makes a positive grip for the clasp or pin of your Kotex* belt. Kotex with Wondersoft covering is the same price as Kotex with gauze.



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Kotex

Feminine napkins

More women choose Kotex belts

Do you like a belt with pins, nylon grip wide or narrow elastic? Pink or white? With a choice of 5 different types you're sure to find a comfortable, non-slip belt that's personally yours.

*Registered Trade Mark. KK4258



DUTCH INTERPRETER Jan de Zwaan talks with Mrs. Jan Pijnacker, who came to Australia from Holland four months ago, at the Commonwealth Bank's Migrant Information Service Centre. At back are two other interpreters, Costas Tachtis, from Greece, and Ted Petroni, from Egypt.

For newcomers, a home from home

● Let's suppose you are a European migrant in Australia. You don't speak much English, you don't know many people.

THEN you discover there is somewhere you can discuss your problems—in your own language. You can meet compatriots, read home newspapers, join clubs.

Suddenly Australia doesn't seem such a bad place.

These "homes-from-home," where New Australians are helped to understand and to follow the customs of their new country, are the Migrant Information Service Centres.

The centres were established jointly by the Commonwealth Savings Bank and the Trading Bank in each capital city. They have just ended their first year's operation, in which they have answered more than 50,000 inquiries...

The Case of the Foaming Brew:

A Pole was having a party and he wanted to know where to get a beer-pump. Result, a successful party.

The Case of the Missing Witness:

A German, slightly distraught, came rushing into the Sydney centre. He was going to be married—but he and his bride had been waiting at the Registry Office for one of their witnesses. The wedding had already been delayed for half an hour.

"I went along personally to the Registry Office with the nervous groom," interpreter Jan de Zwaan wrote in his report.

"I witnessed the marriage, signed the various documents, and duly kissed the bride."

Jan de Zwaan came to Australia from Indonesia in March, 1958. He speaks six languages—Dutch, English, French, German, Spanish, and Swedish—and is one of several interpreters at the Sydney centre.

Last June he was sent to Western Australia to meet a

migrant ship with 800 people on board.

The ship was finally declared unseaworthy when it arrived in Fremantle.

So Jan had to take 180 Spaniards to Adelaide by train. On the way he had to deal with *The Case of the Singing Strings*.

"We had the long trip across the Nullarbor desert," he said. "About two days and one night, separated from the outside world. I had to provide some entertainment."

Two of the migrants had guitars. But the strings were missing.

"I asked our bank manager in Kalgoorlie, Mr. Luke, if he could get some for me," Jan said.

"It was a Sunday. Mr. Luke finally got two sets of strings—I don't know how—but the train had left. So he chased

THE addresses of the Migrant Information Service Centres at Commonwealth Banks in each State are:

SYDNEY: Lower Ground Floor, Cnr. George and Market Streets.

MELBOURNE: 363-371 Collins Street.

BRISBANE: 259 Queen Street.

ADELAIDE: 135 Rundle Street.

PERTH: Cnr. Forrest Place and Murray Street.

HOBART: 81 Elizabeth Street.

The Centres are open on week-days from 9.00 a.m. to 5.00 p.m., and on Saturdays (except in Hobart) from 9.00 a.m. to 11.00 a.m.

They are also open Friday evenings 6.30 p.m. to 8.30 p.m., and Sundays 2.00 p.m. to 5.00 p.m.

after us in his car, and finally caught up with the train.

"We had music all the rest of the way."

Then, at Port Augusta, there was *The Case of The Sick Spaniard*.

He had been complaining of severe pain, and a doctor at Port Augusta diagnosed acute appendicitis—with a "safety margin" of three hours.

Jan phoned through to Port Pirie for a doctor and ambulance to meet the train. There, just over two hours later, the Spaniard was minus his appendix.

The centres have helped deserted wives, people who are homeless and in debt, parents with sick children—desperate because their English isn't good enough to tell the doctor what is wrong.

They have straightened out problems with proxy marriages ("Don't marry by proxy. Bring your wife-to-be to Australia"). They've found work for jobless migrants.

Mr. John Treffry, assistant director of the Migrant Information Service, says:

"We've tried to establish a personal service, given sympathetically."

"We have dealt with migrants of 33 different nationalities, including one man from Iceland. Luckily, he spoke English—otherwise we might have had an uphill job."

"The idea of our centres just evolved. We have been assisting migrants for many years."

"Then we realised that although other organisations cater for migrants on arrival it is after arrival their troubles begin."

"Our centres are a central point in each capital city where migrants can come for information on any subject."

"And the service is entirely free, whether the migrants are customers of the bank or not."

THE NOVELIST JUST MIAOWED

*... then told how she wrote our charming
new serial, which begins next week*

For the first time in the 10 years that famous British author Margery Sharp has lived in her beautiful Piccadilly apartment, a mouse appeared in her bedroom.

NOT strange in itself, perhaps, but quite a coincidence that it appeared just as she had finished the very first book she had ever written about mice.

"I felt terribly guilty — as if he'd come to collect



royalties," said Miss Sharp. "Writing the book about mice had been such a joy to me that I could not think of setting a trap or doing anything desperate."

So I hit on what must seem a very silly idea. Every time I went to the door I gave a loud and cat-like miaow."

"It must sound rather stupid, but it worked. Within a few days he'd gone and I didn't have to feel like a murderer."

There is a good deal of the same brand of humor mixed with commonsense in "The Rescuers," the first children's book Miss Sharp has written, which begins in The Australian Women's Weekly next week.

Although written for children, "The Rescuers" is such a delightful tale that it will have just as much appeal for adult readers.

The Australian Women's Weekly is the first adult magazine in the world to publish "The Rescuers," a fact which Margery Sharp says has given her nearly as much pleasure as the book itself.

"You see, I wrote the book with the idea that it would be read aloud to quite small children," she said. "But I have strong feelings that no children's book should be limited to a child's vocabulary or experience."

"I am sure that children can take an awful lot in their stride and enjoy asking questions about anything that is new to them."

"With this in mind I have included odd bits of information on the way through the story which I hope my younger readers will find useful."

"I have taken great trouble to make sure that every detail

is accurate. But this has always been a passion with me. I have never written a novel without doing an enormous amount of research first."

"For instance, on 'Britannia Mews' I worked on slum conditions of the period for at least three months, after which I could tell you exactly how much you paid for an ounce of tea in those times."

Miss Sharp does not believe that one should relax on factual reporting when writing for children. But, she says, it was a great relief to let her imagination run wild on a fantasy such as "The Rescuers," the story of three brave mice of entirely different backgrounds who set



out across the world to free a prisoner from an impenetrable castle.

"I cannot actually say that I had it in mind to write a children's story when I began," she said.

"The whole book sprang from the first sentence, 'Ladies

and gentlemen,' cried Madam Chairwoman, 'we now come to the most important item on our Autumn programme! Pray silence for the Secretary!'

"This popped into my mind complete one morning and I jotted it down. Then quite soon afterwards the phrase 'Prisoners' Aid Society' came into my mind and I wrote that down underneath. As soon as I'd done that I knew that Madam Chairwoman was a mouse, talking to other mice, because everyone knows that mice are the prisoners' traditional friends."

"Then I put the paper aside and left the whole idea in the good old subconscious for a while."

"Soon, the whole story, which is after all based on the classical theme of rescue, began to develop, and I couldn't write quickly enough. I've never enjoyed writing anything more."

The background against which the story is set was one which Miss Sharp knew all about from her own experience and reading.

She and her husband used to own a Brixham trawler and Miss Sharp has always been a passionate devotee of the sea, so the emotions and reactions of Nils, the Norwegian seagoing mouse, were quite familiar to her.

In "that good old subconscious" was stored a fund of knowledge about medieval



SUCCESSFUL British novelist Margery Sharp, who, in "The Rescuers," her first venture into children's fiction, has woven a delightful story that will appeal just as much to adult readers.

castles with their "forgotten" prisoners in dark subterranean dungeons. Thus the setting of the rescue held no difficulties for her.

"I did draw a very detailed plan of The Black Castle before I wrote about it to make sure that everything the mice did was possible and not beyond their physical capabilities," she admits. "But this all added to the fun of the game. It was the only way that someone like me, with a passion for detail, could possibly work."

In the story mice can communicate with each other, and with human beings of their own nationalities.

"Once the reader accepts this, the rest of the book flows as a matter of course," she said. "At least it did to me."

"The adults who read it, I hope, will find many points of human interest in the characters of the mice. The play of certain qualities and weaknesses in each personality and the difference in social and economic backgrounds are all important in the final outcome."

"I have a reading public that will write to me if I put Monday where I should put Tuesday. So, believe me, I have been most careful in this story that everything fits exactly into place."

"Already I have had wonderful proof that children appreciate not being talked down to. I had a letter from

three sisters aged eight to 11. They wrote, 'We loved the word "iron-tongued." We often wish we were ourselves.'

"When I got that I knew that, like me at their age, they were looking for something written in adult language."

Margery Sharp's own childhood favorites were Kipling's "Puck of Pook's Hill," "The Just So Stories," and "The Rewards and Fairies." Close behind were "Wind In The Willows" and all the adventure stories of E. Nesbit.

"None of these authors treated their young readers as anything but intelligent, and this I think is the important thing," she said.

"I could not and do not want to write stories about children as E. Nesbit did so beautifully. I just don't think I can. But I have discovered that writing for them is one of the most delightful tasks one can undertake."

"I am hoping that 'The Rescuers' will be the kind of book that lasts, rather than a smash hit which is forgotten. That is why I am so delighted that The Australian Women's Weekly is publishing it, for I feel that all good children's books must have something which appeals to adults, too. I am terribly keen to hear the reactions of Australian readers."

THE VERDICT: FORGET HATRED

● "Forgive and forget" were the sentiments expressed by the readers replying to "Puzzled," who asked in our issue of 18/11/59 whether her father was right in switching off a TV performance by the Japanese singer Yoshiro Ono, because he "could not forget what the Japanese had done during the war." "Puzzled" said she was too young to know what they had done. Here are some replies.

THE father of "Puzzled" is doing what so many people do after a war. He is embittered, because as a nation the Japanese committed war crimes which horrified us, as did other enemies. But he forgets that in the Japanese nation there were a great many who were also horrified by what the militarists demanded. Surely cultured people of any nation are not to be blamed for the actions of extremists. We must learn tolerance to all, and realise that in every country there are those who hate warfare and the horror it brings.

£1/1/- to Mrs. M. Dennis, Lidcombe, N.S.W.

BOTH are right. Middle-aged people cannot forget, and the young folk do not know, so they cannot remember.

£1/1/- to Mrs. A. Y. Lymath, Granville, N.S.W.

I HAVE heard of some of the dreadful tortures inflicted on our soldiers (by the Japanese), but I feel that bitter memories like these eventually have to fade from our minds. I am sure the majority of the Japanese people wanted no part in the war, especially the children at that time who are now young adults.

£1/1/- to Miss J. Annal, Warrawong, N.S.W.

I AGREE with "Puzzled" that we should be open-minded towards the Japanese. Two of the nicest pen-friends I have are Japanese. One lost his father in the bombing of Hiroshima, but he told me he bears no malice towards the people who did it. Surely we can learn to forget, or at least let children be open-minded on the subject. Besides, the younger generation of Japanese had nothing to do with the war, so why blame them?

£1/1/- to Miss Ruth Maclean, Margate, Qld.

IF we are to live in peace, we must eliminate hate. Yoshiro Ono, like "Puzzled," is young, and not thinking back

to Hiroshima. He is a fine young man, hard-working, and with university degrees paid for with his music. The main aim of his stay here is to improve his music and English with the hope of being a good ambassador for his country. We have the pleasure of his company in our home—and my husband is a returned serviceman.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Virginia Kelly, Epping, N.S.W.

I WAS born a year after the war began, and had to learn from books what the Japanese did. But why persecute these young people of our own age because of what their fathers did?

£1/1/- to Miss L. Elphick, Klemzig, S.A.



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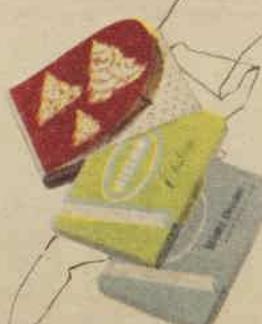


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So Soft Service weight stretch	16/11	
Shape 2-U 15 denier stretch sheers	15/11	

Price, tories, in some states



YOUNG COUPLE who attended the gala world premiere of "Summer of the Seventeenth Doll" at the Century Theatre were June Dance and Michael Buckingham. The premiere, which was attended by the Governor, Sir Eric Woodward, and Lady Woodward, was in aid of *Legacy* and the Elizabethan Theatre Trust.



SOCIAL JOTTINGS

THE indefatigable Black and White Committee is having leis of fresh flowers flown out from Honolulu for its "Hawaiian Luau" to be held at "Cedar Bank," the Wahroonga home of Mr. and Mrs. David Klippel, on December 12.

In addition to the Luau, ONE of Sydney's busiest which means feast, so Mrs. Bob Swift tells me, there'll be a dress parade and an art show, and the gaiety will go on from seven to midnight.

LOTS of sweet young things crowded Sherbrooke Lounge last week—so Marlene Kemp told me — when the fifth year students of Holy Cross College, Woollahra, celebrated the end of school. Hostesses for the function were Robyn Cam, Kerry McMahon, Julie Beckett, and Janice Baldwin.

GAY luncheon party at Romano's last week was in honor of Suzanne Flinton, who celebrated her 21st birthday and the end of her nursing training at St. Vincent's.

THEY were married . . . Marie Dunworth, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Dunworth, of Lane Cove, to Frank Holmes, only son of Mrs. E. Holmes, of Summer Hill, at St. Michael's, Vaucluse . . . Mary Hamilton, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Hamilton, of Clifton Gardens, to Sean O'Connor, third son of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. O'Connor, of Brighton, Victoria, at the Church of the Blessed Sacrament, Clifton Gardens.

Anne

SOUTH COAST honeymoon for Anne and Paul Pembroke, who were married at St. Anthony's, Clovelly. The bride is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Dwyer, of Coogee. The groom is the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. S. Pembroke, of Randwick. Their attendants are Paul's brother Philip and Paula Bobbin, of Boorowa.



BABY BUNTING COMMITTEE of the Women's Hospital, Crown Street, held a Christmas luncheon at the Royal Motor Yacht Club, Rose Bay. President Mrs. John Trenerry (left) is pictured with Mrs. Edward Archer.



ST. MARK'S WEDDING for Jill Scott-Fisher and Graham Ridley. Jill is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. Scott-Fisher, of Telgar, Coonamble, and Graham is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Ridley, of Gordon. The reception was at the Royal Sydney Golf Club.



BEAUTIFUL SOLITAIRE diamond ring is being worn by Pammy Gahan, whose engagement has been announced to Don Dawkins. Pammy is the only daughter of Mrs. F. E. Gahan, of Manly, and the late Mr. H. Gahan. Don is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Dawkins, of Bondi.



GUESTS OF HONOR, the Ambassador for China, Dr. Chen Chih-mai (right), and Madame Chen (second left), pictured with their hosts, Dr. and Mrs. Sydney Hing, during a reception at the Hings' home in Vaucluse. Madame Chen hopes to be settled into their home in Canberra by Christmas.

The Case of the MYTHICAL MONKEYS

First part of our new serial starring the famous attorney-at-law Perry Mason

By ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

ILLUSTRATED BY LASKIE

GLADYS DOYLE had started her secretarial duties with Mauvis Niles Meade in January. Now, on the sixth day of February, she realized that after a full month of close association she knew virtually nothing about the person for whom she was working.

There had been letters, of course, and visitors. But a secretary-companion, hostess, and general assistant to a person who had written a book which had been a runaway best-seller certainly should have known more of the private life of the author by that time. Miss Meade kept herself barricaded behind a wall of steady reserve, which Gladys found completely baffling.

On taking up residence in the Los Angeles penthouse apartment, Mauvis Niles Meade had advertised for an efficient, experienced, tactful, good-looking secretary, hostess, and companion.

Gladys Doyle had secured the position. Miss Meade had explained it was a twenty-four-hour-a-day job, had given Gladys a beautiful corner bedroom in the penthouse apartment, and work had started the next day.

The work had consisted largely of writing short letters, terse telegrams, answering the telephone, making appointments for publicity interviews and serving as a general watchdog to keep Miss Meade from being disturbed when she didn't want to be "available."

The literary gossip was that Miss Meade was busily engaged writing another book. If she was writing such a book, Gladys Doyle certainly saw no evidence of it.

Not a great deal was known about Mauvis Meade's background. Because of the nature of her best-selling book "Chop the Man Down," it would hardly have been tactful to make too searching inquiries.

The book dealt with a small-town girl who went to the big city, who was buffeted around by fate, who took a "fix" at the behest of a sophisticated weekend companion, who became "hooked," and who faced the usual economic and moral problems confronting a young woman who finds it necessary to finance an expensive dope habit.

Then, suddenly, her beauty got her involved with an unscrupulous "businessman" who became infatuated with her. This infatuation turned to love—a love so strong and deep-seated that he saw to it that not only was she cured of the dope habit but also that word was passed around the underworld that a death sentence awaited anyone who ever again supplied her with dope.

The heroine's radiant beauty next attracted a local politician, who had considerable influence. That influence began to make itself manifest in an unexpected manner.

While some of the backgrounds of the "businessman" and the "politician" seemed highly colored by a juvenile imagination, the flashes of grim reality were indicative of firsthand information on the part of the author.

The backgrounds of the romantic recesses from business and politics were such as to arouse varying reader reactions. No one questioned the authenticity of Miss Meade's backgrounds in that portion of the book.

Now, on this Friday, Gladys Doyle, answering Miss Meade's summons, carrying her shorthand notebook and pencil, found Miss Meade stretched out on a chaise longue, a cigarette in the long, curved ivory holder.

"How much expense money have you, Gladys?"

"About fifty dollars."

Mauvis Meade opened her purse, took out a roll of bills the size of her wrist, peeled off three one-hundred-dollar bills and extended them to Gladys. "You'll need more. Take this."

Gladys took the three hundred dollars, made a notation in the notebook, waited expectantly.

"I want you to keep a date for me."

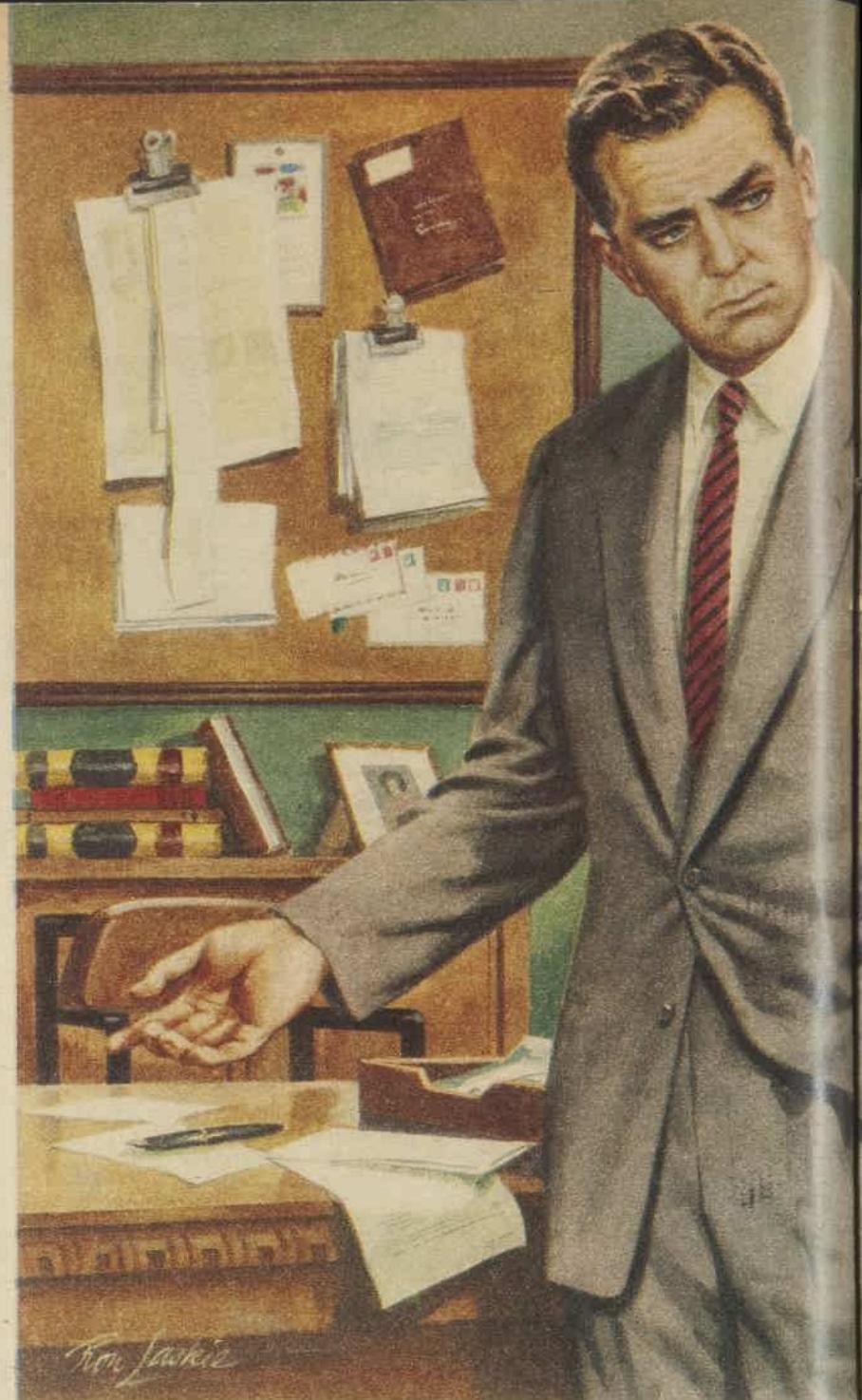
"A date?"

"A date," Miss Meade repeated. "Sometimes I wish I'd never sold those darned motion-picture rights."

In view of the fact that it was rumored she had received a cool two hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars for those motion-picture rights, Gladys could think of nothing to say.

"The man's name is Edgar Carlisle," Miss Meade said. "You'll have to get in touch with him at the Summit Inn. I told him I was going to be there skiing this weekend, but I don't feel like it."

"Take the station-wagon and your skis—I have a suite reserved at the Summit Inn. It's held for me every weekend, whether I use it or not, and paid for by the month, so don't bother with hotel bills. Just sign chits for anything you want."



"Carlisle will call the suite tonight after you get up there. Explain to him that it's impossible for me to be there, that you're my assistant. Find out what it is he wants—generally it's something to do with publicity in connection with the picture release."

"How much will I tell him?" Gladys asked.

"Use your judgment," Miss Meade said. "Anything in connection with publicity that will help the sale of the book is all right. As far as the picture is concerned I tried to hold out for a percentage. They wouldn't stand for it."

"They made a cash price and let it go at that. I'm not going to break my neck doing a lot of fool things to publicize the picture. I'm willing to be reasonable, but that's all."

"You're going to have to be tactful and diplomatic and smart. Change Carlisle's proposition around so it will call for a minimum of work on my part, will publicize the picture, but will also help the sale of the book—and there's one more thing, Gladys."

"What?"

"This man is young, and from the way he talks over the phone I think he's a wolf."

"And I'm to be distant and cool in a personal way, but attentive in a business way?"

"Good heavens," Mauvis Meade said. "I don't care what you do. I was just trying to point out the attractive side of the chore."

"Now, here's another thing, Gladys. Coming back down the main road Sunday afternoon—and you'll stay until Sunday—the traffic is almost bumper to bumper. It's a mountain road and driving it will wear you out."

"There's a short-cut you can take coming down. It's a road that's surfaced until you are seven miles from the inn. Then you've got ten miles of dirt road, but it's not bad. It brings you in on the other highway—there's a little map in that desk drawer. Hand it to me, will you?"

Gladys went to the desk, opened the desk drawer, found a folded piece of paper and brought it over to Miss Meade.

"Don't try to go up on this road," Mauvis warned. "It's dirt part of the way and muddy after this last storm. Coming down it is easy; going up is different. The road is steep in places."

"You have your notebook. Take these directions—leave Summit Inn on the main highway, go into the main part of town. Two blocks past the post office turn to the right, then after five blocks turn left."

"This is a narrow, surfaced road which goes for about a mile on a fairly easy grade, then turns to the right and starts winding down the mountain. At nine and seven-tenths miles you'll come to a fork in the road. Take the right-hand turn. At fifteen-point-three



miles you'll come to a fork in the road. Again take the right-hand turn.

"After that keep on that road until you come to the main highway. Don't turn on to the main highway, but cross it, keeping on the same road, which you will find is surfaced after it crosses the highway. This is a rather narrow road, winding among orange groves for three miles until it hits the main freeway to Los Angeles."

Mauvis Meade handed the map back to Gladys. "Put it back in the desk."

Gladys returned it to the desk drawer.

"Leave at three o'clock this afternoon, Gladys. Return so that you're here late Sunday night. Be sure you have your key. Don't leave Summit Inn until after six o'clock Sunday night."

"Stay at Summit Inn until after six o'clock Sunday night?"

"That's right. You're to take the station-wagon. I'll have the garage fill it with petrol and check the tyres. That's all. I'm going to be out the rest of the day. Answer the phone; tell anyone who calls I'm not available until Monday, that you don't know where I am."

"Now you'd better go pack some things. It isn't going to hurt to use a little glamor on the weekend. I've made an appointment for you at the beauty shop at twelve-thirty, so you'd better have an early lunch. Expenses

are all arranged for. Have a good time, dear."

Gladys accepted her dismissal, packed her suitcase, had lunch and went to the beauty shop. She returned to the apartment only long enough to have a bellboy take her suitcase down to the station-wagon.

It was then Gladys found that someone had torn the page out of her notebook which contained the directions for the short-cut down the mountain.

Miss Meade was gone. Gladys felt with annoyance that there was no reason why anyone should have torn that page from her notebook. Gladys wasn't apt to forget the name Edgar Carlisle, and, of course, she knew all about the Summit Inn, the swank hotel on the snow-clad summit of the mountain ridge.

There was, however, the question of the short-cut back down the mountain. She didn't fancy fighting her way through a stream of Sunday traffic. So Gladys went to the desk, opened the drawer, found the map and made notes from it. The map she found was complete only as far as the second fork in the road. An arrow indicated the turns to be taken.

Gladys wondered why Mauvis Meade had given her three hundred dollars in cash if she was to charge everything at the hotel, and wondered why she had been cautioned

"You are trying to involve me," Mauvis Meade said angrily to Mason, when he pointed out that the pad on the desk was the same size as the map Tragg was holding.

not to leave the Summit Inn until after six o'clock Sunday evening. These, however, were minor matters.

The skiing weather was perfect. Edgar Carlisle was young, handsome, considerate, and quite evidently not at all put out that Mauvis Meade had failed to keep her appointment. It was quite apparent that he felt the matter could be safely entrusted to the discretion of Miss Meade's secretary, and his manner so indicated.

Moreover, Carlisle quite evidently had an expense account which he wished to use, and Gladys had a very enjoyable time. Such a good time, in fact, that she didn't leave the Summit Inn until after dinner Sunday night.

It had clouded up and had started to snow at four o'clock in the afternoon. Gladys knew that she should have secured chains and gone on down the main highway. But there were no chains in the car. It was almost a certainty they really wouldn't be required as a matter of safety if she was careful, and as she was an experienced mountain driver she had no particular fear of accident.

It was as Mauvis Meade had said. There was virtually no traffic on the short-cut road.

She met two cars coming up the surfaced road; then after the hardtop ceased and she came to a gravelled road she met no one.

The snow turned to a hard, pelting rain at the lower elevations. At the second fork in the road Gladys hesitated. It looked very much as though the main gravelled road was the one to the right. But the map had plainly shown an arrow indicating the left-hand fork. After some hesitancy Gladys took the left-hand fork.

It was now a wild, stormy night. After the first mile the road rapidly deteriorated. It became simply a plain dirt road—muddy, slippery, winding and twisting down the side of a mountain canyon.

She felt certain now that the map had been wrong, that she should have kept on the right-hand fork. And, thinking back, she began to question in her mind whether Mauvis Meade hadn't said the right-hand fork when she had been dictating directions. But the map itself had shown an arrow indicating the left-hand fork.

In any event, Gladys was trapped now. There was no place to turn around, and in

To page 52

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Hubby's a willing helper

AS an emergency house-keeper I am constantly amazed at the help the average Australian husband gives his wife, as well as all the labor-saving devices he buys for her. One mother asked me NOT to do the weekly wash while she was in hospital, as her husband always did it on Sundays. She was not at all happy when she learned I had done it. She reasoned I was spoiling him and that he might expect her to do it in future! For the same reason I have often been asked NOT to bake any cakes or biscuits by mothers when relieving in their homes.

£1/1/- to "60" (name and address supplied), Melbourne.

In praise of mutton

WHAT could be nicer than cold roast leg of mutton? Without a doubt it is the national meat of Australia, and what Australian wouldn't be glad to eat it with home-grown tomatoes for breakfast, dinner, or tea!

£1/1/- to Mrs. E. Willock, Jerramungup, W.A.

Send them a gift

WHAT boundless opportunities for fostering understanding and goodwill with neighbors in South East Asian countries could be gained by the setting up of an organisation which would forward gift parcels of food and clothing from individual Australian families.

£1/1/- to Mrs. W. J. Flemington, Caulfield, Vic.

Ross Campbell writes...

I AM in bed today, with a sore back.

It is one of those half-sick conditions where you can't go to work, but have no obvious symptoms like someone with malaria or leprosy.

These borderline ailments are tricky. If you are too cheerful, people think you have no right to be at home. If you complain too much, they suspect you of lead-swinging. I propose to give a few tips on "How to stay in bed without being really sick."

This only applies to men. When a woman is half-sick she has to go on doing the housework. I'm sorry, but that's the way it goes.

I strongly advise the half-sick man to stay in pyjamas. Even if he is able to potter about the house, it looks bad to be dressed.

The baker says embarrassing things like: "Taking it easy?" The patient's wife may ask him to go to the butcher's, and it is always a mistake for an invalid to be seen in the street.

THE TRICKY SICKIE

He should stay inside the house. I had a sprained ankle once and I limped in next door for afternoon tea. While I was away my office rang and one of the children said: "Daddy's not here — he's gone up the street." I had quite a bit of explaining to do.

It makes a good impression on



the doctor, too, if you are at home when he comes to see you. If a doctor answers an urgent call, then has to send a search party round the district for his patient, he becomes unsympathetic.

A doctor who found Cec McGoon

had gone to the hotel refused to give him a certificate — although Cec really had a bad knee and went to the hotel in a taxi.

The half-sick man's attitude to his wife needs judgment. He should be helpful enough — willing to shell peas and so on — to get the credit for being a good patient. But it is unwise to be so active that she doubts whether there is anything wrong with him.

Reading to the children is all right in moderation.

When I was at home with a suspected stomach ulcer (it fizzled out), my son, who was then aged 3, looked in the first morning and said: "Weed Wed Widing Hood?"

I didn't mind the first time. But I had to weed Wed Widing Hood so often that I made a scene at last and refused. I have been on the side of the wolf ever since.

My policy is to make myself useful, but try to convey that it is a painful effort. I must stop now as I have been asked to blow up some balloons and will need my second wind.



Where's the WETTEX!

• We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters signed for publication.

Boat-safety hint

AS a safety measure the owners of small boats should buy metal door handles and screw them to the outside of the craft, so that if the boat overturns, occupants may grip the handles until help arrives. The number of handles, which should be screwed about half-way down the side, should be governed by the seating capacity. Boat-owners will find they don't get in the way and are, in fact, a help when carrying craft to the water.

He learns too late

I BELIEVE with "Roslyn" (11/11/59) that women should just be "themselves" when out with a man. It is because of the so-called pretending during courtship that many marriages fail. A man thinks he has his ideal dream, only to find that after marriage she is totally different.

£1/1/- to "Agreeable" (name supplied), Mudgee, N.S.W.

Now the pay-off

IF Mrs. J. Westley (16/9/59) and Mrs. N. Rami (18/11/59) are going to split hairs over who pays for the most at weddings, why not exclude the frills altogether. Four years ago I was married with only six people present at the ceremony. We had a six months' working holiday for a honeymoon, which we really enjoyed. Now, at 22, and very happy with two babies and a home (every board of which is ours), I am thankful we had a small wedding and saved for a home.

£1/1/- to Mrs. L. Kenaly, Thornlands, Qld.



WANDERING WILLOW

WHEN asked why all this hadn't upset her mentally the Weeping Willow ascribed it to a hidden sense of humor. She also said she never knew what struck her. She just did what happened to her—despite the fact that all her life she'd been a home-loving plant defending her piece of land on the high river-bank overlooking Wulla Wulla against floods and droughts.

Till then she'd spent her life in spasmodic fits of depression like the rest of her drooping species. Then suddenly from one day to the next everything changed and she started out on a new, exciting way of life. Of course, all this is hard to believe, but there are facts even in miracles . . .

One of these facts, and, according to the Weeping Willow, the cause of it all in the first place, was a certain Mr. Carew, who a long time ago had had a violent argument with an Italian. Neither of them won, as both were speaking of entirely different matters and finally tried to convince each other with physical force.

But as a result Mr. Carew began to nurture a bitter grudge against everything Italian. He didn't even any longer eat his favorite meal, spaghetti, and immediately switched off the wireless when they happened to broadcast "Santa Lucia."

On top of all this he began to accuse the Government of a lot of things which were beside the point, because they went on bringing out Italians to Australia. He was a red-faced little man and the kind that judges others by the way they handle his ego. Unfortunately, this particular Italian hadn't handled it like a raw egg at all but rather like a hard-boiled one.

Hence it is understandable that when his daughter Joan calmly announced she'd got engaged to one Alfredo Baldini

he threw a fit that shook the house to its very foundations. But Joan remained cool and determined, let the fireworks subside and burn themselves out, and said that she loved Alfredo, that he loved her, and that nobody was going to stop them from getting married.

It was the first time that Joan had ever dared to stand up to her father and the first time also that her mother joined the battle. She said that she knew Alfredo to be a decent, well-mannered lad.

The possessive old tyrant fumed and declared that never, never was he going to consent to their marriage. An Italian! Everybody knew what Italians were like, especially when they got hold of a knife! No—he wasn't going to have a daughter of his married to an Italian.

Joan took a deep breath and said that in three months she would come of age and that she could wait that long. She said she was sorry that he was making such a fuss over nothing, but that it wouldn't stop her from getting married to Alfredo.

Mr. Carew glared at his wife and daughter as they faced him tight-lipped, and suddenly his lips twitched, his hand went to the place where he thought his heart was.

If they didn't care what happened to him, he said in a trembling voice—all right! He was an old man now, old before his time, and he couldn't take much excitement, but he could see that they were going to walk over his dead body if necessary! Nobody cared what happened to him!

Still Joan stood her ground firmly, but it was written all over her tearful face that it had begun to give way under her feet. The old man, noticing it, immediately pressed his advantage.

He straightened himself to his full five feet, but kept his

When the willow tree uprooted her trunk and walked away Alfredo and Joan were able to gaze at each other across the river.

hand on his heart for safety's sake and thundered that she wasn't twenty-one years of age yet—that there were still those three months to go, and that in those three months he was still going to practise his authority as head of the family!

He forbade her bluntly to see Alfredo within these three months. He said if she was going to meet him behind his back he was bound to hear of it sooner or later, and he was going to make a terrible row.

He only meant well. After a little while she would realise how foolishly, nay, rashly she had acted, and she would be thankful to him for having stopped her before—well, before things got out of hand. He was only trying to do his duty as a loving father, was only trying to stop her from getting hurt.

Sooner or later, he concluded, breathing heavily, he was certain she would realise the wisdom of his action.

Joan's heart ached, but she knew him to be capable of making things very difficult for them if she didn't obey, and also if he did die she would have to blame herself for the rest of her life. To avoid trouble she promised not to meet Alfredo till her twenty-first birthday, but after that, she added, she was going to marry him whether she had his consent or not.

Alfredo didn't take the bad news as well as Joan. When his Italian mind finally understood that he wasn't going to see his beloved for three long months he crumpled the note she'd sent him in his hand, went into his room, lay down on his bed, and resolved to die.

Three months were an eternity, and how was he, a lovesick Alfredo, going to cope with eternity? How could he live

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A short story BY HEINZ NONVEILLER



How to give "the very thing"

Choosing a gift is usually difficult. When you don't know what is wanted, you can still give "the very thing" in a most charming manner with a Bank of New South Wales Christmas Gift Cheque. This Gift Cheque combines a gay greetings card with a personal cheque.



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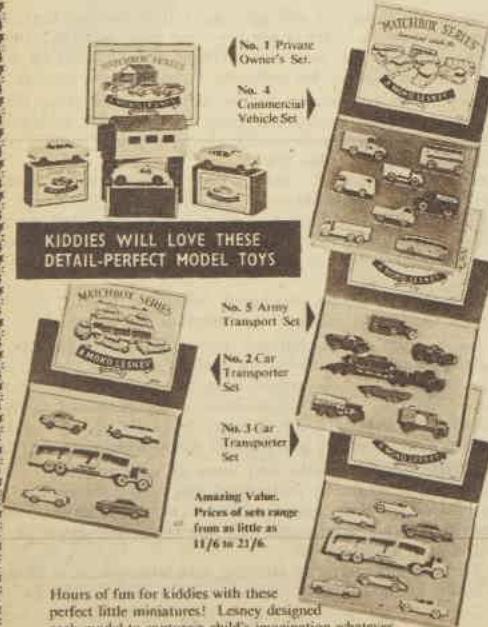
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The Sunny Banks of the River Lethe

With so much to
forget could his
mind find peace?
A short story

By IRWIN
SHAW

ILLUSTRATED BY PHILLIPS



HUGH FORESTER always remembered everything. He remembered the dates of the Battle of New Cold Harbor (31st May-12th June, 1864); he remembered the name of his teacher in the first-grade (Weber; red-haired; weight, one-forty-five; no eyelashes); he remembered the fifth line of "To a Skylark" (Shelley: "In profuse strains of unpremeditated art"); he remembered the address of the first girl he ever kissed (Prudence Collingwood, 248 East South Temple Street, Salt Lake City, Utah; 14th March, 1918); he remembered the dates of the three partitions of Poland and the destruction of the Temple (1772, 1793, 1795, and A.D. 70).

He remembered the number of ships taken by Nelson at the Battle of Trafalgar (twenty), and the profession of the hero of Frank Norris' novel "McTeague" (dentist); the name of the Derby winner at Epsom in 1923 (Papyrus), and the number he drew in the draft in 1940 (4726); he remembered the figures for his blood pressure (a hundred and sixty-five over ninety; too high), his blood type (O), and his vision (forty over twenty for the right eye and thirty over twenty for the left).

He remembered what his boss told him when he was fired from his first job ("I'm getting a machine to do the job"), and what his wife said when he proposed to her ("I want to live in New York"); he remembered the correct name of Lenin (Vladimir Ilyich Ulyanov), and what caused the death of Louis XIV (gangrene of the leg).

He also remembered the species of birds, the mean depth of the navigable rivers of America; the speed of sound; the location of the tomb of D. H. Lawrence; the rate of fire of the Browning automatic rifle; the name of the shepherdess in "As You Like It," and the amount of money he had in the Chemical Bank and Trust on the morning of 7th December, 1941 (2367.58 dollars).

Then he forgot his twenty-fourth wedding anniversary (25th January). His wife, Narcisse, looked at him strangely over breakfast that morning, but he was reading the paper.

There was a letter from their son Morton, who was at the University of Alabama, but he put it in his pocket without opening it. It was addressed only to him, so he knew it was a request for money.

Narcisse asked if Hugh wanted fish for dinner and he said yes, and Narcisse said that fish was expensive and he said yes, and she asked if anything was the matter and he said no and kissed her and walked out of the apartment to the 242nd Street subway station and stood all the way down to the office, reading the morning newspaper. As he read his newspaper in the crowded car he wished, mildly, that most of the people whom people wrote about in the newspapers would vanish.

Hugh was the first one in the office, and he went to his cubby-hole and sat at his desk, leaving the door open, enjoying the empty desks and the sound of silence.

The company for which he worked was putting out a one-volume encyclopaedia, absolutely complete, on Indian paper, with seven hundred and fifty illustrations. There was some talk of its being called the "Giant Pocket Encyclopaedia," but no final decision had as yet been reached. Hugh was working on the "S's."

Today he had Soap, Sodium, Sophocles, and Sorrento before him. He remembered that Maxim Gorki had lived in Sorrento, and that of the hundred and twenty-three plays that Sophocles wrote only seven had been discovered. Hugh was not actually unhappy at his work, except when Mr. Gorsline appeared.

Mr. Gorsline was the owner and editor-in-chief of the house, and believed in standing behind the backs of his employees silently watching them at their labors.

Mr. Gorsline was grey-haired, wore tweed suits, had the face and figure of a picador, and had started with calendars. The house still put on a great variety of calendars, and Hugh was very useful on calendars, because he remembered things like the death of Oliver Cromwell (September 3, 1658) and the date on which Marconi sent the first wireless message across the Atlantic (December 12, 1901) and the date of the first steamboat run from New York to Albany (August 17, 1807).

Mr. Gorsline appreciated Hugh's peculiar talents and was relentlessly paternal about his welfare. Mr. Gorsline was a believer in homeopathic medicines and opposed to glasses, having thrown his away in 1944 after reading a book about a series of exercises for the muscles of the eyes.

He had persuaded Hugh to discard his glasses for a period of seven months in 1948, during which time Hugh had suffered from continual headaches.

During the morning Mr. Gorsline came into Hugh's room twice. The first time he stood behind Hugh's chair without saying a word for five minutes, then said, "Still on sodium?" and left. The next time he stood silently for eight minutes, then said, "Forester, you're putting on weight. White bread," and left.

Just before lunch Hugh's daughter came into Hugh's office. She kissed him and said, "Many happy returns of the day, Daddy," and gave him a small oblong package. Clare was twenty-two and had been married four years, but she refused to stop saying "Daddy."

Hugh opened the package, feeling confused. There was a gold-tipped fountain-pen in it. It was the fourth fountain-pen Clare had given him in the past six years, two on birthdays and the third on Christmas. She had not inherited her father's memory.

"What's this for?" Hugh asked.

"Daddy!" Clare said. "You're kidding."

Hugh stared at the pen. He knew it wasn't his birthday (June 12), and it certainly wasn't Christmas (December 25). "It can't be," Clare said incredulously. "You didn't forget."

Hugh remembered Narcisse's face at breakfast. "Oh, my," he said.

"You better load yourself with flowers before you set foot in the house tonight," Clare said. She peered anxiously at her father. "Daddy, are you all right?" she asked.

"Of course I'm all right," Hugh said, annoyed. "Everybody forgets an anniversary once in a while."

"Not you, Daddy."

"Me, too. I'm human, too," he said, but he felt shaken.

He unscrewed the top of the pen and wrote "twenty-four years" on a pad, keeping his head down. He now owned eight fountain-pens. "It's just what I needed, Clare," he said, and put it in his pocket. "Thank you very much."

"You haven't forgotten that you promised to take me to lunch, have you?" Clare had phoned the day before to make the appointment for lunch, because, she told Hugh, she had some serious problems to discuss.

"Of course not," Hugh said briskly. He put on his overcoat and they went out together. Hugh ordered sole, then changed to lamb chop because he remembered that they were to have fish for dinner. Clare ordered roast chicken and salad and a bottle of wine, because, she said, the afternoons became less sad after a bottle of wine.

Hugh didn't understand why a pretty twenty-two-year-old girl needed wine to keep her from being sad in the afternoon, but he didn't interfere.



As Hugh walked along the street crowded with homeward-bound office workers he thought he heard a voice close by calling out something which sounded curiously like "Daddy."

While Clare was going over the wine card Hugh took Morton's letter out of his pocket and read it. Morton was asking for two hundred and fifty dollars.

As Clare ate her chicken and drank her wine she told her father what was troubling her. Mostly it was Freddie, her husband. She was undecided, she said as she ate away steadily at her chicken, whether to leave him or have a baby.

She was sure Freddie was seeing another woman on East 78th Street, and before she took a step in either direction she wanted Hugh to confront Freddie man to man and get a statement of intentions from him. Freddie wouldn't talk to her. Whenever she brought the subject up he left the house and went to a hotel for the night.

If it was to be divorce she would need at least a thousand dollars from Hugh for the six weeks in Reno, because Freddie had already told her he wouldn't advance a cent for anything like that. Besides, Freddie was having a little financial trouble at the moment.

If they had the baby the doctor Clare wanted would cost eight hundred dollars, and there would be at least another five hundred for the hospital and nurses, and she knew she could depend on Daddy for that.

She drank her wine and talked on as Hugh ate silently. Freddie, she said, was also five months behind in his dues and green fees at the golf club, and they were going to post his name if he didn't pay by Sunday.

"I told him," Clare said, with tears in her eyes and eating steadily, "I told him I would gladly go out and work, but he said he'd be damned if he'd let people say he couldn't support his own wife, and, of course, you have to respect a feeling like that. And, he told me, he wouldn't come to you for another cent, either, and you can't help admiring him for that, can you?"

"No," Hugh said, remembering his son-in-law had borrowed from him over a period of four years three thousand eight hundred and fifty dollars and had not paid back a cent. "No, you can't. Did he know you were going to talk to me today?"

"Vaguely," Clare said, and poured herself another glass of

wine. As she carefully harvested the last bits of apple and walnut from her salad, Clare said she didn't really like to burden him with her problems, but he was the only one in the whole world whose judgment she really trusted.

By the time they finished their coffee Hugh had promised to talk to Freddie very soon about the woman on 78th Street and to underwrite either the trip to Reno or the obstetrician, as the case may be, and he had made a half promise about the back dues and the green fees.

On the way to the office Hugh bought an alligator handbag for Narcisse for sixty dollars and worried sharply, for a moment, about inflation as he wrote out the cheque and handed it to the salesgirl.

It was a little difficult to work after lunch, because he kept thinking about Clare and what she had been like as a little girl. He worked very slowly on Sorrento. Mr. Gorsline came in twice during the afternoon. The first time he said, "Still on Sorrento?" and the second time he said, "Who cares if Communist Russian wrote a book there?"

Hugh noticed a quickening of his breath, which was almost a gasp, when Mr. Gorsline stood behind him during the afternoon.

After work he went into the little bar on Lexington Avenue, where he met Jean three times a week. She was sitting there finishing her first whisky, and he sat down beside her and squeezed her hand in greeting.

They had been in love for eleven years now, but he had kissed her only once (V-E Day), because she had been a classmate of Narcisse's at Bryn Mawr and they had decided early in the game to be honorable.

She was a tall, majestic woman, who, because she had led a troubled life, still looked comparatively young. They sat secretly in sad little bars late in the afternoon and talked in low, nostalgic tones about how different everything could have been.

In the beginning their conversation had been more animated,

and for a half hour at a time Hugh had recovered some of the optimism and confidence that he had had as a young man who had taken all the honors at college before it became apparent that a retentive memory and talent and intelligence and luck were not all the same thing.

"I think, very soon," Jean said while he was sipping his drink, "we'll have to give this up. It isn't going anywhere, really, is it? And I just don't feel right about it. I feel guilty, don't you?"

Until then it hadn't occurred to Hugh that he had done anything to feel guilty about, with the possible exception of the kiss on V-E Day. But now that Jean had said it he realised that he probably would feel guilty from now on every time he entered the bar and saw her sitting there.

"Yes," he said sadly, "I suppose you're right."

"I'm going away for the summer," Jean said. "In June. When I come back I'm not going to see you any more."

Hugh nodded miserably. The summer was still five months away, but behind him he had a sense of something slipping, with a rustling noise, like a curtain coming down.

He had to stand in the subway all the way home, and the car was so crowded that he couldn't turn the pages of his newspaper. It was hot in the train, and he felt fat and uncomfortable jammed among the travellers, and he had a new, uneasy feeling that his flesh was overburdening him. Then, just before he came to 242nd Street, he realised that he had left the alligator bag on his desk in the office.

He felt a little tickle of terror in his throat and knees. It was not so much that, empty-handed, he faced an evening of domestic sighs, half-spoken reproaches, and almost certain tears. It was not even so much the fact that he mistrusted the cleaning woman who did his office every night and who had once (November 3, 1950), he was sure, taken a dollar and thirty cents worth of airmail stamps from the upper right-hand drawer. But standing there in the now uncrowded car

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 16, 1959

Parker '51'

GIVEN AND USED BY FAMOUS PEOPLE

The squared circle

A short short story

By EDITH
PARGETER

WHATEVER Dinah may say, I never played the heavy father. I know every boy of fifteen wants to look like all the others, have the same fads as they have, wear the same clothes, play the same records. All I tried to do was tone the pattern down a little, for in our half-industrial, half-rural district it was fearsome when carried to extremes.

I let him have jeans when he moped at being expected to get by in flannels, and then felt sorry for him because he looked so hot and crumpled in the drainpipes he insisted on buying. I stood for his loudest shirts as long as he stuck to plaids and checks, and only put my foot down when he aspired to prints involving hula girls.

I admit I jibbed at the boozie tie, and regularly took myself and the dog for a walk on Saturday evenings, the night the gang spent with the gramophone in his playroom, to avoid blowing up at the hideous din of the records they played, which all sounded alike to me.

If there were any other kind of fifteen-year-old in the neighborhood, our Ian failed to discover them. If he had, he might have conceived another sort of ambition; as it was, all he wanted was to be exactly like this lot.

It was Dimah who put her foot down when he wanted to grow his hair long and have the front curled, which was the latest fashion. She made him go and have it cut properly, and he was furious.

He wouldn't speak to either of us for most of the evening, and when he did it was to accuse us of trying to spoil his life and make a pariah of him. And then out came a wonderful spiel about us teenagers and our right to freedom and how all the grown-ups were against us, until I was compelled to tip him over the arm of a chair and give him just enough of a tanning to remind him it could still happen. Goodness knows where he picked up the cant. He certainly didn't think of it himself—he was a perfectly happy kid when left alone.

But the climax came over the suede shoes with guitars on the toes. When I objected to his wearing them with a reputable school blazer he thought he had the final answer to all the fogies like me. "I bought them with my own money," he said defiantly.

And from then on that was the answer to any comments on his raucous records, too—most of them blessed with titles like "Tread Wary, Miss Mary!" or "Cannibal Rock," and all indistinguishable from one another. "I can have what sort of music I like, I buy them with my own money!"

"All right," I said, "in future you shall do just that. Your mother and I will keep you in decent clothes and books and all your sensible expenses, but your pocket-money goes into the bank from now on, and what you want to spend on records you can earn first."

I had to admire his spirit. He jutted his underlip at me and went to work without any complaint. He ran errands, dug gardens, did odd jobs for a dozen neighbors, and as far as I could see he gave them honest value for their money, too. And with the proceeds he bought, as often as he could, the most horrible and monotonous of the current hits.

Saturday afternoon I'd see him come in proudly from the shop with a new 45 under his arm, and in the evening Johnny, and Billy, and Hami, and Paddy, and all the rest of the cats would come rolling up the drive on wobbling bikes, and hell would break loose in the playroom, with all the old familiar noises, and this extra one added.

One of Ian's customers was a dear old soul who used to teach music, and one day Ian came home, after running her errands, with a 12-inch 78 under his arm. He said somebody'd given it to her as a present, and as she already had it she'd given him one of the discs because she'd heard that he collected square stuff, he said, but maybe he could swap it with somebody if they didn't hear it first. It was Mozart's "Five Cointredances."

The gang had it on that night out of curiosity. Shrieks of derision, and somebody stopped it before it even got through the "Non piu andria" one, and on went "Rocking Cats Caterwaul," and they were happy again.



Ian sat on the floor in a trance as he listened to the gramophone.

But after they'd gone he played it. I heard him lock the door in case one of the gang should come back for something and catch him out.

He turned the volume down, too, so that it shouldn't reach them as they wrangled their way along the road; and very softly, all by himself, he played those five dances through. Only once, then he came out to his supper. Just curiosity, I thought. Our Ian couldn't possess a record and not play it through just once just to see.

After that he used to vanish occasionally, usually at night, when he ought to have been getting ready for bed; and very softly, inside the playroom, Dinah and I would hear Mozart's darling miniatures of military grandeur piping and drumming and skipping away, a thousand times gayer and wittier and younger than the stuff the gang doped themselves with.

We didn't say a word to him, even when he emerged with elaborately casual gait and rapt, shining eyes. One teasing word and he'd have been scared off for life. One push and he'd have been off in the opposite direction. He'd rather have died than admitted he was getting to like it.

The last Saturday in May he was busy counting his money and then off he went to the shop, with that purposeful lop that meant he was after a new record.

"Hi-yo Baby Blues, I shouldn't wonder," said Dinah, casting a professional eye over the Top Ten in the paper, "or maybe 'Lowdown Meanie Rock.' It's in second place and the lyrics are practically intellectual—three whole, recognizable words, and eight separate queer noises."

"I shall be taking the dog for a walk," I said firmly.

Dinah made an envious face at me, but to tell the truth I think by that time she'd developed some means of tuning the row right out of her ears.

I met the cats wobbling down the drive as I came back from walking Butch. They shouted goodnights to me, and went off like the many-colored fire of Roman candles in the green evening, tossing their fantastic haircuts and flashing their luminous socks. I went into Dinah. "Well, what was the new horror?"

"There wasn't one," said Dinah, puzzled. "Only the old ones. And yet he did bring in a new 45; I saw him come in with it, still in its shop bag. You don't suppose they broke it before he could even play it?"

"No such luck," I said. "Is he still in there?"

He was. When I stepped towards the playroom door I could hear the gramophone going, oh, so softly. It took me a full minute to realize what I was hearing. Then I beckoned Dinah, and she laid her cheek against the panel of the door beside me, and listened, her eyes big and astonished.

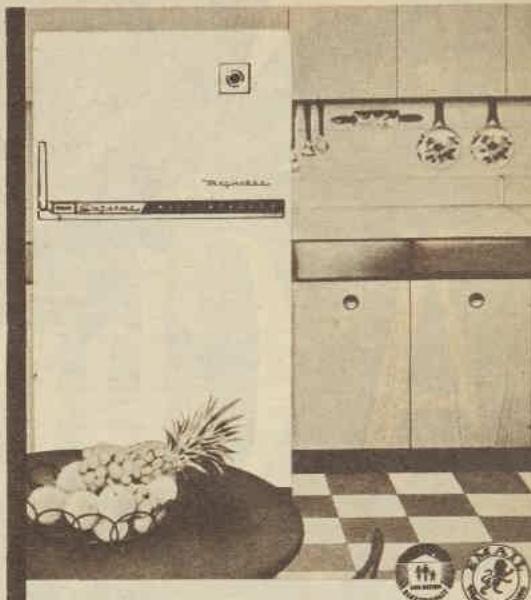
She stooped to look through the keyhole, but he'd left the key in it, and we had to take hands, giggling like kids, and sneak around outside, under the windows. Cautiously we peeped over the sill. The only time we've ever really spied on Ian, and we felt ashamed, but, boy, it was worth it.

He was sitting on the rug, facing the old gramophone, listening with every nerve of his body, like a boy in a trance. His face looked pale and grave in the darkening room, and his eyes were enormous with wonder and delight, as the unmistakable singing strings of the Vienna Philharmonic danced, light as air, through the last movement of the G Minor Concerto.

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A Christmas

Knight

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Page 26

he had to face the fact that twice in one day he had forgotten something.

He couldn't remember when anything like that had ever happened to him. He touched his head with his fingertips as though there might be some obscure explanation to be found that way.

The evening passed as he had expected. He bought some roses at the station for Narcisse, but he couldn't tell her about the alligator bag left on his desk, because he figured, correctly, that that would only compound the morning's offence.

He even suggested that they return to the city for an anniversary dinner, but Narcisse had had the whole day alone to brood upon her martyrdom, and she insisted on eating the fish, which had cost ninety-three cents a pound. By ten-thirty she was crying.

Hugh slept badly and got to the office early the next morning, but even the sight of the alligator bag, left squarely in the middle of the desk by the cleaning woman, did not raise his spirits. During the day he forgot the names of three of Sophocles' plays and the telephone number of his dentist.

It started that way. Hugh began to make more and more frequent trips to the reference library on the thirteenth floor, dreading the trip through the office, because of the way his fellow-workers commenced to look at him, curious and puzzled, as he traversed the room again and again in the course of an hour.

One day he forgot the titles of the works of Sardou, the area of Santo Domingo, the symptoms of silicosis, and the occasion of the mortification of Saint Simeon Stylites.

Hoping it would pass, he said nothing of it to anyone—not even to Jean.

Mr. Gorsline took to standing for longer and longer periods behind Hugh's desk, and Hugh sat there, pretending to be working, pretending he didn't look haggard.

Once Mr. Gorsline muttered something about hormones, and once, at four-thirty, he told Hugh to take the afternoon off. Hugh had worked for Mr. Gorsline for eighteen years, and this was the first time Mr. Gorsline had told him to take an afternoon off. When Mr. Gorsline left his office, Hugh sat at his desk, staring blindly into terrifying depths.

One morning, some days after the anniversary, Hugh forgot the name of his morning newspaper. He stood in front of the newsstand, staring down at the ranked newspapers, and they all looked the same to him. He knew that for the past twenty-five years he had been buying the same paper each morning, but now there was no clue for him in their make-up or in their headlines as to which one it was.

He bent down and peered more closely at the papers. The President, a headline announced, was to speak that night. As Hugh straightened up he realised he no longer remembered the President's name or whether he was a Republican or a Democrat. For a moment he experienced what could be described as an exquisite pang of pleasure. But he knew it was deceptive, like the ecstasy described by T. E. Lawrence on the occasion when he was nearly beaten to death by the Turks.

He bought a magazine and stared numbly at the colored photographs all the way to the office. That morning he forgot the date on which John L. Sullivan won the heavyweight championship of the world and the name of the inventor of the submarine. He also had to go to the reference library because he wasn't sure whether Santander was in Chile.

He was sitting at his desk

Continuing . . . THE SUNNY BANKS OF THE RIVER LETHE

from page 21

one name seemed to have any special meaning for him.

Perhaps it was an omen, he thought, the thing about the chequebook. Perhaps it was a sign that he ought to take a sterner line with his son. Let him pay for his own mistakes for once.

He picked up his pen. "Dear . . ." he read. He looked for a long time at the word. Then he carefully closed his pen and put it back in his pocket. He no longer remembered his son's name.

He put on his coat and went out, although it was only three-twenty-five. He walked all the way to the Museum, striding lightly, feeling better and better with each block.

By the time he reached the Museum he felt like a man who has just been told that he has won a hundred-dollar bet on a fourteen-to-one shot. In the Museum he went and looked at the Egyptians. He had meant to look at the Egyptians for years, but he had always been too busy.

When he got through with the Egyptians he felt wonderful. He continued feeling wonderful all the way home in the subway. He no longer made any attempt to buy the newspapers. They didn't make sense to him. He didn't recognise any of the people whose names appeared in the columns.

Of course, once he opened his front door his euphoria left him. Narcisse had taken to looking at him very closely in the evenings, and he had to be very careful with his conversation. He didn't want Narcisse to discover what was happening to him. He didn't want her to worry, to try to cure him.

He went to bed early. He heard Narcisse crying in the next bed. It was the third time that month.

The next afternoon he was working on Tallyrand. He was bent over his desk, working slowly but not too badly, when he became conscious that there was someone standing behind him. He swung in his chair. A grey-haired man in a tweed suit was standing there, staring down at him.

"Yes," Hugh said curiously. "Are you looking for someone?"

The man, surprisingly, turned red, then went out of the room, slamming the door behind him. Hugh shrugged incuriously.

The elevator was crowded when he left for the day, and the hall downstairs was thronged with clerks and secretaries hurrying out of the building. Near the entrance a very pretty girl was standing and she smiled and waved at Hugh over the heads of the hansom-bound office workers.

Hugh stopped for an instant, flattered, and was tempted to smile back. But he had a date with Jean and, anyway, he was too old for anything like that.

He set his face and hurried out in the stream of people. He thought he heard a kind of wail, which sounded curiously like "Daddy," but he knew that was impossible and didn't turn around.

He went to Lexington Avenue, enjoying the shining winter evening, and started north. He passed two bars and was approaching the third when he slowed down. He retraced his steps, peering at the bar fronts. They all had chromium on them, and neon lights, and they all looked the same.

There was another bar

across the street. He went and looked at the bar across the street, but it was just like the others. He went into it, anyway, but Jean wasn't there. He ordered a whisky, standing at the bar, and asked the bartender, "Have you seen a boy alone in here in the past half hour?"

The bartender looked up at the ceiling, thinking. "What does she look like?" he asked.

"She . . ." Hugh stopped. He sipped his drink. "Never mind," he said to the bartender. He laid a dollar on the counter.

Walking over to the subway station he felt better than he had felt since he had won the hundred-yard dash at the age of eleven at the annual field day of the Brigham Young Public School in Salt Lake City on June 9, 1915.

The feeling lasted, of course, only until Narcisse put the soup on the table. Her eyes were puffed and she had obviously been crying that afternoon. Eating his dinner, conscious of Narcisse watching him closely across the table, Hugh began to feel the mice between his fingers again. After dinner Narcisse said, "You can't fool me. There's another woman." She also said, "I never thought this would happen to me."

BY the time Hugh went to bed he felt like a passenger on a badly loaded freighter in a storm off Cape Hatteras.

He awoke early, conscious that it was sunny day outside. He lay in bed, feeling warm and healthy. There was a noise from the next bed, and he looked across the little space. There was a woman in the next bed.

She was middle-aged and was wearing curlers and she was snoring, and Hugh was certain that he had never seen her before in his life. He got out of bed silently, dressed quickly, and went out.

Without thinking about it, he walked to the subway station. He watched the people hurrying towards the trains and he knew that he probably should join them.

He had the feeling that somewhere in the city to the south, in some tall building on a narrow street, his arrival was expected. But he knew that no matter how hard he tried he would never be able to find the building.

He walked briskly away from the subway station in the direction of the river. The river was shining in the sun and there was ice along the banks. A boy of about twelve, in a plaid jacket and a wool hat, was sitting on a bench and regarding the river. There were some school books, tied with a leather strap, on the frozen ground at his feet.

Hugh sat down next to the boy. "Good morning," he said pleasantly.

"Good morning," said the boy.

"What are you doing?" Hugh asked.

"I'm counting the boats," the boy said. "Yesterday I counted thirty-two boats. Not counting ferries. I don't count ferries."

Hugh nodded. He put his hands in his pockets and looked down over the river. By five o'clock that afternoon he and the boy had counted forty-three boats, not including ferries. He couldn't remember having had a nicer day.

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This story is one of a collection of Irwin Shaw's short stories entitled "Tip on a Dead Jockey," published by Jonathan Cape.

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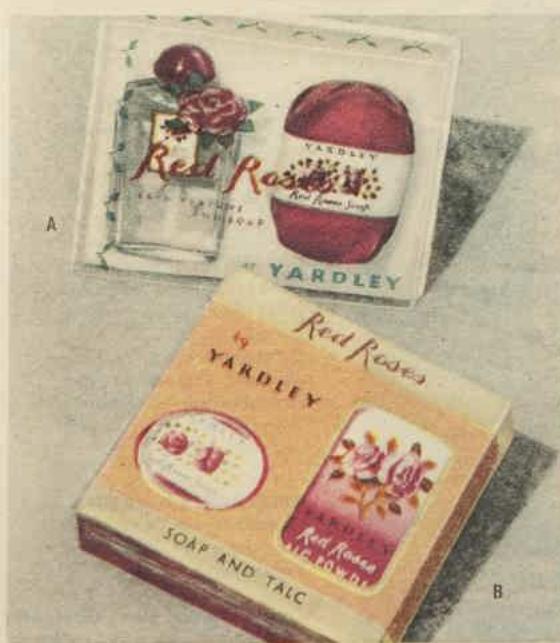
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WORTH REPORTING

ONE of the prettiest girls we've seen lately—Miss New York, 21-year-old Arlene Nesbitt—thinks that being pretty isn't enough. Brains count, too.

Arlene is a nurse. She is also a model.

Before she won her title this year she used to model clothes for a few days each week. Nursing took up the rest of her time "because it was so refreshing to do something that made me use my mind," she told us.

When we asked about the



ARLENE NESBITT . . .
beauty is not enough.
Brains count, too.

atmosphere in a big contest like the one for Miss New York, she described it (emphatically) as "surface friendliness."

But it can't be too bad. Arlene added that she was grooming her 14-year-old sister, Maureen, for future beauty-contest stardom.

"How?" we said.

"Oh," Arlene said vaguely. "You know. Teaching her to be smiley . . ."



ACTOR JOHN UNICOMB and actress wife Fernande Glyn . . . it was all a plant.

How green was my valet

PARENTS have their problems, all right.

We met Australian actor John Unicomb and his wife, actress Fernande Glyn, at a party the other day.

And they were reminiscing about the trouble they'd had getting a baby-sitter for their small son, Michael.

"We looked up 'nurseries' in the phone book," said John.

"Some gormless girl answered and I explained what we wanted," she said. "Aw, the boss is out now. Can you ring back in a few hours?"

"When we phoned again, the boss answered."

"Sorry, I can't help you," he said, after I'd gone through the long explanation that we needed a baby-sitter.

"This is a nursery for plants."

★ ★ ★
"WHY?" we asked when a European friend of ours confessed that he puts salt in his breakfast orange juice.

He patted his canary-yellow waistcoat and said, "Ze stomach, it likes it."

TALKING about personality, B.B.C. commentator George Villiers says, "Cows are most responsive to kindness. They give more milk to those who trouble to understand and treat them well.

"I had a letter once from a woman who claimed her cow would actually shed a tear if spoken to harshly."

Sole-ly for the re-cod

THERE was a very fishy atmosphere about this party, we can tell you.

Our nose told us. We smelt it out.

Twitching gently, it led us to the right place — a state-room on board Tijuca, berthed at Sydney's Woolloomooloo.

Well, the porpoise of the party was to promote sales of Norwegian canned fish, so the dinner table was breaming with fish dishes.

We didn't flounder round. We went straight up to Captain Carl Jensen.

"Don't clam up on us," we whaled pitifully. And we weren't kept whiting long.

Captain Jensen said he'd like us to taste a delicacy called "Mr. Johnson's Delight."

"Mmmmm?" we said, although we aren't usually hard of herring.

The captain explained that "Mr. Johnson's Delight" was made of potato, anchovy, and butter.

We asked if a Mr. Johnson invented the recipe.

"No, his wife probably did," the Captain said sardinely.

★ ★ ★
IN Paris they say the fashionable girls are carrying "bus conductor" handbags: of heavy leather, the bags are studded with coarse nails and adorned with outside flaps.

And the hat to wear? Oh, a fez—please!

YOUR BOOKSHELF

• A sensational first novel on Australian small-town life, a girl's gay account of a working holiday in Britain, and a true sea adventure feature in this week's books.

"Summer Clare" . . . Gerard Hamilton (Ure Smith).

A remarkable first novel with an Australian country-town setting, "Summer Clare," with its earthy description of love between a bush-bred boy and girl, will shock some and interest others.

At "Shannon's Flat," a stultifyingly dull settlement where the main event is the Saturday-night hop, Ken and the girl, Dookie, grow up together in an atmosphere of passion and hatred.

Author Hamilton knows these country towns and skilfully captures the conversation and feelings of people who are trapped by environment and heading for tragedy.

It's a violent book, not meant for the young or those who seek "something light" at the lending library. Author Hamilton is an Australian literary "find."

"Why Can't The English" . . . Lesley Rowlands (Ure Smith).

Gay and diverting account of an Australian's working holiday in Britain, with some sharp side-swipes at London life and

the local customs. With no malice, but affectionate irony, Lesley Rowlands writes of flat-hunting, job-taking, and hitch-hiking.

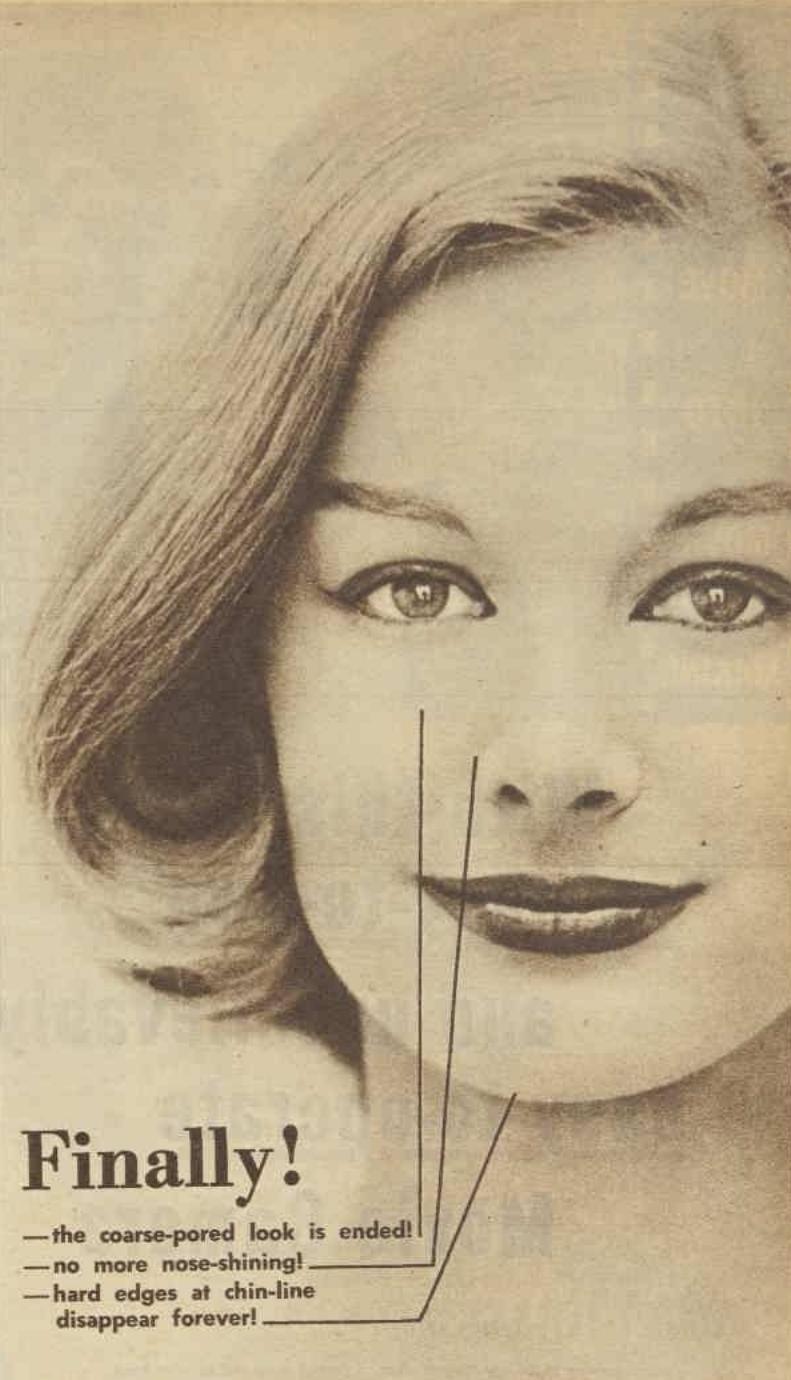
Illustrated with lively sketches by Cedric Flower, "Why Can't the English" obviously needs the tag line "Be more like us."

Best chapters in the book describe Christmas at "Medlow Manor," where the aristocratic hosts chat on in U-type vocabulary, where practical jokes and poltergeists abound.

"The Sea Was Kind" . . . A. Klestadt (Constable).

A ship's log, kept when the author escaped from the Japanese-occupied Philippine Islands and sailed a small boat to Australia, provided the facts for this sea saga.

With a treacherous native crew threatening mutiny and murder, Klestadt reached freedom, navigating the oceans with only a page torn from an atlas to help him. A story of courage, well set down.



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• A one-piece with figure-defining curves and neat detailing at the waistline is my design choice for a young reader.

HERE is the reader's letter and my reply:

"My problem is a design and paper pattern suitable for a heavy cotton. I want a waisted style, but not a coat-frock or shirt-frock. I take an S.S.W. and like a figure-flattering type of frock."

The dress illustrated at right is chosen in answer to your request. The waistline has a fitted inset and is finished with two neat self-material bows. The bodice is tailored and form-fitting.

You can obtain a paper pattern for the design in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Under the picture are further details and how to order.

"I HAVE slim hips, but just above the waist I am rather thick. How can I disguise this fault yet look smart?"

In current Paris fashion, Pierre Cardin shows a new silhouette with a slightly lowered waistline, bloused bodice-top, and slim skirt. This line would be perfect camouflage for your figure fault. The silhouette is generally seen with a high, round collarless neckline, three-quarter uncuffed sleeves, and a narrow self-material belt, bow-tied.

"WOULD you assist me with a style for a trousseau negligee in pastel-blue nylon with a lace trim?"

Make your negligee in ankle or midcalf length, with flounced above-elbow-length sleeves dropping from a cape-like yoke. Outline sleeve edges, neckline, and front of gown with lace.

"DO you think 3yds. of fine black lace and 6yds. of black chiffon could be combined in a dinner-dress?"

Yes, I do. Use the lace for a long-sleeved moulded-to-the-figure bodice-top finished with a batiste neckline, and the chiffon for a soft, full skirt. Use black satin for the belt and finish it with a flat tailored bow.



"I AM making a white nylon lace blouse. Does it need to be lined?"

The blouse would be best fully lined. For this purpose the most suitable material would be net or chiffon in a matching shade.

DS380. — One-piece in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6. Patterns may be obtained from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

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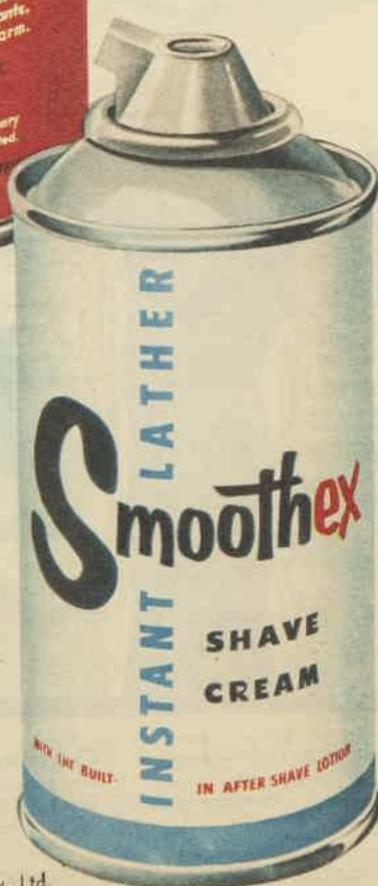
When you press the button on top of a Pressure★Pak product you automatically get the best that money can buy.

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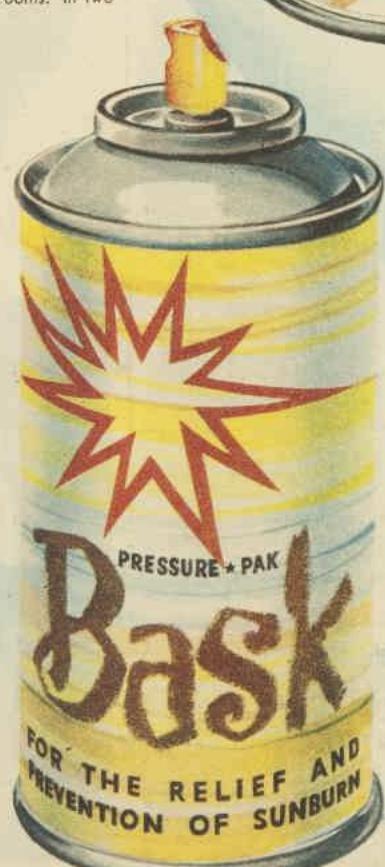


MORTEIN PRESSURE★PAK. Press the button and a highly penetrating mist of concentrated Mortein is released. It quickly kills every fly, every insect pest, even those lurking behind drapes. Very economical . . . 3 seconds' spraying is enough for average rooms. In two sizes, 8/11, 14/3.



Pressure★Pak SMOOTHEx
Instant Lather Shave Cream. Press the button for rich, creamy, ready-made shaving lather with built-in after-shave lotion. No brush required. More than 70 closer, cleaner, faster shaves than ever before for only 8/6.

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Pressure★Pak BASK. Press the button and spray on a delightful film of skin treatment that has no equal under the sun. Bask is the "cool" new spray-way to relieve and prevent sunburn . . . to enjoy beneficial sunrays without burning . . . and to repel insects. 12/6.



AIR-O-ZONE Pressure★Pak
Room Deodoriser. Press the button and spray the room for a few seconds. Unpleasant odours will vanish, harmful airborne bacteria will be destroyed. Air-O-Zone leaves a pine-fresh fragrance that lasts for hours. In two sizes, 9/11, 17/9.



Pressure★Pak GOSSAMER. Press the button and a delicate protective mist of Gossamer will keep the hair in perfect shape softly, without lacquer. Hair stays in curl—even in sea-air. Spray Gossamer after a set, or use it to re-set your hair in minutes. Regular size, 12/6; Salon size, 16/6.



REVOLUTION IN THE CHURCHES!

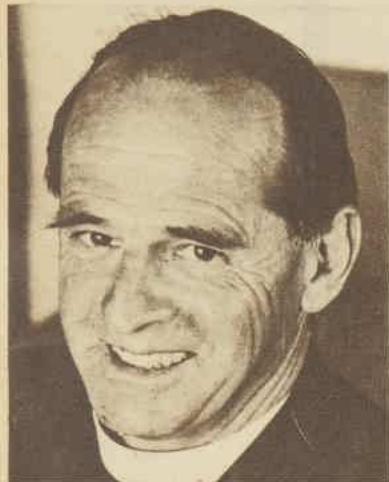
● *A seven-page color feature revealing a bold, startling new approach to church architecture*



Chapel of the Jesuit House of Philosophy in St. Louis, U.S.A. The painting of a negro Madonna and Child is attached to the outside of the chapel. It was done as a Christmas decoration by one of the students at the college. The chapel was built in post-war years.

REVOLUTION IN THE CHURCHES

On a recent Carnegie travel-grant trip to study developments in church architecture and religious art, Father Michael Scott, rector of Aquinas College, Adelaide University, took 4000 color pictures of contemporary churches of all denominations.



FATHER SCOTT

THE results, some of which are reproduced in this special section, are among the most striking photographs published in Australia. They show churches full of light, color, simplicity, and as modern as the age for which they were built.

In seven months Father Scott visited about 500 new churches in Europe, Great Britain, Canada, the United States, and Mexico.

In Europe the majority of the churches he photographed were built to replace those destroyed by bombs in World War II.

In Cologne, Germany, about 600 new churches have been built by the Lutherans and the Roman Catholics in post-war years.

In France Father Scott focused his camera on the war-mutilated eastern frontier and on the Normandy area.

One of the architectural features that impressed him was the marked change in the interior layout of the new churches.

"Gone are the long, narrow naves and transepts with their isolated sanctuaries and altars and the people strung out in long, thin lines with an inevitable suggestion of precedence," he said.

"In their places are being built churches broad and roomy rather than narrow; churches

that are round, triangular, fan-shaped, hexagonal, all tending basically to bring people together in close and intimate contact around the altar."

In Europe and America today, Father Scott said, architects were concentrating on strong, sure lines, and bold, flowing curves.

"They feel," he said, "that this is no longer the time nor the place for the delicate tracery of the Gothic, the quiet, classic curves of the Romanesque, the flamboyant, extravagant decoration of the Baroque and Rococo.

"These styles were all perfectly right for their periods, they felt, but today they are no longer valid."

The feature that impressed Father Scott on most of his tour, however, was the breathtaking new use of color.

"In St. Louis, Missouri, for example, Emil Frei and his associates, particularly a young Jewish artist named Rodney Winfield, have given exciting, glowing warmth to churches of all denominations with bold, richly colored designs in murals and windows.

In the new churches they are building on the west coast of America, Father Scott particularly noted the way in which the Church of England gave whole-hearted co-operation to the artists it commissioned.

"There is a fine example of the modern approach to religious art in the painted wooden crucifix done by a well-known American artist in the Anglican Church at San Pedro, California," he said.

"But in Europe I felt the most exciting impact of color, particularly in France, where I saw murals by such famous French artists as Matisse, Rouault, Bonnard, and Bazaine."

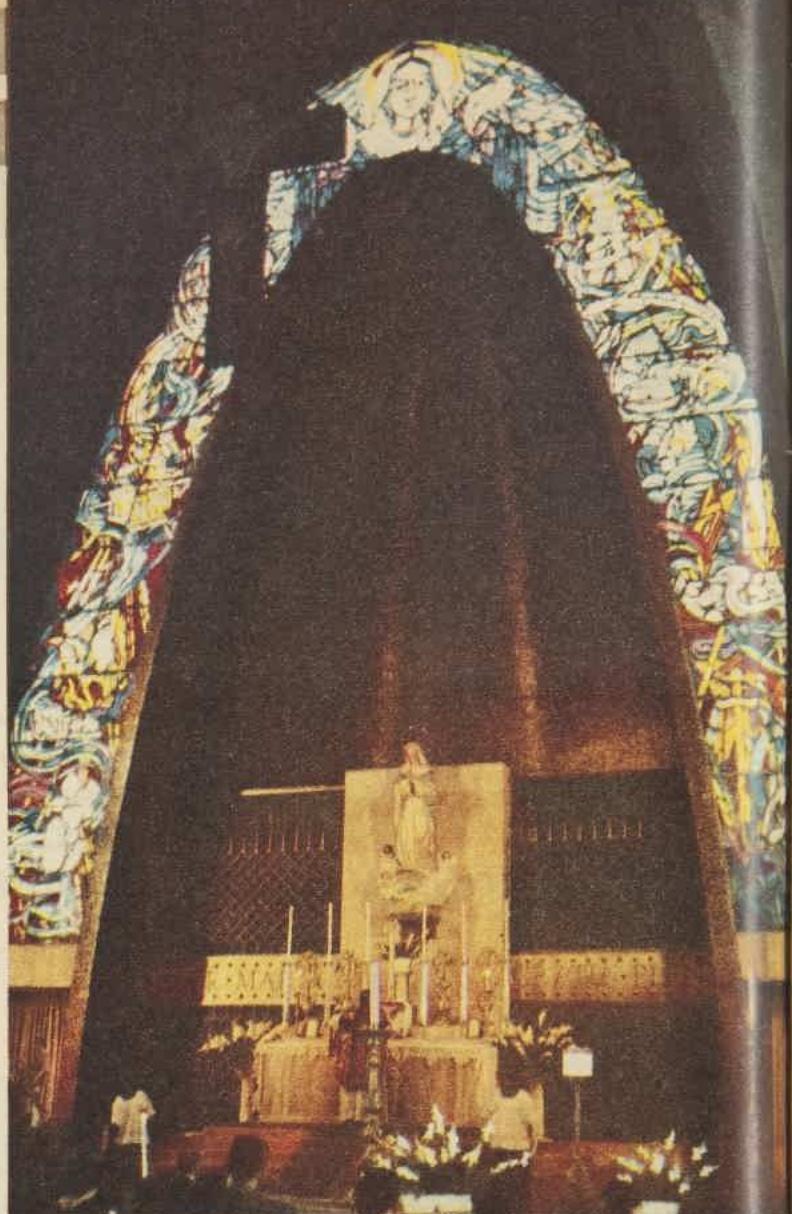
For religious art in general, Father Scott is opposed to the use of pure abstract.

But he recognises the need for what he calls "emotional or psychological warmth in churches" today, and feels there is a firm place for pure abstract in windows and murals. "The value of warm, exciting color has been proved successfully in hospitals, clinics, schools, halls, etc., so why not in churches?"

"With bright, colorful abstract windows and walls, the heart is lifted by warmth and joy, while the mind, undistracted by the search for biblical stories in the earlier stained windows, can turn unhindered to God in prayer."

Father Scott, who was born in Sydney and is a graduate of the University of Ireland in Dublin, is well qualified to speak on religious art.

For a number of years he has been one of the judges of the Blake Prize for Religious Painting, and on the walls of his study at



Interior of La Purissima church (the outside facade is opposite) in Monterrey, Mexico. The brilliant parabolic arch window over the altar was designed by Karl Hackert, of Chicago, in collaboration with Mexican artist Ramon Montana. Behind the grille and choir loft the sanctuary walls are decorated in dull gold mosaic.

Aquinas College are many paintings by well-known contemporary Australian artists.

"It was, perhaps, the Blake Prize that first interested me in contemporary church architecture," he said.

"It made me realise for the first time that you can't put contemporary pictures into old churches. Architects, clergy, and artists must all work together when planning a new church."

"Our old cathedrals have been called 'Sermons in Stone' — and with justice.

"Stone and wood will always remain the two most fundamental materials, and, I think, the most fitting. They have purity, character, and warmth."

"But we shouldn't forget the effects possible with concrete and steel, aluminium, copper, glass, wrought-iron, stainless steel, and ceramic tiles, and the other new products of our age."

"These are the materials of today, and the materials with which we are at home in our daily lives. If religion itself is to be

Designed by celebrated French architect Le Corbusier in 1955, Notre-Dame-du-Haut, in Ronchamp, is one of the most talked-about sacred works of the century. To some the concrete shape suggests a fortress, to others a boat — or even an old French peasant hat. The colored, differently shaped windows are an essay in abstract architecture.

part of that daily life, then it, too, must clothe and house itself in them."

Father Scott is back in Adelaide now, lecturing to groups in widely scattered areas. He is forthright in his views on church architecture in Australia.

"All over Europe and America," he said, "contemporary churches are springing up like mushrooms, not all completely successful, I must say, but all inspired by a spirit of intelligent inquiry."

"And not only in Europe and America, but here in Australia as well, we have architects who think both clearly and creatively."

"And yet, with a few exceptions — increasing almost daily, I am happy to say — we are still not getting the type of churches we need. For that, both the clergy and the architects are to blame."

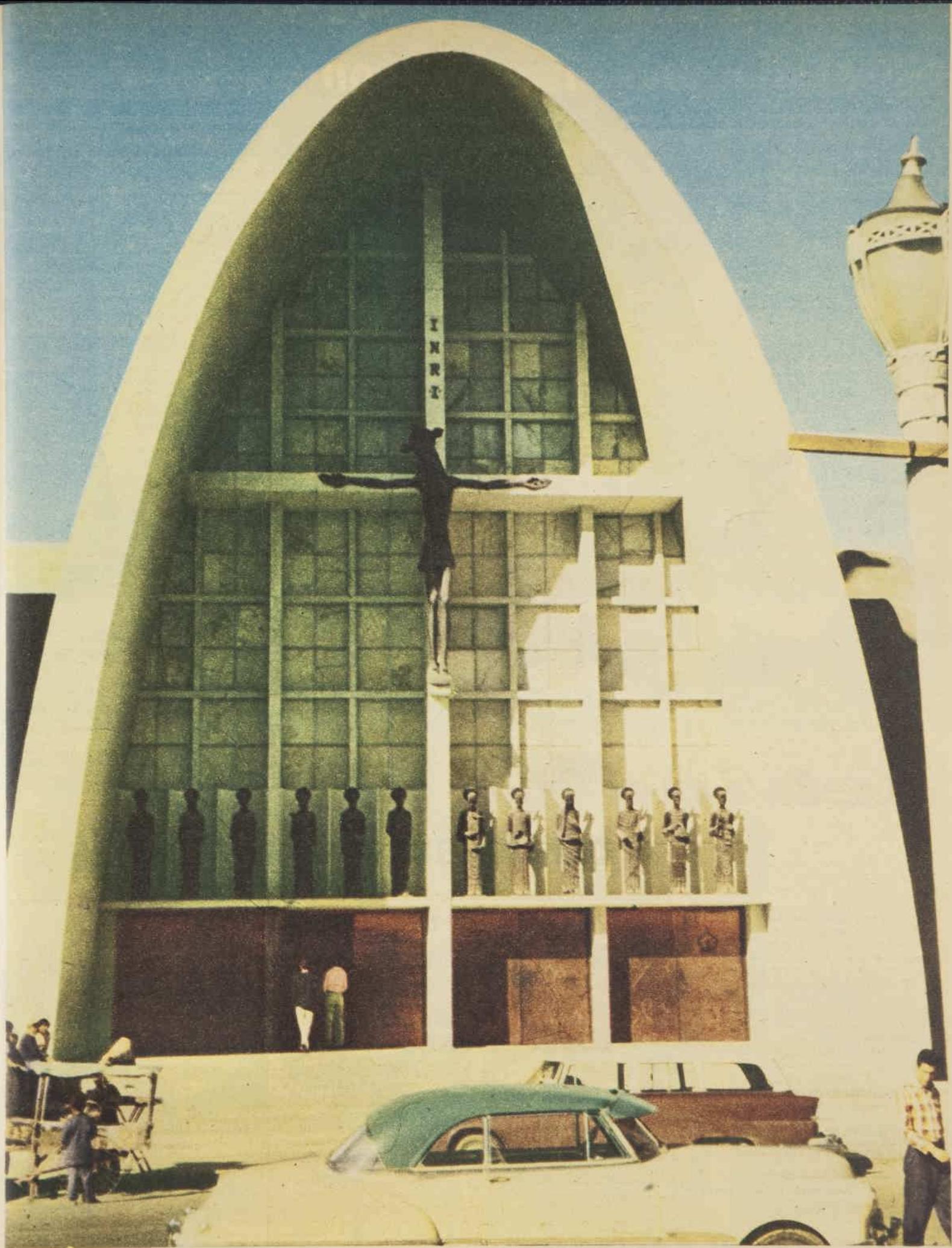
"The clergy are to blame for being concerned too often with only the practical part, the necessity for getting 'something' built in the shortest possible time at the least possible expense, regardless of other considerations."

"However, although ordination confers many gifts upon the clergy, no theologian would dare to suggest that an appreciation of beauty and an intuitive knowledge of form are numbered among them."

"But the architect, knowing better, is far more to blame when he falls in with wishes he knows in his heart are wrong."

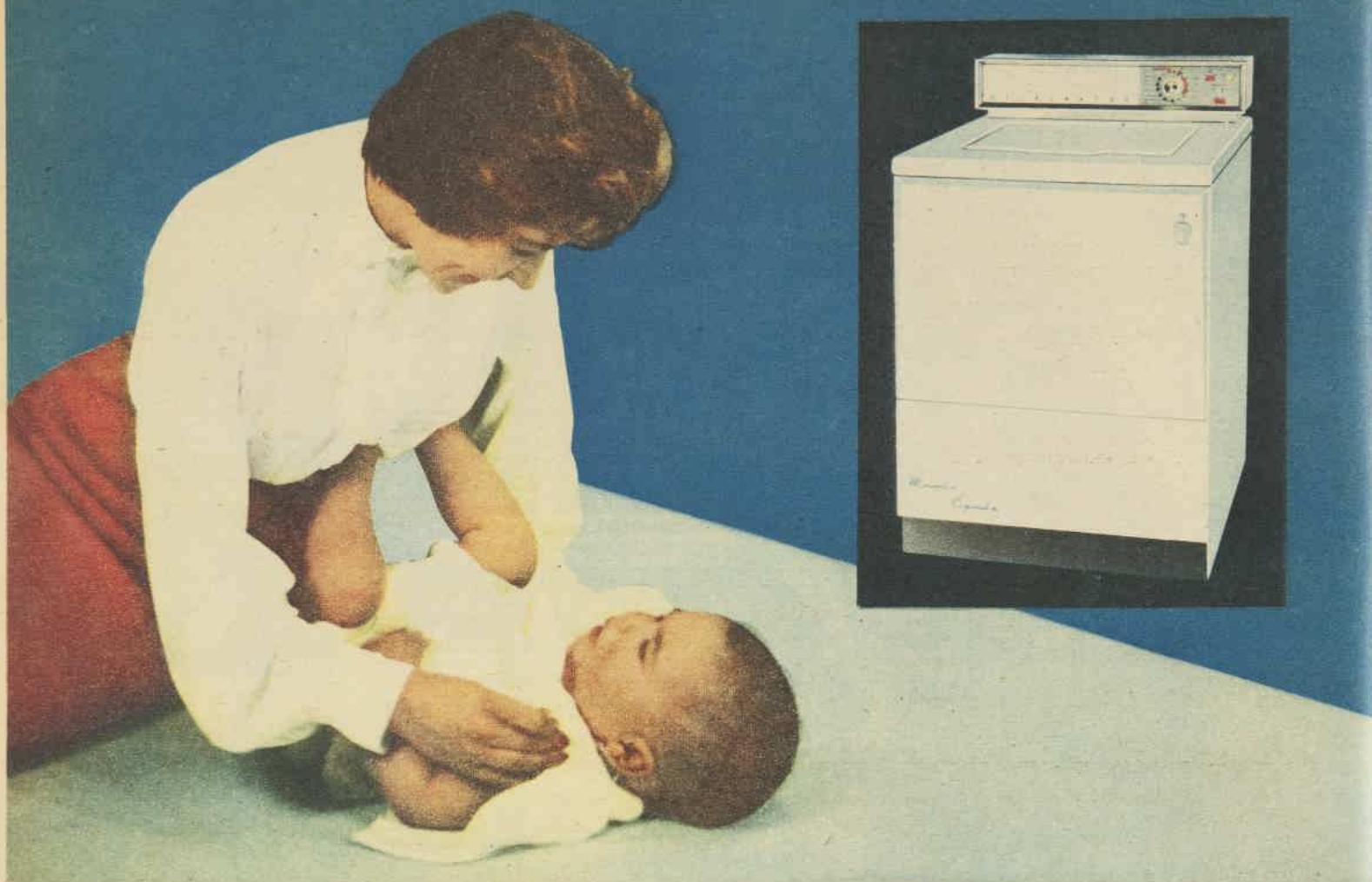
"What is Australia going to have — a church that is content with outworn laurels, withered and cracked now, and smelling quite frankly, musty, or a church that is of today, vital, strong, creative, meeting the needs of today with the tools of today?"





Striking facade of the Church of La Purissima at Monterrey, Mexico, shows the figure of Christ on the Cross and the 12 Apostles, all sculpted in bronze by German artist Herbert Hofmann-Isenberg. One of the earliest contemporary churches photographed by Father Scott, it was designed by Mexican architect Enrique de la Mora, and built in 1943.

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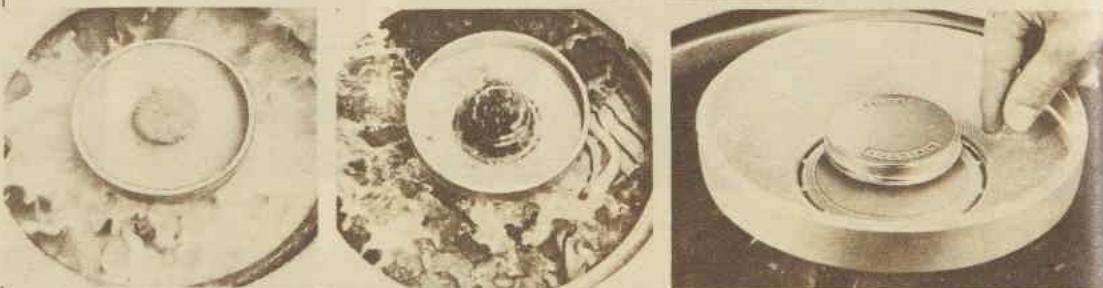
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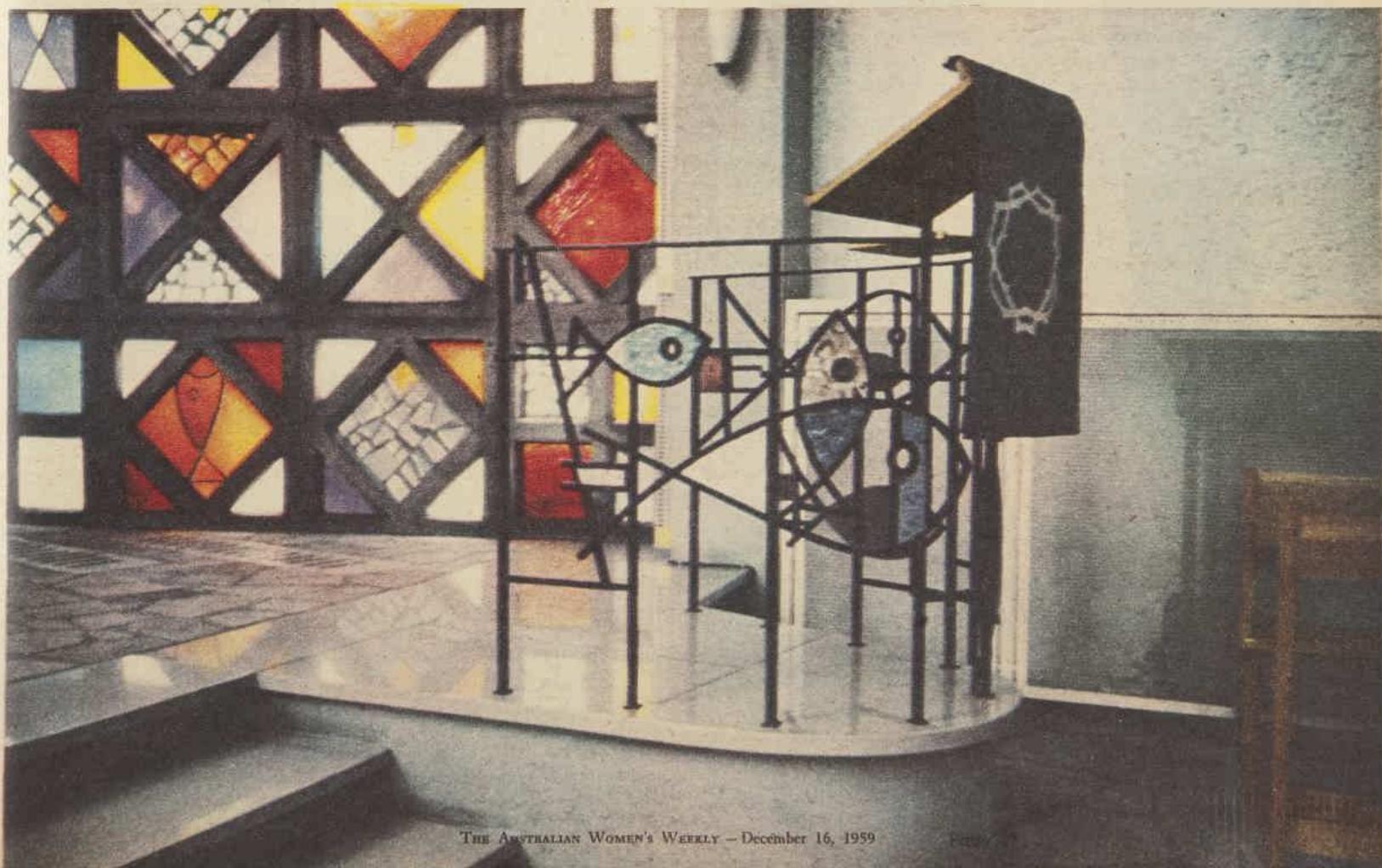


REVOLUTION IN THE CHURCHES

—CONTINUED

The symbol of the Cross runs through the glass facade of Corpus Christi Church, San Francisco (above). Designed by Mario Ciampi in 1953, the church is all verticals and horizontals. Unusual staircase leads to the choir loft.

Startling pulpit of the Lutheran Weissfrauen Kirche in Frankfurt, Germany (below), interprets the ancient fish symbol in contemporary wrought-iron and enamel. The windows are made of inch-thick glass set in concrete.



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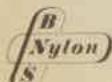


RIGHT DRESS... RIGHT NYLONS! Leaders of fashion declare that stockings are a 'must' for all occasions—but of course the well-dressed woman doesn't need to be told that! She knows the fashion importance of wearing the **correct** stockings for every outfit... stockings of the right style, color and weight to flatter her legs and add that all-important 'finishing touch'. Night and day, for work or play, Nylons keep you right in line with fashion!



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Chapel in Pedregal, Mexico City, was built in 1957 on part of an estate developed by a Mexican millionaire. Pedregal, an old lava bed, had lain idle for centuries because, it was said, building was impossible there. But the millionaire brought in a team of architects who pronounced that it would make a fine housing estate. Now, every house plan must be approved by the architectural team. The result is one of the most beautiful residential areas in the world.

REVOLUTION IN THE CHURCHES

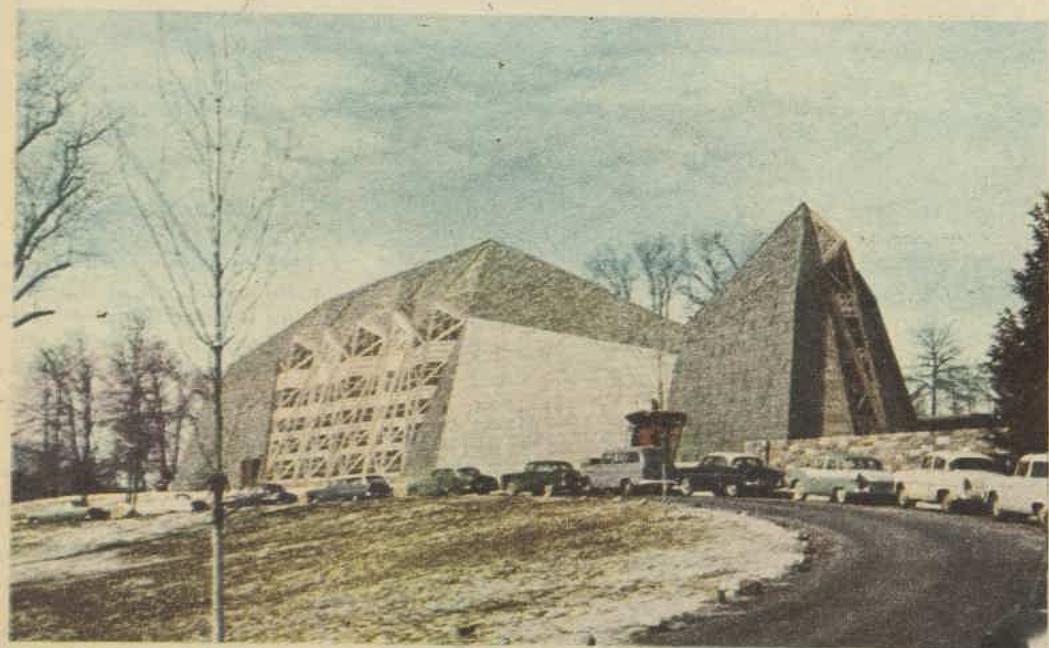
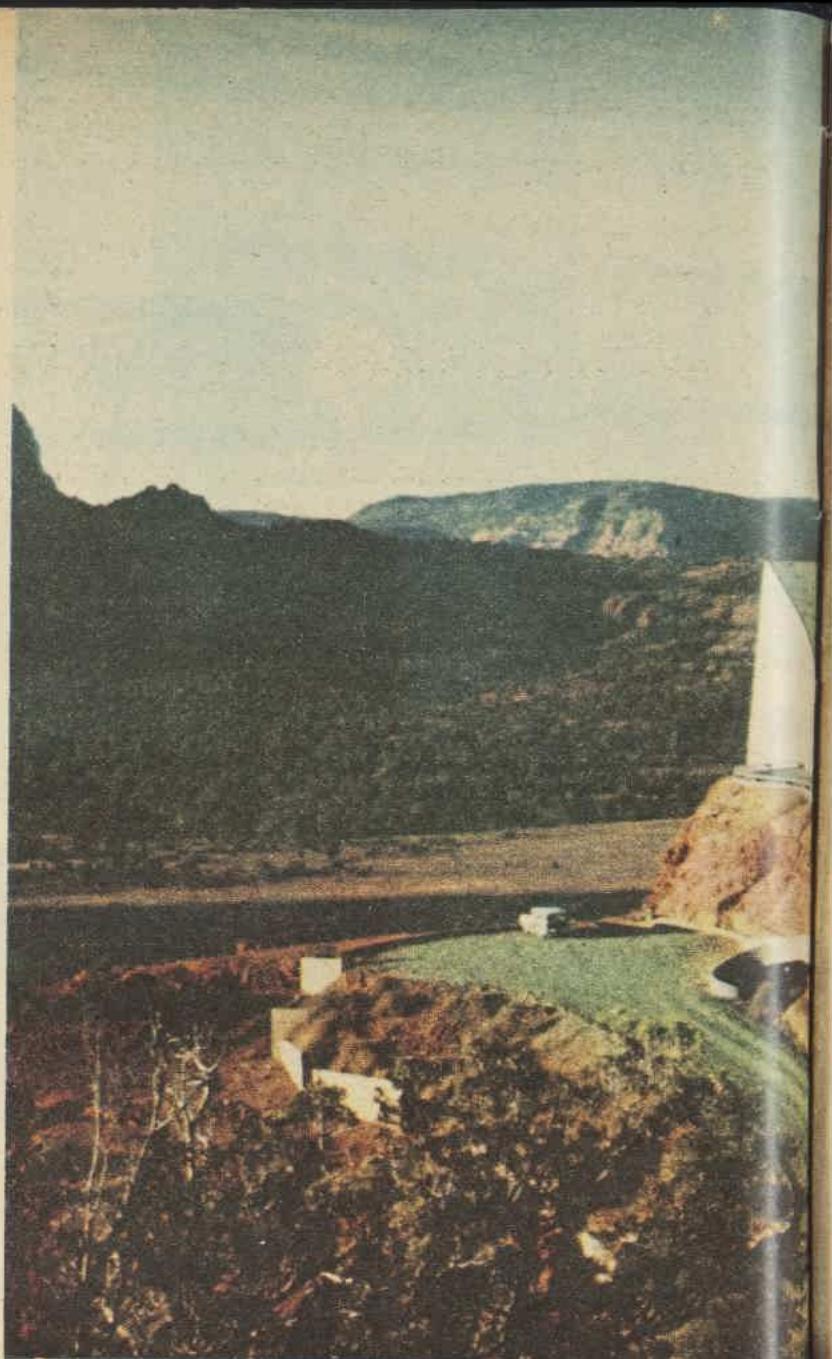
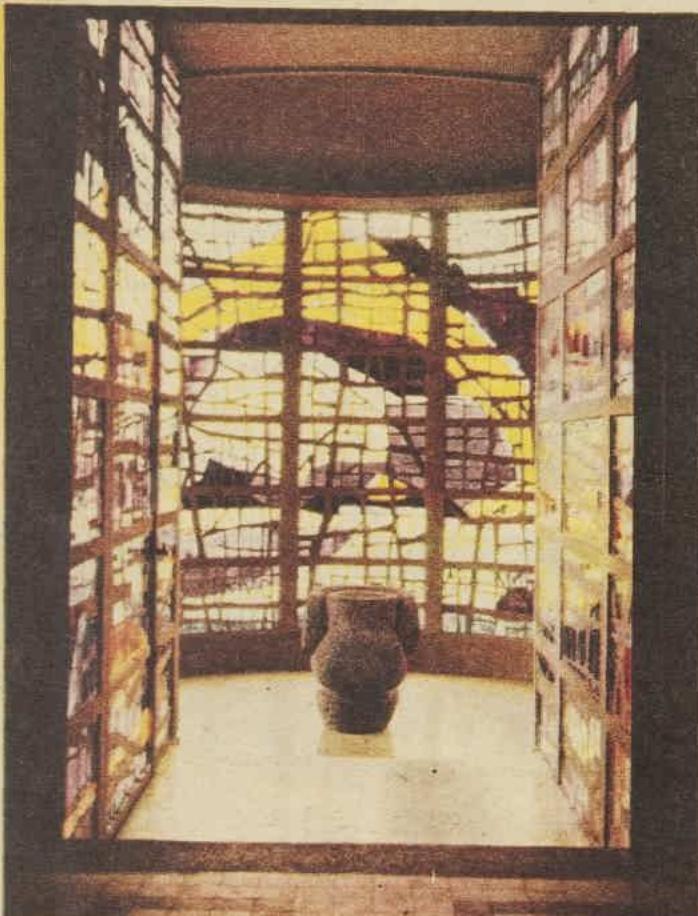
—CONTINUED

Circular hospital church at Freiburg University, Germany, was designed by architect Horst Linde so that bed-ridden patients could be wheeled along a ramp from the wards to an upstairs gallery inside the church. The mural figures behind the raised altar are in mosaic.

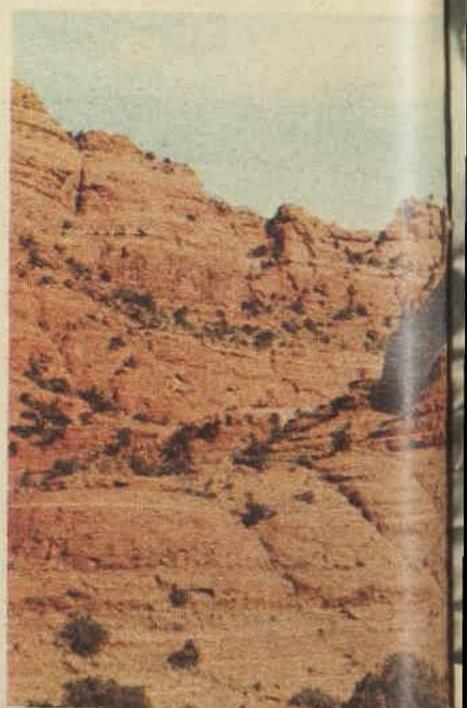


Crucifix is silhouetted against an old scrub oak in the chapel of the Retreat House at Monte City, Santa Barbara, U.S.A. The Retreat House is run by Sisters of the Immaculate Conception. Young marrieds go there to make a retreat, and to listen to lectures and discussions on marriage. The tabernacle and candlesticks were designed by American artist Hudson Roysher, a member of the Church of England.

Glass walls in the Sacred Heart Church at Audincourt, France, were designed to express, abstractly, the blood of the Redemption, the waters of Baptism, and the light of the Holy Ghost.



Presbyterian church at Stamford, U.S., was designed in 1954 by Wallace Harrison. Built on an old symbol of Christianity — the fish — in a new shape, the church roof slants at ten different angles. Jewelled glass panels set into three walls represent the Crucifixion, the Resurrection, and Christ's teachings.



Great cross seen from the front of

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

December 16, 1959

Teenagers' WEEKLY



LETTERS

Do boys like fat girls?

WOULD some boys who read *Teenagers' Weekly* please give me their honest opinion of fat girls? I'm fat and I know it. A lot of people say that men like fat girls because they're always cheerful and look cuddly. Is this true? I'm sure every fat teenager will be interested. — "Fatty," Fairfield, N.S.W.

A "Bird-Cat"

I REMEMBER a song not so long ago called "Bird-Dog." Well, I've never really seen one, but my cat has the nickname of "Bird-Cat." She has had five little kittens up in a magpie's nest in an old fig tree in front of our house. She was really up in the clouds over becoming a mother. — *Coral Coperman, Burwood, N.S.W.*

The Aussie touch

WHAT'S up with the Australian youth of today? With Continental and American influence becoming much more predominant, young Australians should try to retain that true Australian touch. After all, we can produce equally good, if not better, ideas than those from overseas. Forget about the so-called Beat Generation, who are simply trying something different after losing public attention as bogies and wedges. We should take a greater interest in the political and economic aspects of this wonderful country. — *James Lanz, Torwood, Brisbane.*



SHEILA CHAHIL, who writes from Ipoh, Malaya: "I have been an ardent reader of *Teenagers' Weekly* since the first issue. I really do appreciate it because it enables me to understand better the views and ways of teenagers other than Malaysians."

There are no holds barred in this forum. Send your snaps, too, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Send them to Box 7052 WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

OUR COVER BOY is Ross Woodley, a member of the North Steyne Surf Life Saving Club, Sydney. Turn to Page 5 for "The Making of a Surf Lifesaver."

OUR PIN-UPS are Hollywood's most famous teenage celebrities — *Ricky Nelson and Sandra Dee* snapped when Ricky was escorting Sandy to a recent party. They like going out together, but deny that there is any serious romance.

Square rulers

OUR teachers are squares. They inspected our pencil tins and rulers to see if we had the names of our favorite pop singers on them and have forbidden us to write their names anywhere. Do you think this is fair? — "Bewildered Fabian Fan," Victoria.

Talkative mother

WHY do so many mothers answer when their teenage daughter is asked a question? Surely teenage girls should be able to answer for themselves. — "Jane," Bairnsdale, Vic.

Hooray for Rock

MY teenage sister, another girl, and four boys all own their own guitars and have formed a rock-n-roll group. Recently they held a dance along with another swing band. The music was good and a lot of teenagers came along. The proceeds of this went to an old-age pensioners' home — a very good cause. Surely it wouldn't hurt to give them a bit more encouragement. — "Older Sister," Burnie, Tas.

Two-bob hair

BOYS are very silly when they wear loud clothes and bogie haircuts. A boy walking down the street the other day had on red trousers, white shirt, black lumberjacket, and black suede shoes and pink luminous socks. I like a quiet boy casually dressed, not one done up like a two-bob hair. — "Down with Loud Clothes," N.S.W.

New line on lines

WHEN girls get into second year at high school I think they are too old for detention or lines. I suggest instead that the girls should provide their own wool (any color) and knit three or four squares (8in. by 8in.) At the end of the year the squares

are sewn together to make a rug, which could be sent to a pensioner. This would not only be a better way to punish a student but would help someone at the same time. — *Miss R. Drapieske, French's Forest, N.S.W.*

Gran is great

I GREATLY admire my grandmother, who lives with us and is in her 79th year. She keeps an interest in all things, does crochet work while she listens to the radio, and enjoys my stereo discs. Above all, she likes people and has many sincere friends of all ages. She says she is very proud of the majority of the present-day teenagers and cannot speak too highly of them. I hope that I'm as interesting as my gran when I reach her age. — *Phillip Donogue, Muswellbrook, N.S.W.*



PHILLIP'S GRAN . . . proud of teenagers

Girls or dogs?

WHEN a boy whistles at a passing girl whom he has never seen before, the girl often turns around full of smiles and takes it as a compliment. Everybody should know that a man also whistles at his dog. — "Surprised Teen," Nhill, Vic.

A baby prodigy?

CAN readers beat this? My 12-month-old baby brother can whistle and play the mouth-organ—and claps his hands when he is tired of playing it. He knows he is smart and looks so cute. — "Proud Sister," Ballarat, Vic.



KATHLEEN SARGISON . . . one happy family.

Asian friends

AT our school we have a United Nations Club, which recently held its annual social. Invited were 30 or so Asian students, and I danced with boys from Fiji, Penang, and Hong-kong. At the next school assembly a letter from these students was read, thanking us for their delightful evening, which was their first outing among young people here. Two weeks later I invited one of them to visit my sister at Geeveston. My two nephews just loved him and he liked the children, so we were one happy family. — *Kathleen Sargison, New Town, Hobart.*

Everybody happy?

SURELY there is plenty of fun in life if you want it and look for it. I know how every teenager thinks, "Nothing goes right for me." I often do, but the next minute something wonderful happens and life is terrific. Surely these moments are worth looking forward to, and, really, they are the greater part of life. — *Alison Williams, Palmerston, New Zealand.*

One big holiday?

● According to Paul Timson (T.W., 11/11/59) school holidays would be better if taken all at once in the summer instead of being spread through the year . . .

FOR . . .

I AGREE with Paul Timson. It would be much more convenient for both teachers and students if our holidays could be arranged to make a long summer. Summer is the season to enjoy oneself instead of roasting over a grimy desk. For those who are saving it would be much easier to get a job for 10 or 12 weeks than for a few days. — "Summer Sue," Fish Creek, Vic.

I AGREE that we should have more holidays in the summer. It gets so hot and sticky and we can't work as well as we might. — "Holiday Teenager," Punchbowl, N.S.W.

AGAINST . . .

I DISAGREE. The lucky people (not me) who go to the mountains in the winter holidays would miss out on the snow. Also, they would have one long holiday, and many people will agree that the

Christmas holidays are too long now if you haven't much to do. — "Islander," Rabaul, New Guinea.

WHAT we really need is longer September holidays. After the winter term, which is very trying, one week is not long enough to recover. Why can't the summer holidays be cut down a bit, so we can have a decent holiday in September? — *Jas Laing, Nuriootpa, S.A.*

AS a student teacher, I much prefer the holidays as they are. From the pupils' point of view, even six weeks at Christmas is too long. Holidays in May and September enable the children to do things which cannot be done in the summer because of the heat—i.e., hiking, camping, and barbecues. Then, from the teachers' point of view, it is necessary to have certain breaks in which to review the programme for the year. Parents, too, would not always be able to get their holidays in the summer, so family holidays

would be very few. It is better to leave the holidays as they are. — "Student," Newcastle, N.S.W.

MOST students will agree with me that school lessons would become very boring after seven months straight. The teachers, too, would become very touchy. — *Rod Hardy, Dubbo, N.S.W.*

WE have one week's holiday in May, two weeks in August, and seven weeks at Christmas, and I like this scheme very much. I think that if we had about two and a half months' summer vacation it would be an awful bore. — "Happy," Killarney, Qld.

SIX or eight weeks are quite long enough to have a decent holiday, and I'm sure that most people find by the end of this time they are looking forward to school again. By having the rest of the holidays scattered throughout the year, it breaks the monotony of work. — *Sue Gleadow, Canterbury, Vic.*

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Take some pop music; add a liberal dash of Cuban tempos, and what have you got? A spellbinding, toe-tapping, irresistible rhythm known as the mambo. It's just as alive as rock-'n-roll, as creative as jiving — you break when you want to, improvise your own variations. But it's so very graceful, and oh, so sophisticated! Here are the basic steps, worked out by the Fred Astaire Dance Studio in America, and you'll find the variations on page 14.

So 1, 2, 3, 4 . . . have a happy Teenage Mambo!



START: (Girl's steps in red; boy's in black). With both feet together, hold for the count of one. (No movement.)
2nd BEAT: Step back with your right foot.
3rd BEAT: Take a step (in the same place) with your left foot.
4th BEAT: Bring your right foot together with your left foot.
ONE: Hold for the count of one, both feet together.
2nd BEAT: Step forward with your left foot.
3rd BEAT: Take a step (in the same place) with your right foot.
4th BEAT: Bring your left foot together with your right. (Boy does exactly opposite.)



OTHER GIRLS' JOBS

Science can be a lot of fun, too

● Listen, girls, don't shy off making a career of science because you think you'll turn into a "blue-stockings" and end up as an old maid. Because nothing could be further from the truth.

SCIENCE is a field where men well and truly outnumber women, and usually a girl meets more interesting men on the job as a scientist than she would going to dozens of parties.

Not that party-going isn't every bit as much a part of her life as it is for girls in other jobs.

Teenagers, wanting to follow a scientific career, may approach it from two levels.

If you have matriculated you can do an orthodox science course as a full-time or part-time student at a university.

But if your education is not up to matriculation standard a four-year course at a technical college can lead to very interesting work as a laboratory technician.

Laboratory technicians who specialise in bio-chemistry often do further study and become fully qualified pathologists.

Science grads can teach, work as librarians in scientific libraries, or do research in industrial, university, and hospital labs.

Jobs are rarely advertised for women scientists in the daily papers, because so few women

by
Mary Berg, B.Sc.

are available that firms take it for granted only men will apply.

However, any girl answering an ad for a male scientist's post can safely assume her application will have a 50-50 chance of being successful.

Most girl scientists are paid about 80 per cent. of the basic male rates.

The salaries of scientists working in private industry fairly closely follow the rates set for C.S.I.R.O. staff members.

High salaries

C.S.I.R.O. members in the Grade 1 category earn £1005 to £1455 a year; Grade 2 rates are £1455-£1725; Grade 3 rates range from £1825-£2045; more senior and experienced men receive £2155-£2375.

My grandfather was an industrial chemist, and from the time I was a little girl living in Estonia I wanted to be a scientist, too.

When I came to Australia with my parents at the age of 15, growing up as an Australian

teenager, I was disappointed to find that girls' schools here didn't place a great deal of emphasis on science subjects.

In Europe the attitude is quite different. Only recently some girls who escaped from Hungary during the revolution told me that 60 per cent. of the chemical-engineering students in Budapest were women!

Eight months ago, when another girl and I graduated as Bachelors of Science from the University of New South Wales, we were the only girls among 200 boys to receive Science degrees.

This seems strange to me.

Science is a fascinating career for anyone with a good average I.Q., a strong, natural curiosity, and a thorough, accurate, and persevering turn of mind.

It covers an enormous field of learning, with branches spreading out to investigate everything — from baby foods to soil chemistry, wild life, genetics, atom bombs, plastic curtains, and space travel!

Naturally, you'll need to make up your mind fairly early in your studies as to which scientific sphere attracts you most.

I did my B.Sc. course as a part-time student at the University of New South Wales while working as a science cadet in a big industrial laboratory in Sydney for six years.

This meant I was self-supporting from the day I left school with my Leaving Certificate and able to pay my way at home and university fees out of my earnings.

Not all studying

There was quite a lot of study to be done, but even so I usually had several free nights each week to go out and I always played some sport on Saturdays.

Most of my time at the laboratory, where I worked in a white overall uniform (which cut the cost of clothes bills) was spent doing research into the production of vinyl acetate, used in the making of paints and resins.

When we first began doing



SCIENCE GRADUATE Mary Berg, now Mrs. Colin Lambert, who wrote this article from her own experiences.

routine analysis, testing out various formulas was just a lab project.

Now I get a thrill when I realise that the results of those experiments form the substance (or "filler") replacing lead in nationally marketed brands of paint.

While I was a student I also did research into something even more absorbing for a girl — testing formulas which turn cellulose acetate into rayon and lovely synthetic materials with wonderful strength and color.

I really loved my job.

In the final year of my course I got married — yes, to a scientist.

I must admit we knew each other from our schooldays, and so it wasn't quite a "lab romance."

My husband is a chemical engineer, and although our fields of science are different we do have many academic interests in common.

Since our seven-month-old baby daughter, Veronica, was born I have given up my lab job, but not my work.

After I have done the chores aboard our houseboat home moored at The Spit, in Sydney Harbor, I settle in a sunny spot with my typewriter and translate foreign scientific articles

into English for Australian organisations that want to keep in touch with the latest trends in overseas research.

I also handle business correspondence for firms importing scientific instruments and machinery from foreign countries.

And I look forward to returning to laboratory work later on.

Lifetime career

One of the most rewarding aspects for a girl taking up science is that her career is not over, but just interrupted, when she marries and has children.

While her family is young she can keep herself informed about the latest scientific developments by reading papers and magazines and attending scientific association lectures.

By keeping in touch her mind will not be rusty when she is free to take up research again.

Few, among the thousands of scientists in the world today, personally make startling discoveries.

But every day on the job there is tremendous satisfaction to be gained from the creative effort involved in increasing mankind's store of knowledge. Science really is exciting.

THE MAKING OF A SURF LIFESAVER

By Kirsten Ward

• "Lifesavers make good husbands," said Police Sergeant Allan Fitzgerald, president of the North Steyne Surf Life Saving Club. "We even teach the boys to sweep."

I LOOKED at the boys sweeping the clubroom floor . . . very good husband material indeed.

I had gone along to North Steyne, on Manly Beach, Sydney, to find out how a boy became a lifesaver.

North Steyne has been an organised club for 52 years, and is one of the three oldest practising lifesaving clubs in Australia.

Since its establishment in 1907, nearly 900 boys have passed their Bronze Medallion at the club, and last year alone members rescued 59 people.

I used to think of lifesavers as great big bronzed boys who collected fabulous suntans as they gallantly patrolled the beaches.

Now I know it's a very serious business which requires months of training.

The objects of a surf club are:

• To study and practise the methods of lifesaving.

• To have and to use efficient lifesaving equipment to prevent loss of life.

• To teach swimming.

• To help the council beach inspector in his duties.

• To render efficient first-aid when required.

Club members also deal with anything from lost children and sand-throwers to drunks and stray dogs and too-brief costumes.

So it's definitely not just long, lazy days on the beaches soaking up the sunlight.

A boy can join the club at 14 by invitation, but cannot sit for his Bronze Medallion exam or become a full junior member till he is 16.

He spends those two years as a sort of apprentice—assists other members if needed, practises preliminary drill, and studies for a qualifying examination.

To join North Steyne he has to be seconded by two financial members, then goes before the committee with his nomination form—and, if he is under 16,

the written permission of his parents.

He must also be able to swim 440 yards in eight minutes.

If the committee accepts him he pays 5/- and he's in.

There is no limit to the number of members a club can take, and very few are rejected.

Mr. R. Goodfellow, the chief instructor for North Steyne, explained the procedure from there on.

As soon as a boy is 16 he can start training for the Bronze Medallion, which means he has to attend classes at the club-house every Sunday morning and one night a week for about eight weeks.

The Bronze Medallion exam covers everything needed to carry out a full-scale rescue.

It involves a thorough knowledge of signals with arms, oars, or flags, physiology (mainly respiration and blood circulation), and first-aid.

For first-aid he has to know how to treat everything from



PRESIDENT of the North Steyne Surf Life Saving Club, Police Sergeant Allan Fitzgerald, directs land drill, which has a big part in interclub competitions.

serious shark wounds to blue-bottle stings and sunstroke, from concussion to embedded fishhooks.

He must be efficient in all forms of artificial respiration, though the Holger Nielsen method is the one mostly used.

The new "mouth-to-mouth" method, using a simple plastic tube, is under trial by the Australian Surf Life Saving Association and has not yet been officially adopted by the clubs.

Land drill is important, too. This teaches discipline ("but shouldn't cramp initiative").

The drill teaches the mechanics of a rescue and of coping with a struggling person in the water.

The boys lined up smartly on the sand for the One Man Carry Drill, and I watched them go through their paces.

"Rear rank will act as res-

cuers, front rank as patients . . . Patients . . . go! . . . Rescuers, go!" instructed Mr. Goodfellow.

With apparent ease the "patient" was lifted from a flat position on the ground, swung over the "rescuer's" shoulder, let down again, slowly, and laid on the sand. Then the Holger Nielsen Resuscitation Method was carried out.

"Re-form! . . . About turn! . . . Patients . . . go! . . . Rescuers . . . go! . . . Squad front! . . . Stand at ease!"

And they were back where they started. The whole thing was quick and precise, with a minimum of discomfort to the patient.

Members also have to learn about the care and use of gear. Everything has to be maintained properly so that there will be no trouble when it is needed in emergencies.

Only senior members—those who have their Bronze Medallions—are allowed to go on patrols. At North Steyne there are six men to a patrol.

The teams are chosen at the beginning of the season and they work on a roster system.

The captain of each team is chosen for his experience and reliability, and he is responsible for the way the patrol is carried out.

Regulations say that there must be one belt swim on every patrol—so if there are no real rescues they stage a practice one.

The long days on the North Steyne beach, the drilling, the inspections, and the just plain hard work achieved their aim last season.

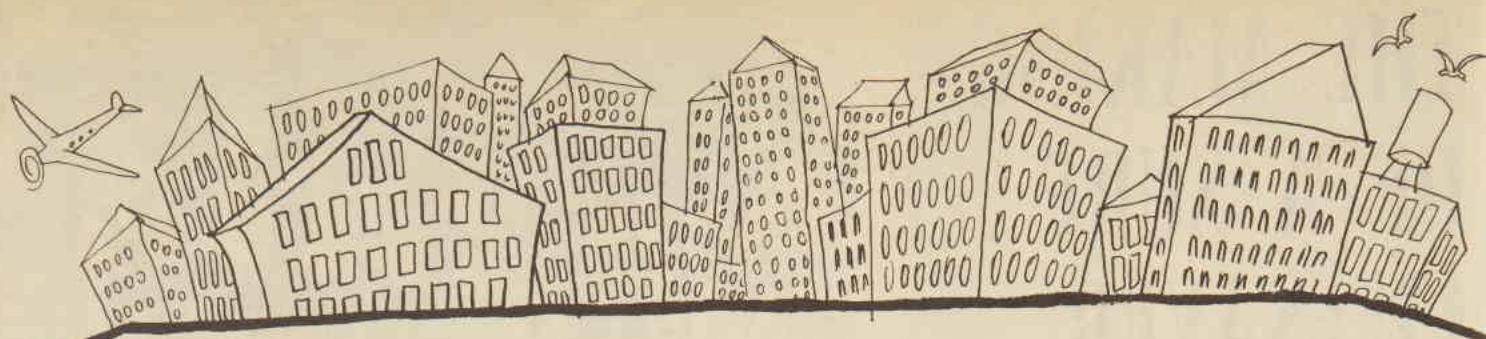
The club was able to report that no lives were lost while patrols were on duty.



ON THE BEACH at North Steyne, Chief Instructor Dick Goodfellow supervises the practice of the Holger Nielsen Resuscitation Method.

CADET MEMBERS of North Steyne practise the One Man Carry Drill in preparation for their Bronze Medallion examination.





How NOT to behave while shopping



Mid scowls and stares,
She blissfully chats,
Does it take three
Opinions for one pair of flats?



When trying on dresses,
No matter your haste,
To leave your imprint
Is very bad taste.



They giggle and chatter
And talk about beaux,
But the dressing-room's there
For trying on clothes.



"The jacket, the dress, and all of these,
And send them C.O.D., if you please."
When they arrive at her front door
She doesn't want them any more.



You may adore that
Latest from France,
But it's sure way "out"
For a teenage dance.



At the words "bargain sale"
She's off with a leap.
Who cares what they're selling
As long as it's cheap!



Before you manhandle
The merchandise
Make sure you're
Willing to pay the price.



She'll take a chance buying it
Sans heels or a girdle,
But friends or foes eyeing it
Just feel themselves curdle.

The Sapphires are soaring

● Two 15-year-old schoolboys, Chris Smith and Trevor Warner, who've never had a music lesson in their lives, are on the up and up in Adelaide show business.

THEIR guitar and singing act, which is billed as "The Sapphires," had a successful TV debut a few weeks ago.

They've appeared frequently on radio in Adelaide and with the Happy Gang in Melbourne.

With a smooth, easy style, The Sapphires concentrate mainly on hit-parade numbers, with a very occasional rock-n-roll song.

Out of their repertoire of about 30 numbers, their favorites are "Sweet Sugar Lips," "Wake Up Little Susie," and "I Want to Love You."

Trev, with a higher voice, does the humorous "Little Space Girl" and "Little Blue Man."

The Sapphires' stage costumes are royal-blue Bermuda jackets with grey lapels, blue ties, white shirts, and grey trousers. On the breast pocket of the jacket is an embroidered guitar designed by Trevor, who is a clever cartoonist.

They have cut two private discs and have been appearing professionally now for about a year. They became friends at Brighton High School when they discovered that each liked music and that each owned a ukulele. From ukuleles they graduated to the present guitars.

Chris and Trevor got their first break from Adelaide radio man Dick Moore and later appeared on Eddie White's dance circuit.

Rehearsals are fitted in be-

tween school studies, which have to come first. Chris has just finished his Leaving Certificate and Trevor his Intermediate.

With the success these talented teenagers have had so far, it looks as if The Sapphires will be in show business for a long, long time.



THE SAPPHIRES, Chris Smith (left) and Trevor Warner, both aged 15, have been wowing them in Adelaide and Melbourne for nearly a year.

LISTEN HERE—with Ainslie Baker



PAUL BADURA-SKODA

To Grow On," is an attractive offering that gives Denise a chance to really use a flexible, well-trained voice.

Movie Music: A Disney-land 45 instrumental offers the Tchaikovsky - inspired "Sleeping Beauty Medley" and "Love Theme" from the new Walt Disney animated cartoon "Sleeping Beauty."

Husky - Voiced May Britt sings her two "Blue Angel" songs, "Falling In Love Again" and the attractive "Lola Lola" on a 45 for the new 20th Fox label, sounding a whole lot better than she seemed to in the film.

Collector's item: There's a lot of "Porgy and Bess" music on disc, but the recent death of Billie Holiday gives her "Porgy" (Festival EP) an enhanced value. Her "I Love You Porgy" is thinner and less out-going than Nina Simone's, but the combination of the late blues singer and the Gershwin songs "Solitude," "My Man," and "There Is No Greater Love" is hard to resist.

Dancing Music: Carmen Cavallaro with his rhythm section goes south of the border to work over 12 of the better-known Latin American tunes including "Poinciana," "Green Eyes," "Frenesi" (not up to Artie Shaw's), and "Perfidia." Festival LP, monaural or stereo, "Cavallaro With That Latin Beat."



KEN SPARKS

FOR YOUNG SCIENTISTS

This discovery changed the world

● What about trying one of the most important experiments in history?



FROM this experiment, first performed in 1820 by the Danish scientist Oersted, all applications of electromagnetism, from the dynamo to telegraphy, have arisen. You'll need a torch battery, a non-metallic bowl nearly full of water, a flat, round cork, a steel needle, a magnet, and about 3 feet of copper wire.

First magnetise the needle by stroking it several times in the same direction with one pole of the magnet. Push the needle through the cork horizontally and place it on the surface of the water.

You have now made a compass. No matter how you disturb the cork, the needle will always swing back into the line pointing north and south.

And now for the great discovery. Join one end of the copper wire to one terminal of the battery, lay it across the top of the bowl parallel and fairly close to the needle, and then lead it back to the other terminal of the battery. As soon as you touch the second terminal with the wire, the needle will swing round and point to the nearest part of the wire. Change the position of the wire and you can make the needle point in any direction.

And as soon as you disconnect one end of the wire from the battery, the needle will swing back into the north-south line.

This experiment proved that a wire behaves like a magnet when electricity is flowing through it, but not when the current stops.

● From "The Book of Experiments," by Leonard de Vries, by arrangement with the publisher, John Murray.

GETTING A BOY TO



SO you mean how do you get a boy talking when you've just been introduced at a party?

How do you get him interested in talking to you and not in sloping off to join that battalion of blokes barricaded in the corner?

Of course, some lucky people are born with the gift of the gab, but most people just acquire it as the years go by. So will you.

Let me tell you about one of the most popular girls I know. She's not pretty—in fact she's rather plain—but you should just see those boys gather round her at every party—they think she's just the greatest little wonder since rock-'n-roll.

And do you know why? Because she can talk. Even more important, she gets them talking, too.

Be interested

But what's her line, you ask. That's the thing of it—she hasn't got one.

She's just plain interested in people—old people, young people, ugly people, beautiful people—and that's what counts.

And she's very interested in hearing what makes them tick.

It doesn't matter to her that a boy is a BOY. She doesn't get all worried and worked up when a boy speaks to her; she's real cool and relaxed.

And the boys like that.

She doesn't stand there waiting for them to stop talking so she can rush in and air her views, but really listens to what they're saying, makes comments, and will happily express her own opinions, too . . . in a very modest sort of way, though—not flatly and dogmatically—

things like, "Probably I'm wrong, but I've always thought

." Or, "What do you think of . . . ?"

She reads the newspapers and knows what's going on—not just the rock-'n-roll stories, but all that international stuff, too.

Plus all those funny little news items that happen in places you've never heard of. So that when the conversation stops dead she can say, "Did you see that funny bit in the paper about the Pekingese dog that made a record? Crazy!"

When she's talking to a boy, she doesn't gaze over his shoulder and flirt with every other bloke in the room, but looks at him nearly all the time—usually right into his eyes, and, oh boy, does this have an effect.

By Patricia O'Connell

The thing of it is that you CAN'T put on an act.

If you're going to pretend to be interested and mentally glaze over, you're wasting your time.

It's stupid, plain stupid, to act interested in a boy so he'll be interested enough to take you out—he'll probably see through your act, anyway. And then where will you be?

However, if you stop hearing wed-

ding bells every single time you're introduced to a male, you'll be able to relax and enjoy his company.

He'll relax, too, and start talking.

Force yourself to forget that he's a HE and remember how you make conversation with other people you meet.

The thing about being a good conversationalist—which doesn't mean a good talker only, a good listener, too—is that you're encouraging the other person to think aloud.

So pretend it's a sort of game—you've got to find out what their interests are and then get them to tell you all about it.

Always smile when you're introduced and say "hello" in your normal happy voice—no fancy accent, please.

Most boys are interested in talking about sport, their jobs, school, music,

How do you talk to boys? What a question! But let's face it, it is important. Look at all these pretty girls in the pictures, surrounded, simply surrounded, by fascinated fascinating men. And it's not just because they're so pretty, either.

Well, what's wrong with you, you can talk can't you? Talk to your family, your girl-friends. Why can't you make the talk with men?

Listen, if you can talk at all, you can talk to boys—they're people too, you know.

SMILING, interested, and really listening to him, not flirting with the boys behind her — no wonder he keeps on talking to her. And in five minutes those other boys will be talking to her, too.

hobbies, films, television, and books.

You can ask what he does, how long he's been doing it, if it's interesting, and if he likes it—if he doesn't, drop that subject like a hot potato.

You can ask where he lives. Not sounding like a prosecuting lawyer, but just casually . . . "Do you live near here?"

Never be nasty

If he lives near the beach you can carry on about how handy for swims before work, no wonder he has such a beaut suntan, does he prefer surf to still water?

It's not a very good idea to start playing "Who do you know?", but if he asks about other people in the crowd, never, never, never say anything nasty.

There is always something nice you can say about anyone—so say it.

You can ask where he went to school if you think he might know some of your brothers, cousins, or friends.

But don't sound as if you're checking up on the snob angle, and don't list all the boys that you know—this sounds too tickets-on-yourself.

Nearly everyone has very definite likes and dislikes on music, films, and

TALK — IT'S EASY!

Shows nowadays — so ask his opinions of your favorites or pet hates, but don't start an argument.

What about saying, "Went to a concert last week. You know I think I like it even better than rock-and-roll. How about you?"

Unless you're really stuck, don't say "It's not the band good?"

If you do, you jolly well deserve to be yourself.

Say something original, even if it's "Is that a trombone that little old-headed man is playing?"

And if your partner doesn't know, "I can never tell, either." Don't look at him like he's a double-headed ape.

One girl I know has a foolproof way of getting over that awkward silence after an introduction. She says to anyone she meets — boys and girls alike — "I've promised my brother to ask everyone I meet if they have a spare copy of Glenn Miller's 'String of Pearls.' He broke his the other day, and he can't find another copy anywhere. Yes, now it's madly old-hat, but he's a real vintage collector."

Then, before anyone knows it, there's fast and furious chat about records, music, bands, the top 40 ... and on and on.

Keep on the ball

You can make a play with his name, maybe . . . "Is that Brown spelt with an 'e'?" There was a girl in my class . . . Your sister . . ."

Or, "That's an interesting sort of a name. Czechoslovakian? Really? Did you migrate out here . . . ? How long ago? Can you still speak it?"

Of course, you don't pour out all the questions in one breath, but you can see how one remark leads to another, can't you?

That's conversation . . . To talk about sport with sporty boys you need to be pretty well informed. Stop useless gazing up at some big-voiced type, batting your lashes, and asking: "But why run with the ball?" He'll know for sure that you're a really dumb chum.

So listen to the brothers talking tennis, cricket, and footie and bone up on the sports pages in the papers, too. You need to make like a quiz kid, you know, just enough to sound interested and intelligent.

For heaven's sake DON'T be aggressively intelligent.

There's no need to pretend you are the original dumb Dora if you're a budding atomic scientist, but don't contradict him, interrupt him, or imply that he's a fool.

Don't talk about the weather — it's really admitting defeat.

Best way to stop a conversation is to say out something eccentric like, "Have you ever dug for Moa bones? I'd love to."

By the time you've got it out, he'll have turned and run like crazy. And so what?

However, things like "Would you like to go on a trip to the moon?" don't sound nearly so crazy nowadays. And could start a stellar conversation.



EVERYONE'S having a wonderful time — talking, laughing, listening to music — and they met only five minutes before the picture was taken. It's easy for them, because they all know how to relax. And see how pretty skirts and prissy blouses can be for casual summer parties.

Louise
Hunter

your answer

Embarrassed boy

"I WORK at a large firm in the city. I am a boy of 18. There is a girl working in my office who is in love with me. Please don't think I'm conceited, she has told all the other boys and they have told me. When there is any work for me, she is the girl who usually brings it. She smiles and blushes whenever I am around, which makes it embarrassing for me. I don't want to tell her straight out not to follow me down the street at lunchtimes and after work and I don't want to change my job, but I can't continue this way much longer. Please advise me."

"Office Trouble," N.S.W.

I think you are mad if you don't tell the girl straight out. You must. She has behaved in a very stupid and bad-mannered way. You are at the beginning of your career, a time that is most important to you, and it should not be endangered by this girl's silly behaviour.

I would tell her that if she doesn't stop following you and embarrassing you, you will be forced to speak to your employer about it. This girl should be taught a lesson.

"Something" lost

"I AM afraid I may be losing someone I could grow to love very much. I am 18 and go to college. For some time now I have been friends with a boy, also 18, who is a fine, intelligent, mature person with qualities that I respect. I have grown very fond of him — I don't know whether it is love, but I do know that my feelings cannot be termed 'infatuation' or 'puppy love.' He liked me in return, but lately he seems less enthusiastic and almost cool when we are together. On thinking things over, I realise that I have been acting rather possessively towards him lately and this may have turned him away. However, I feel that he does not dislike me completely. We still talk and smile 'hello,' but the original 'something' has gone. I have thought of being more aloof with him to make up for my behaviour, but I am scared he may think I am trying to brush him off. What could I do? I feel very depressed. There is not much

Here's

time left, either, as we shall be breaking up for holidays very soon and I fear I may not see him again. Please try to help me."

B.M., Qld.

When the original something has gone there is nothing you can do, and nothing I can tell you to do that will bring it back.

Just let the whole thing go. Let it finish as quietly as possible so that some time he'll think nice things about you. He'll remember how gracefully your whole love affair bowed out, not how possessive you were.

Under-16 danger

"I AM a 21-year-old boy and I have for the past month been keeping the company of a girl who is almost 16. We go out on the weekends and naturally our friendship is on a casual basis. However, my fellow-workers tell me I ought to drop this girl politely but quickly as I am 'robbing the cradle.' Should I pay heed to them or follow my own desires? I would like very much your advice on this problem."

"Too Old?", Vic.

I, too, think you should give her up, because girls under 16 are a dangerous proposition for young men. They can land you in serious trouble.

I am surprised you don't know that the law frowns on romantic attachments for girls under 16, and although you say it's just a casual attachment I bet it's not.

The five years' difference in ages between you is neither here nor there when you're a bit older, but I would strongly advise you to drop this girl politely now until she's older.

Time for a kiss

"I AM 20 and in love with a girl of 19. I have taken her out for about three months pretty steadily, and she does not go out with anyone else, but I have not yet kissed her goodnight. She does seem to like me, but does not show any affection towards me, though she seems to want to. I don't want to be over-loving if she doesn't like it, but she doesn't even like holding hands. Sometimes unconsciously she will take my

arm or stroke my hair, and then she'll suddenly stop. Perhaps her family don't go in for affection. I don't know them that well, so I can't say."

C.M., W.A.

Your girl probably feels exactly the same way about you as you do about her—I think if she wrote to me about you she'd say exactly the same about you. "He doesn't show any affection towards me though he seems to want to."

I always say that kissing knows no rules, and that a kiss that comes out of affection is better than any kiss given just because it's the accepted thing, but I think it is time this girl got her kiss. Just start being affectionate to her. It's your prerogative and I think you'll find all is well.

Hospital visits

"I AM a girl of 15 and like a boy of the same age very much. I know him well and have been out with him a few times. He will soon be going into hospital for about one or two weeks and I was wondering if it would be all right to visit him, or should I send a card to him instead? I do not know what to do and my friends advised me to write to you."

"Wondering," S.A.

Visiting someone in hospital depends entirely on how they are. They might be well enough to enjoy visitors and want to have them all the time; they may feel well enough but their doctor prefers them to convalesce quietly without visitors.

You should ring the boy's mother and ask how he is and is he well enough for visitors. She will know. If she says he is not, send a card. Right?

Courting battle

"I AM a boy of 17 and like very much a girl of the same age and have been told by her that she feels the same way. Repeatedly we have been to various parties and dances and have thoroughly enjoyed ourselves. My problem is that my boy-friend was recently introduced to her when we all went to a dance as a foursome. They both seemed to look dreamily at each other the whole evening, and I have learned since that this boy-friend of mine is in love with my girl and has taken her out on several occasions. Please tell me what I should do, as I like this girl very much and she likes me, as far as I can gather."

"Wondering," N.S.W.

The situation you find yourself in is a classic one. Life is studded with similar cases, the best friend who turned out to be the best girl's dream. It is awful, isn't it?

It is a situation that resolves itself into a courting battle between you two males and probably won't end until she gives one of you the brush-off. Keep asking her out. She probably likes you just as much as ever.

A WORD FROM DEBBIE



EVER thought of giving a watermelon party? It's the surefire success of all time, and right now those big, luscious melons are wonderful.

I don't know any occasion they're not good for; there is something about a crescent-shaped slice of that pink fruit that makes any party go. You can't be stand-offish with your face buried in a slice.

They're wonderful for an after-a-swim party, to finish up a barbecue, but if you serve them at more formal do you'd better provide plastic bibs.

There's no watermelon eating etiquette, except the plunge-into-a-slice way or the eat-with-a-spoon way. If it's a plunging-into party, turn your head the other way when you get rid of the seeds.

And if you do have a party, don't forget a competition to see who can carve the best face into the green rind.

If you are interested in knowing about girls, there's no situation a girl enjoys more. She carries on about how she hates to hurt one or the other, and she does, too, but the excitement of being the prize for one of a number swamps this feeling. She is just as nice as ever, she is just being a female.

I'm sure she will be upset if you don't ask her out again. You can like two men at the same time very much and enjoy going out with them, too. Indeed, one sometimes makes the other seem nicer.

Doubt about party

"MY boy-friend and I, who are both

17, have been invited to a party in several weeks' time but are in doubt about whether we should attend. The people holding the party are friends of ours, and most of the time are sensible enough, but when they get in a mob at a party they are likely to become wild and stupid. We value their friendship, but naturally do not want to get mixed up in any trouble as we come from respectable families. My boy-friend is hesitant, but will go if I do. I do not wish to go, but we will lose our friends if we refuse the invitation. Our parents have told us the matter is entirely up to us, so now I am appealing to you."

"Undecided," Vic.

Don't go. No party is worth the heart-searching that you two are going on with. You both know far more about the background of the party than I do and are full of doubts. "No, thank you" is the answer to that invitation.

• Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.



How much is steady?

"I AM a girl of 17 years and find that I am very much in love with a man of 23. I have been going out with him for about eight months two or three times a week. But he has never mentioned going steady. Do you think I should continue on this basis, or make a clean break now?"

"Doubtful," Vic.

What do you want? A declaration, signed, sealed, and delivered? If taking you out two or three times a week is not going steady, I'd like to know what is. The only way to tie him to you tighter, short of a trip to the altar, is to try to give him a little more freedom. Suggest a spoken understanding and watch him run.

PARTY-PRETTY EYES

● If you'd like to be remembered as the girl with the prettiest eyes at every party you go to, take these tips for special-occasion eye glamor and learn how to gild the lily subtly and skilfully. Then you'll be ready to go gay when the festive season gets into full swing. — Carolyn Earle.



MAKE YOUR EYES look dreamy with eye-shadow. Choose one that enhances the natural color of your eyes and gives them a glowing look. There's no need to worry that you'll look made-up as long as you put the stuff on delicately.

Eye make-up is a precision job and too much of any color will give the prettiest young face a weird expression.

You can apply shadow with fingertip as shown above — this is easiest at first — or with a small brush.

Cleansing or other creams must be completely removed from the area round the eyes when putting on eye-shadow, but don't forget to smooth a small amount of foundation on your eyelids and over the corners of your eyes when you're doing the rest of your face.

Always apply eye-shadow from the centre of the eyelid and work outwards. Fade off the color towards the top of the lid, blot with tissue, and powder over lightly to set the color.

The main eye-shadow shades are blue (blue a few tones paler than your own eye color is usually a better choice than a darker shade), brown (for dark eyes), green (which looks attractive with brown and hazel eyes), and the lilac to violet shades that are so lovely if you are very fair-haired.

Pretty pointer for the party girl, or just for fun: silver-blue or silver-green eyeshadow that goes on as smooth as cream, looks soft and glamorous.

MAKE YOUR EYEBROWS a better shape than nature gave by grooming them properly, but don't forget that full, clearly shaped brows are youthful and attractive.

Pluck any stray hairs below the arch of the brow, as shown below, and, if necessary, across the bridge of the nose. If your eyes are too closely set, give the illusion of width by plucking your brows a little farther apart.

The ideal distance between brows is the width of your eye. Anything wider is apt to give a face a blank expression.

Here's a simple make-up trick that makes the eyes look larger. Draw a pencil line, smooth and true, along the roots of your upper lashes and

extend it towards your temple by about a sixteenth of an inch. Then draw a very thin line along the roots of your lower lashes and blend with a fingertip.

This lower line can also be extended at the outer corners to make the eye look more "open." The pencil used for this lining should be brownish-black. Never use a light or reddish-brown pencil — any hint of red will make your eyes look sore.

To avoid a made-up look, choose pencil lighter than your brow color and mix colors. Light brown mixed with grey or dark brown mixed with light brown creates natural effects.

Pick pencils with thin points or sharpen your pencil to a chisel-edge. Sketch in tiny "hairs" with overlapping strokes, blend with fingertip.

MAKE YOUR LASHES darker and longer without leaving blobs of mascara on them or smudging your skin.

You can do this in two ways — with roll-on mascara, which darkens, separates, and curls lashes slightly, all in a couple of twirls, or with a brush and mascara cake. Here's the brush method:

Wet a small clean brush well, shake out excess water; sit in front of a mirror, rub the brush over the mascara cake, and prop your elbow on the table top to steady your hand. Now lean forward, half-close your eyes, and lay the brush, well filled with mascara, along the outer half of your lashes, as shown in the sketch below. Apply with light, zigzag movements, first up, then down; before they dry, press lashes backwards with the brush to make them curl; when mascara dries, brush the lashes apart with a dry brush.

Points to remember are: mascara should be well worked through the brush itself before touching your lashes.

If your eyelash make-up doesn't seem to work properly at first, it could be due to oil on your lashes, or perhaps you've used only the tips of the brush to put it on. Fix this and try again.



LUXURY ITEM: Fake lashes that give a larger, still "lashier" look to the eyes and look superb on a special occasion.

The new make-believe lashes are arranged in a strip and attached to the eyelids with suitable adhesive immediately behind the line of natural lashes. For a young girl a half-strip fitted to the outer curves of her eyelids looks far more natural than the full, cover-girl lash length.

The look of checks, pastels, florals, and...



THE DASHING GIRL wears a dance dress by Madeleine de Rauch. It's made of crisp broderie anglaise with a tiered skirt, bow-tied shoulder-straps, black belt, and (the dashing touch) a tartan stole.

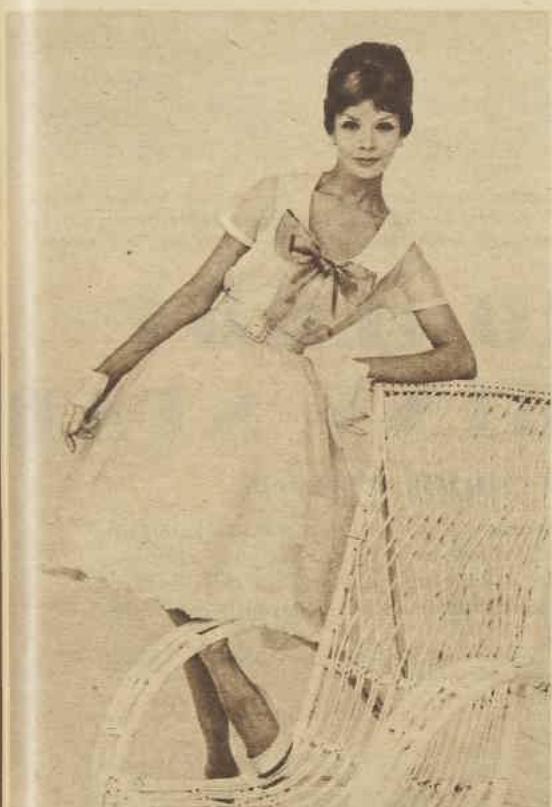


THE INGENUE wears a girlish, pastel-colored dress by Luciani. The cunningly pleated skirt is topped with a simple camisole bodice. And there's a wide belt just above the waistline; the natural waist is marked with a button covered in the same fabric.

THE SOPHISTICATE wears a flower-spattered dress by Capucci. The skirt falls into a swinging flare, and the strapless top would be marvellous with a suntan. A matching jacket makes the ensemble ideal for an informal date or for dinner and dancing.

ALL-WHITE FOR SUMMER

• *A moonlit summer evening, a pretty YOU at a party—that's fun . . . and you WILL BE PRETTY in a dress chosen to complement the season, the occasion, and your own personality.*



THE COQUETTE wears Maggy Rouff's flirty dress of organdie; it's "flirty" because there's a big lilac pussy-cat bow at the neckline.



THE ULTRA-FEMININE wears a frilly broderie anglaise dress by Carven. The dress is slightly off-the-shoulder, with double ruffles forming little sleeves. Matching trills decorate the bell skirt.



THE DEMURE wears a dress by Pierre Balmain; of organdie, it is trimmed with delicate lace and tied with ribbon to emphasise a tiny waist. The wide cape collar is a good choice for the very young.



Fred Astaire, whose dance studios developed the Teenage Mambo.

● From page 3

ONCE you've learnt the basic step (shown on page three) add these variations, intermix in your own way, and you'll be a dancing sensation.

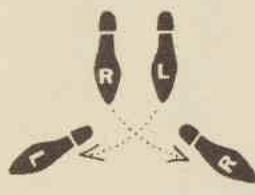
MAMBO CROSSOVER

START: Feet together; hold for count of one. **BEAT 2:** Cross right foot over left. **BEAT 3:** Step (in the same place) with left foot. **BEAT 4:** Step to the right side with your right foot.

Hold for the count of one again. Then: **BEAT 2:** Cross left foot over right. **BEAT 3:** Step (in the same place) with your right foot. **BEAT 4:** Step to the left side with your left foot.

(Boy does exactly opposite.)

When doing the crossover, you are changing hands with your partner. For example, when your right foot crosses your left, you're holding your partner's left hand in your right, and vice versa.



Box step.

MAMBO is a fascinating mixture of Cuban rhythms from Latin America and jive from the United States.

It follows the basic patterns of the Cuban rhumba, but dancers have more freedom of movement and self-expression. It is also slightly faster than the rhumba.

The hold is much the same as the normal ballroom-dancing position.

However, remember to stand about eight inches apart and, since it is a Spanish-type dance, the girl's left hand goes high on her partner's shoulder — not on his arm.

The body should be straight and erect (this is the Spanish influence again), the hip action coming from the movement of the leg (the Latin-American influence).

If you want to dance the mambo at your Christmas or New Year party, mambo records are fairly easy to find in any large record store — usually several numbers are included in collections of Latin-American cha-cha, tangos, etc.

So 1, 2, 3, 4, have a happy mambo.

MAMBO CHASE

(Not illustrated.)

START: Feet together, hold for count of one. Next do one half of the Mambo Basic (four beats) and free left foot. **BEAT 2:** Step forward with left foot. **BEAT 3:** Make one half a turn to the right and step (in the same place) with the right foot (now your back is to your partner). **BEAT 4:** Step forward with the left foot.

Hold for count of one. Then: **BEAT 2:** Step forward with right foot. **BEAT 3:** Make one half a turn to the left and step (in the same place) with the left foot. **BEAT 4:** Step forward with right foot. End with one half a basic so that right foot is free to start again.

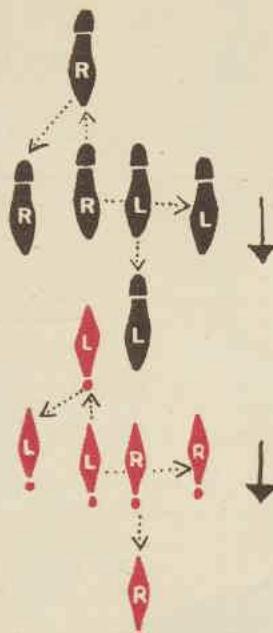
(Same for boy.)

THE TEENAGE MAMBO

MAMBO BOX STEP

START: Feet together, hold for the count of one. **BEAT 2:** Step back with right foot. **BEAT 3:** Step (in the same place) with left foot. **BEAT 4:** Step to the side with right foot.

Hold for the count of one again. Then: **BEAT 2:** Step forward with the left foot. **BEAT 3:** Step (in the same place) with the right foot. **BEAT 4:** Step to the side with left foot. (Boy does opposite.)



SPRINT CHAMPION Ken Stevens races through the tape to win his heat of the under-16 100 yards at the Combined High School sports held at the Sydney Cricket Ground. He won the final and now holds the schoolboy record of ten seconds.

A SCHOOLBOY SPRINT STAR

By Patricia O'Connell

● Girls, I'm warning you now: if you want to catch up with Ken Stevens, you'll have to put on your running shoes and get into training. 'Cause this boy is fast. But fast. He's broken three sprint records to prove it.

FIFTEEN - YEAR-OLD

Ken has just finished fourth-year at Fairfield High School, Sydney, and he broke three schoolboy records at the Combined High School Championships held at the Sydney Cricket Ground.

He raced through the tape to win the under-16 100, 220, and 440 yards, clipping tenths of seconds off the previous records.

After the 100 yards sprint, the timekeeper said: "You'll get a shock when you hear your time."

"And I sure did," says Ken. His times for the 100 yards and the 220 yards beat the best schoolboy times of Kevin Gosper, Olympic and Empire Games sprinter.

Ken is a dark-haired six-footer with blue eyes, tanned skin, and a shy smile. His voice is slow and quiet and he's very modest about his speed.

"It's funny, you know, people are always saying things like, 'Did you hear me singing out to you as you went through the tape?' But you can't hear a thing."

"I love running, but I'm always very tense before the start — have to concentrate on getting there first."

Ken started running three years ago, when he entered the school sports "just for fun," and won the 75 and 100 yards sprints.

He joined the Western Suburbs Athletics Club, but he didn't race along at every opportunity . . . "I got into the habit of training a bit, not much."

The following year he represented Fairfield High in the C.H.S. Athletics and broke two records — the under-14 100 and 220 yards.

"They were the first records I broke and, gosh, was I surprised."

Last year he kept up the good

work by bettering two more — the under-15 100 and 220 yards. And this year, of course, he carried off the treble.

Now his great ambition is to make the team for the Empire Games in Perth in 1962.

All winter long, Ken and the other boys from the Athletics Club trained alternate Sundays at Garie Beach, south of Sydney. Racing along the beach and up and down sandhills all day. Up and down, up and down . . .

As well as having weight-lifting sessions and exercises at the Club. No wonder this boy looks so fit.

Now the athletics season is in full swing, Ken competes in inter-club carnivals nearly every weekend, and trains two nights a week at the Club's oval at Concord.

"First we warm up with five laps round the oval, then do exercises, then practise starting," he said.

"My start needs a lot of practice. Trouble is, I'm fastest at the end of a race. Sometimes my start is good, but usually it's shoddy."

Besides dreaming of becoming a sprint champ, Ken wants to be a primary-school teacher.

He lives with his family at Auburn, and admits he races to catch the train each morning — "But I don't think I'm ever likely to break any records then."



SCHOOLBOY Ken Stevens, 15, dreams of the next Empire Games.

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — December 16, 1959

TEENA

by
Linda Terry

EV'RY GIRL SHOULD LEARN TO TAKE CARE OF HERSELF IN TH' WATER! COME ON! I'LL SHOW YOU ALL THE STROKES!



FIRST, TO BEGIN WITH, THERE'S THE BREAST STROKE ... ALWAYS A GOOD STROKE TO GET AROUND WITH...



THEN THERE'S THE BACK STROKE, FOR WHEN YOU WANT TO SWIM AND GET A TAN AT THE SAME TIME...



NOW, HERE'S THE SIDE STROKE ... A VERY GOOD STROKE FOR LONG DISTANCE,



AND THIS IS THE STROKE TO USE WHEN YOU WANT SPEED, THE AUSTRALIAN CRAWL...

THEN THERE'S - UH - HMM - THIS ONE...



AAAIE!

WHAT'S THAT STROKE FOR?



ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, MISS?

DO YOU NEED HELP?

OH.

SHALL I CARRY YOU ASHORE?



Linda Terry

A GUY on his dreams discusses...

SLEEPY TIME GALS

● One of my snaf (they're the opposite to fans) suggests that I'm so obnoxious and unattractive that even girls I meet in my dreams must refuse to go out with me.

I'M glad she's brought up the subject of my dream-dates.

For, of course, what she says is completely untrue; in my dreams my lady-killing makes Rudolph Valentino look about as romantically successful as the Hunchback of Notre Dame.

For instance, Ginger Rogers and I go out dancing at least once a week. Ginger reckons I am a better partner than Arthur Murray, Fred Astaire, and Gene Kelly rock-n-rolled into one!

She and I first got together the night I dreamed myself into the Stork Club in New York.

During the night the manager had me paged at my table and begged me to help him out. It seemed that Fred Astaire was supposed to be appearing with Ginger in a special spot that night.

But, the frantic manager told me, Fred was still suffering from radiation after making "On the Beach." Would I stand in as Miss Rogers' partner? What else could I do but accept.

Nobody knew I was starring until the M.C. announced Ginger and me. The audience, naturally enough, felt

a bit let down. They knew me as a brilliant writer, but they didn't know if I could hoot as well as I spoof.

They soon changed their tune as I went into the act. Rock-n-roll, ballet, ballroom, soft-shoe, tapping . . . I did it all.

Ginger followed me quite well. Of course, I was a bit hard on her. I kept forgetting that she was used to an older, less agile partner.

I was particularly pleased with the performance, even though my legs

were sore afterwards. You see, I'd never danced before!

I also well remember the night I went out with Ava Gardner. To be quite truthful (aren't I always, girls?) the date didn't start off too well.

Ava kept talking about her three husbands, Mickey Rooney, Artie Shaw, and Frankie Sinatra, and the man she'd stood up to go out with me—bulldozer Luis Dominguez.

Then she came right out into the open and said she was testing me, letting me know that I had to prove I was as good a man as they were.

"Gardner," I said coldly (I was a bit peeved with her), "I will do everything these men can do—and all at once."

I squared my shoulders (Cheyenne, at the next table, paled), smiled bravely, and called the waiter. "Please bring me a clarinet and a fighting bull," I said.

When my order was filled I went into my act. On my knees I went through (from memory) the whole script of one of the Andy Hardy films Rooney made famous. While I was doing this I fended off the charging bull with the clarinet. At the same time I sang "My Funny Valentine."

However, probably my most exotic dream-date was with Grace Kelly. Grace and I went to the Cannes Casino to play roulette and I foolishly

promised to kiss every woman in the casino if I broke the bank.

Of course, I did break the bank and had to honor my promise. The girls wouldn't hear of my backing out.

But how do you kiss 600 women in a dream that, according to doctors, lasts only a matter of seconds? I was stumped until the croupier said, "What number are you on, M'sieu?"

Suddenly I had the answer to my problem. I hopped on to the roulette wheel and as I whirled I set my lips in one long kiss that delighted each woman as I brushed past.

Porfirio Rubirosa, who saw it all, clapped until his hands were raw.

But Grace Kelly wasn't so impressed. In my next dream I learned she had married Prince Rainier. Just to spite me, you understand.

After my Rainier dream I decided to consult a psychiatrist to find out what my dozing dates meant. He told me that I dreamt about the Princess because I had "a Freudian anxiety complex, emotional regression, and a suppressed Mother Image complex."

Which, translated, means: "Into each life some Rainier must fall!"

—Robin Adair



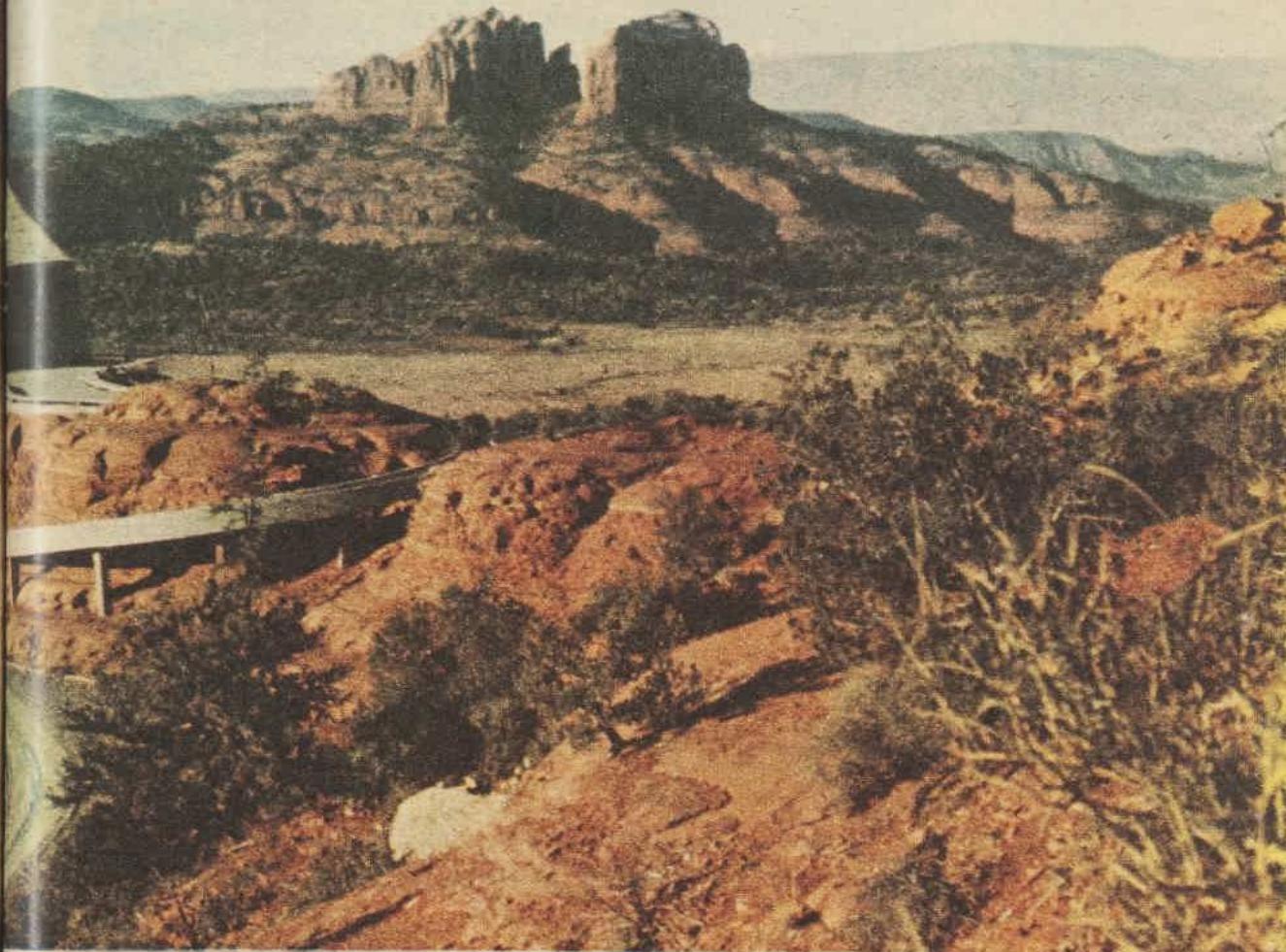
**SANDRA DEE and
RICKY NELSON**

Page 16 — Teenagers' Weekly

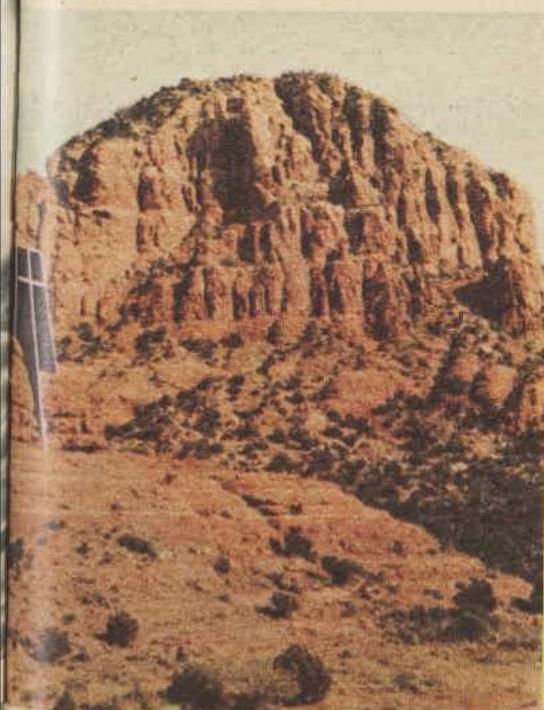
Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — December 16, 1955

church roof slants at ten different angles. Jewelled glass panels set into these

REVOLUTION IN THE CHURCHES



Rising out of a spur of red sandstone, the Holy Cross Chapel at Sedona, Arizona, stands at the base of a 1500ft. cliff in Oak Creek Canyon. Designed by Anshen and Allen, the chapel is a reinforced concrete shell 12in. thick. The two ends are glazed with smoke-colored glass to eliminate glare, while permitting a clear view of the magnificent panorama behind the altar. Entrance is from a ramp at the rear. Marguerite Staude presented the chapel to the Roman Catholic Church in memory of her parents.



Arizona's Holy Cross Chapel is 90ft. high.



Superb mural painted on wallboard in the Church of the Resurrection, St. Louis, U.S., represents the Trinity: the Eye for God the Father, left, the Dove for the Holy Ghost, centre, and Christ on the right. The painting was executed by American artist Emil Frei, who is renowned for his work with stained glass.



Lournay Christmas Gifts are really different!

Those who seek the unusual for Christmas giving, will choose Lournay. Every gift set is a work of art in the best French tradition. You give her the loveliest of luxurious beauty preparations enclosed in gift sets with unique picture lids . . . some of them actually set in moulded plastic frames ready to hang. Smaller packs are delightful miniatures which are charming for wall decoration. Your choice will pay tribute to your imaginative taste.

Moulded plastic frame with enchanting modern picture opens to reveal Lournay cosmetic set—face powder, rouge and lipstick. 32/-

Brilliantly executed ballet design makes this octagonal satin-lined casket a beautiful receptacle for Lournay squeeze bottle Hand Lotion and Talc, with two cakes of soap. If you wish, you can fill it with Lournay cosmetics of your choice. 28/-

Traditional French-style painting on gift box holding three cakes of Lournay beauty soap . . . 8/-

Exquisitely beautiful decorative box—holds fragrant Lournay talc and foil-wrapped beauty soap . . . 9/11



Lournay
CHRISTMAS GIFT SETS
give double pleasure



Lournay COSMETICS ARE RECOMMENDED BY GUILD CHEMISTS • ALSO LEADING DEPARTMENT STORES THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA

Continuing . . . WANDERING WILLOW

from page 19

without his beloved Joan? He called the old man by a lot of Italian names that were full of meaning, put back his curly head on his pillow, and closed his eyes in sheer desperation.

Mama and Papa tried in vain to raise his spirits. He didn't eat, didn't drink, and in a matter of hours became too sick to go to work. All strength had abandoned him, and there was nothing anybody could do about it.

On the third day Mama and Papa sent for the Italian priest of the parish of Wulla Wulla, Father Bacchelli. When the elderly priest arrived he found a man who was murmuring words incoherently, was talking of flowers without water, the moon without the sun, and suchlike. He sat gently down beside him on the bed.

Alfredo looked haggard and feverish. He was thinking of Joan, he murmured, and he was so afraid that her love for him might lose its radiance and weaken within the terrible three months.

"Do you have so little faith in her, my son?" Father Bacchelli tried to encourage him. He understood the soul of Alfredo and the hurricane that shook it.

"I have faith in her, Father," Alfredo murmured. "But three months! It is eternity! He—her father—he is the devil in person. He will try to undermine her love. He will talk to her and try to weaken her love and affection for me! He has three months to do it—and I will not know in all this time whether anything has altered between us! She will forget what I look like."

"You're a handsome lad," Father Bacchelli said. "Who would ever forget such a handsome lad!"

Alfredo turned his head away. "I wish I could see her—if only from afar! See and know that everything is as it should be," he said brokenly.

"It is a test, my son," Father Bacchelli said. "Love is very much like faith! In both cases you trust somebody! You trust God who made faith and love and gave them to you. Faith and love are one in nature! They are mighty! They can move mountains!"

Alfredo was silent.

"Three months is not such a long, long time, my son," the other smiled.

"I wish a miracle—" Alfredo said, but Father Bacchelli shook his head.

"No, my son," he said. "This is not a country where miracles happen easily. Everything goes its normal way! We are not in Italy now where miracles are daily occurrences, my son!"

"But I am an Italian, Father! My love is an Italian love! A great, eternal love!"

"I don't doubt it, my son. Have patience," Father Bacchelli said, and soon afterwards left to go to his church and say a few prayers.

After three days Alfredo got up and walked out of the cottage on to the back porch. With burning eyes he stared across the yard, where it broke away into the river, stared across the river-bed, and at the willow-tree that hid the house in which Joan lived. It was a very large weeping willow, and its branches seemed alive.

Suddenly he felt a burning desire to see Joan's house. He thought that perhaps at this same moment she was looking at the Weeping Willow, desperately trying to find a space to look through. But there was no space; the branches waved gently, but there were so many of them that it was like a rich green curtain hiding the house.

Alfredo gripped the railing of the back porch. He thought

he would die if he didn't see her standing on her verandah right now, trying to look across. The Weeping Willow was on the other side of the river, otherwise he might have taken an axe and cut off some of her branches. But all he could do was stand and gaze at the velvety waves, swinging above the mists rising from the river-bed.

And then it happened. The Weeping Willow stretched herself, uprooted her trunk, and, like a gigantic spider, began to walk out of the way till Alfredo could see the cottage on the other side. Then she waited, hunched up, with her trunk drawn up under her branches, waited till Alfredo had discovered Joan, who was a faint blur in the fading light—but recognisable.

She waited till they had waved to each other, till they had thrown kisses across the river—then walked calmly back and put her roots in the ground again. A moment later her branches waved again in the light breeze, cascaded down towards the mists like a waterfall, only green and soft and silent.

Later she stated that she had felt sorry for the two lovers. But, of course, there

was more to it than just that.

Weeping willows usually are too full of self-pity to feel sorry for anybody but themselves.

"But, Father," Alfredo said jubilantly, "I saw it with my own eyes. It is incredible."

"So it is," Father Bacchelli said impatiently. "Why should a tree start to grow feet just because you feel the urge to see the face of your girl-friend?"

"But I had to see Joan," Alfredo said. "I just had to! You yourself said that love and faith move mountains."

"But not willow trees," Father Bacchelli protested. "This is all highly unlikely! Miracles don't happen so easily!"

"But—"

"I am happy to see you well again," Father Bacchelli said warmly, "but I advise you not to talk to anybody about it!"

Alfredo didn't say anything about it, but his heart was filled with joy because he had seen his beloved. He wondered what Joan thought about the miracle, and afterwards Joan told him she hadn't told anybody, either, as she had been afraid to stop it from happening.

The following evening it happened all over again. The Willow got up and crawled away in its spider-like fashion, and returned when they'd exchanged their kisses.

(Copyright)

Meltonian

for good

WHITE SHOES

NEVER CAKES
NEVER FLAKES



IT'S A SPECIAL SPIRIT WHITE . . .

- ★ Gives a flawless, frost-white finish
- ★ Protects shoes against drying and cracking
- ★ Easier to use — can't streak or cake . . . and NEVER flakes
- ★ Dries in a flash
- ★ Can be left matt or polished to a soft lustre



MELTONIAN Creams FOR EVERY SHADE OF SHOE

Nourishing! Protective! Beautifying!

Smooth creams that take special care of good shoes . . . impart a lovely lasting lustre

For SUEDE shoes, ask for MELTONIAN SUEDE CLEANER (all colours)

WRAPPINGS THAT SAY MERRY CHRISTMAS

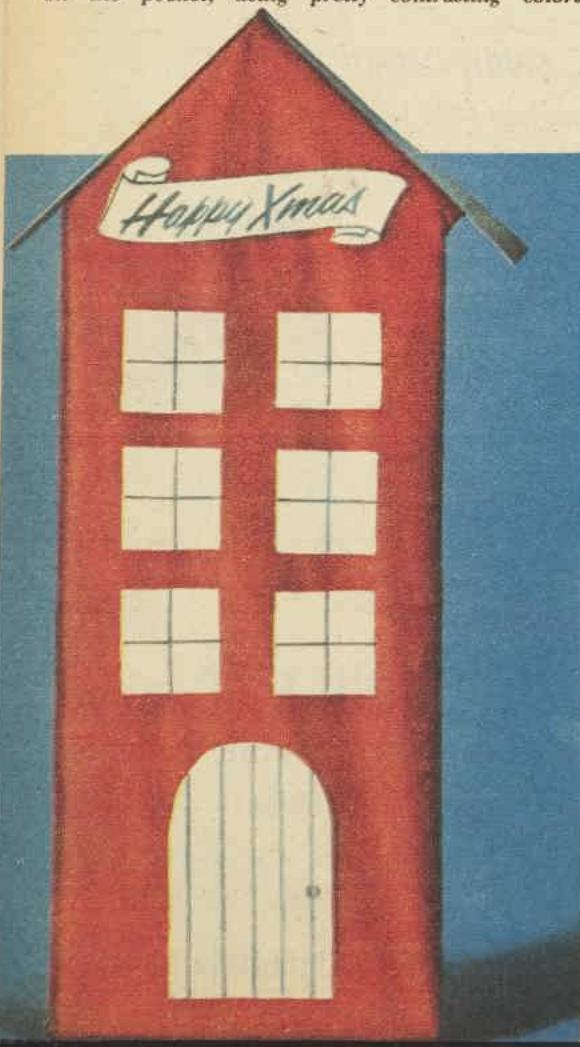


THREE GUESSES won't be necessary. Father will know his present at once if you wrap it to look like a folded shirt. Cover a box with striped or checked shelving paper, outline the shirt design in colored adhesive tape. To make it personal, tape his initials on the pocket, using pretty contrasting colors.



DRUM WRAPPING at far left is fine for cakes, talc, or children's surprise gifts. Cardboard shape is trimmed with braid glued on to crepe paper.

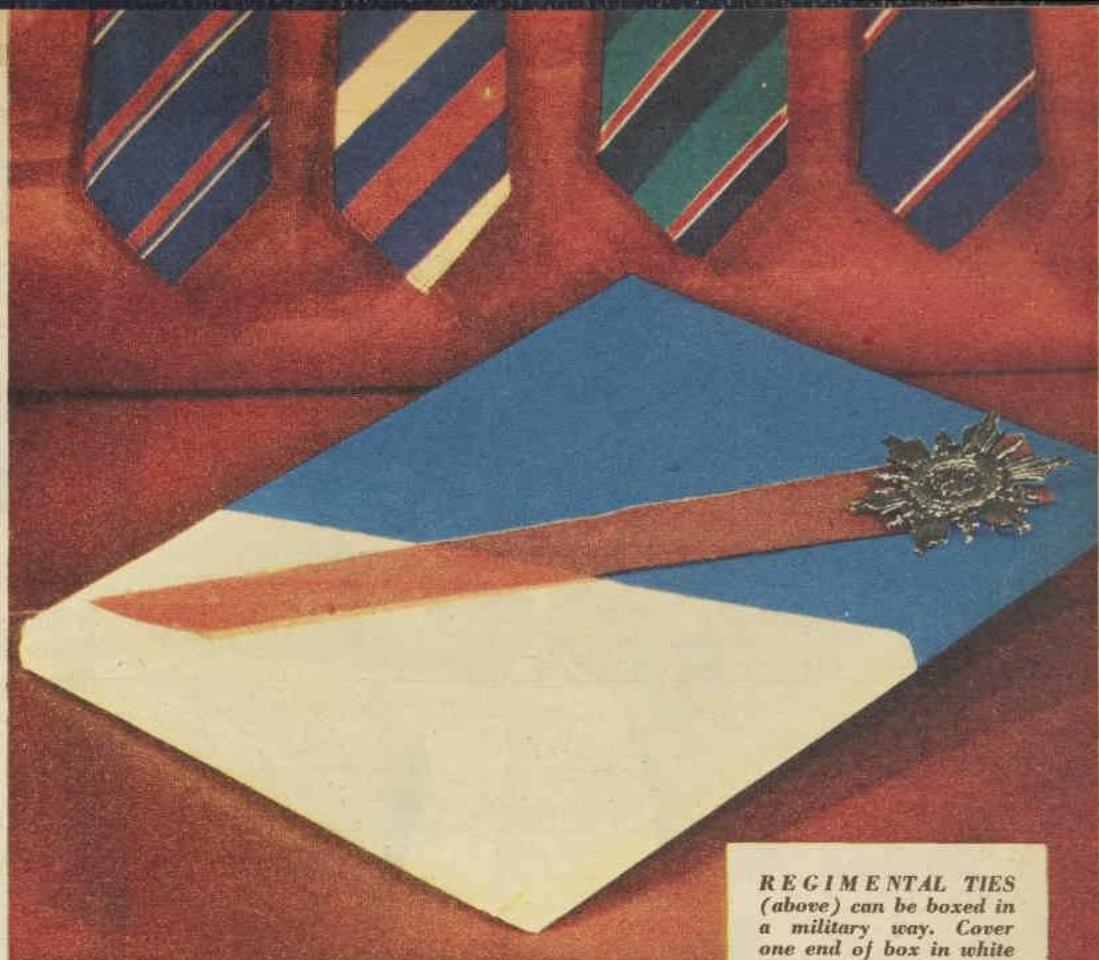
JECTER with bells inspired the interesting package at left. Use tissue paper in four colors, paste one over the other, and sew bells through on to the box itself.



NEW HOME-OWNERS will love a gift wrapped as a house. Use it, too, to hold extra-tall articles. Fold box into peak, cover with red paper, glue on the door, windows, banner, and roof.

HUMOROUS FIGURES (above) to accompany your Christmas gifts to the milkman, newsboy, and postman. Add a rubber-ball head and cardboard dickie front to a milkbottle to make the milko. Fold papers and magazines and draw on a face for the newsboy. Use balls of string, airmail stickers, pencils, paper clips for postie.

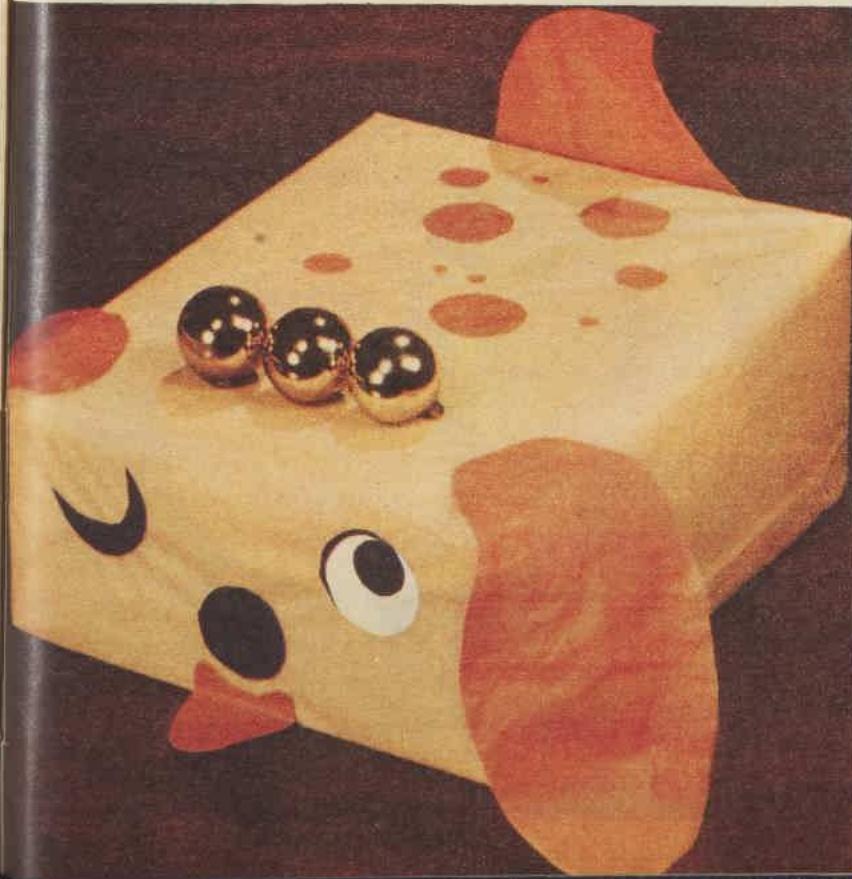
A bright, imaginative package makes a gift far more acceptable. You have chosen the present with care, now make its Christmas covering something special, too. The assortment of wrappings here is easily copied, or perhaps they will inspire you to create more designs of your own.



REGIMENTAL TIES (above) can be boxed in a military way. Cover one end of box in white paper, the other blue, add a strip of red or a red ribbon, pin a badge to the corner of box.



PATCHWORK PAPER at left is made with kindergarten color squares (thirty to a packet) and strips of gold paper. Lay the squares to form pattern with sides touching. Glue gold strips down and across intersections.



LONG-EARED DOG wrapping (left) is specially good for children's presents. Cover a box in tissue paper, glue on ears, spots, tail, and tongue. Add eyes and nose cut from cartridge paper. Baubles make the collar.

MUSICAL MOTIF (above) is just the thing for a musical present, or if the recipient is musically inclined. Copy the keyboard shown, or try a harp or banjo. Don't worry if your drawing is rough: it adds charm.

Be a Sunbeam

THE MOST WANTED GIFTS
ARE *Sunbeam* GIFTS



ELECTRIC FRYPAN —3 Sizes: Medium, Large, Super-Size



MIXMASTER

Add Pleasure to Giving—and Leisure to

Santa!



BEATER-MIX



STEAM IRON



IRONMASTER



AUTOMATIC TOASTER



COOKER AND
DEEP FRYER



EGG BOILER
AND POACHER



LADY SUNBEAM

Lady Santas!



For the man at the top of your gift list —
The New SUPER-SMOOTH SHAVEMASTER

Living with Beautiful Sunbeam Gifts

9 new ideas from KRAFT for sandwich-makers

See the variety! For family lunches...party-goers...picnic specials. All easy



Parsley Rolls

Combine: Half an 8-oz. packet Kraft Cheddar Cheese, shredded; $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon grated onion; $1\frac{1}{2}$ dessertspoons milk; $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce; $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt; and a pinch of cayenne pepper. Spread eight slices of bread (crusts trimmed) with cheese mixture. Roll up each slice, cut in half, and garnish ends with parsley sprigs. Makes 16.



Tasty Luncheon Sandwiches

Combine: One 8-oz. packet Kraft Cheddar Cheese, shredded; 1 tablespoon Kraft Mayonnaise; 1 tablespoon chopped green pepper; 2 slices cooked, crumbled bacon; $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt; and pinch pepper. Spread this filling on buttered white bread, place lettuce leaves on buttered brown bread and sandwich together. (Sufficient for 9 sandwiches.)



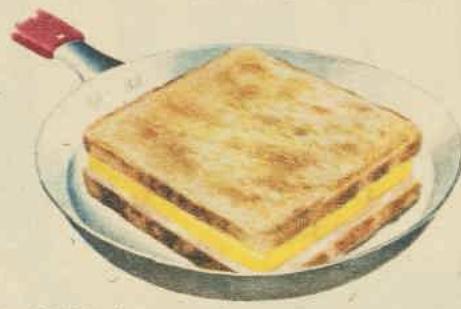
Tasty Triple Decker

For each sandwich: Butter three slices of toast. Fill one layer with sliced tomato, lettuce and cooked bacon; and the other with slices of Kraft Cheddar Cheese. Cut sandwich into four triangles, secure them with toothpicks, and arrange them, points up, on a platter.



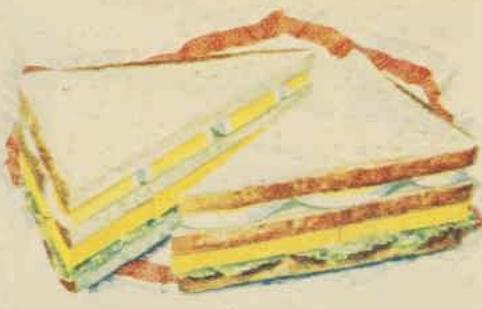
"Big-Boy" Bunwich

Split and butter a bread roll, then spread with mustard. Cover the bottom half of the roll with lettuce, sliced radish, slices of Kraft Cheddar Cheese, and salami or pork sausage. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Top with other half of roll.



Pan-fried Sandwich — with a difference

Place slices of Kraft Cheddar Cheese and ham or left-over meat between slices of buttered bread. Butter the outsides of the sandwich, and fry on both sides in a heated frying pan. Cut in half; garnish, and serve piping hot.



Hearty "Club" Sandwich

For each sandwich: Butter three slices of bread. Cover one piece with lettuce and slices of Kraft Cheddar Cheese; the second with sliced hard-boiled egg and Kraft Mayonnaise. Top with third slice of bread, and cut in half.



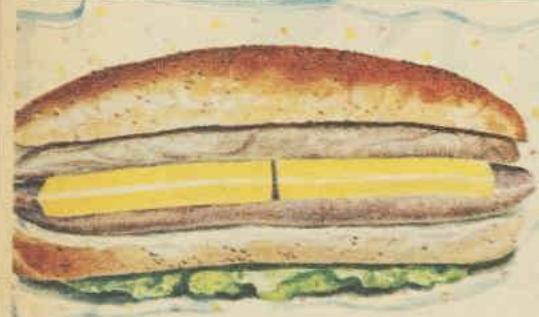
Toasted Supreme Sandwich

Make up sandwich and fill with a variety of canned fish (preferably Fish Supreme). Toast on both sides. Place slices of Kraft Cheddar Cheese on top and sprinkle with salt and pepper. Slip under griller until Kraft Cheddar melts.



"Open Face" Sandwich

Spread slices of light or dark rye bread with butter. Cover with a lettuce leaf, Kraft Mayonnaise, sliced tomato and Kraft Cheddar Cheese. Sprinkle with salt and pepper.



Special Picnic Snack

Cook sausages on your camp fire, and pop between split bread rolls. Slice the sausages down the centre, and slip in generous slices of Kraft Cheddar Cheese.

Mellow KRAFT CHEDDAR is your best cheese for sandwiches

From dainty party and hearty family sandwiches to picnic specials — Kraft Cheddar makes *every* sandwich a success.

Easy to Prepare — no crumbling, no rind.

Full of Flavour — smooth and mellow.

Sustaining — because it takes a whole gallon of milk to make every pound of Kraft Cheddar.

P.S.: For a stronger Cheddar Cheese flavour, choose Kraft Old English.



Get Kraft Cheddar in the 8-oz. packet, 1-oz. portions, 1-lb. packet, the family size 2-lb. pack.

Also in 1-lb. packet

K Cheese is a wonderful food and KRAFT makes wonderful cheeses

PARTY FOOD

ON ONE TRAY

Cultivate the habit of serving your party fare on one snack tray. It's fun for the guests and easy for the hostess.

FOOD from a tray has the tremendous advantage of taking far less time to prepare than fancy sandwiches or decorative canapes. It has many other advantages also, as well as being in keeping with the trend for more informal living.

When served from one tray with a separate bowl or two of spreads, crisp biscuits or bread pieces do not have a chance to become soggy and limp; the problem of catering for the guests' likes and dislikes is eliminated because they can select exactly the quantity and type of food they want.

The main responsibility for the hostess is to provide an attractive selection of tasty combinations with a few finished hot savories which can be eaten before the guests prepare their own.

Recipes on this page are sufficient for six servings, so the quantities can be increased as necessary. Spoon measurements are level.

ORIENTAL-STYLE KEBABS

One pound pork or beef luncheon meat, 1 small tin pineapple pieces, 3 or 4 gherkins, 1 tablespoon soya sauce, 1 tablespoon brown sugar, 1 dessertspoon vinegar.

Cut luncheon meat into $\frac{1}{4}$ in. dice, drain pineapple, reserving liquid. Thread a piece of meat, pineapple cube, and a thick slice of gherkin on to cocktail stick. Combine soya sauce, brown sugar, vinegar, and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup reserved pineapple juice; mix well. Brush liberally over skewered foods and place under griller until thoroughly heated. Serve immediately.

DEVILLED ROLLS

One and a half pounds chicken livers or lamb's fry, seasoned flour, 3 tablespoons peanut oil or good shortening, 1 clove garlic, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 6 water chestnuts (optional), $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. bacon rashers.

Soak livers in cold salted water 15 minutes, drain, and pat dry. Coat each liver in seasoned flour (if using lamb's fry cut into pieces approximately $\frac{1}{2}$ in. x 1 in.). Heat oil in pan with peeled garlic. When oil is hot, remove garlic, add liver pieces, and sauté until cooked and lightly browned on all sides. Add Worcestershire sauce to pan and toss 2 or 3 minutes. Lift liver pieces from pan; drain on absorbent paper. Slice water chestnuts into about $\frac{1}{4}$ in.-thick pieces and place one slice with each chicken liver. Remove rind from bacon, wrap around livers. Secure with cocktail sticks or small skewers and place under griller until bacon is cooked. Serve.

HAM-AND-CHUTNEY SNACKS

Six round bread rolls, butter, 4oz. sliced ham, 3oz. shredded cheese, chutney.

Cut a thick slice from the top of each roll, spread with butter. Arrange 2 slices of ham on each roll, then pile cheese on each. Place rolls under griller or in a moderate oven to heat and lightly melt cheese. Serve topped with a spoonful of chutney.

CRABMEAT TASTIES

Six small savory buns, butter, 1 small tin crabmeat, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup mayonnaise, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, salt, pepper.

Cut top off each bun, remove centre, crumb. Brush inside of bun with melted butter. Combine crabmeat, mayonnaise, and lemon juice in basin, season with salt and pepper. Pile into cavity in buns, trickle a little melted butter over each. Place under griller until heated and lightly browned on top.



CAMEMBERT DIP

Four ounces cream cheese, 4oz. Camembert cheese, 1 tablespoon each finely chopped olive and gherkin, 1 teaspoon grated onion, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup mayonnaise, salt and cayenne pepper, chopped chives or parsley.

Combine cheeses in basin, add mayonnaise and mix until well softened and creamy. Stir in olives, gherkin, and onion, season to taste with salt and cayenne. Pile into serving bowl, sprinkle top with chopped chives.

VARIATIONS:

Tomato: Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sour cream, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup tomato puree, 1 tablespoon finely chopped onion, 1 tablespoon horseradish, salt and cayenne to the cream cheese.

Egg: Finely chop 2 hard-boiled eggs and combine these with 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 2 teaspoons vinegar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup mayonnaise, 1 teaspoon tomato paste, pinch dried thyme, salt, pepper. Add to cream cheese.

Avocado: Stir 1 dessertspoon lemon juice into freshly mashed avocado pear. Add $\frac{1}{2}$

HIGHLIGHT of a card party, a musical evening, or TV entertaining is this tray of savory foods illustrated above. Recipes for devilled rolls, Oriental-style kebabs, ham-and-chutney snacks, crabmeat tasties, and a basic-style Camembert dip are given with others on this page.

clove crushed garlic, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup mayonnaise, 2 teaspoons piquant sauce, and the cream cheese.

SAVORY CREPES

Make a pile of these tiny pancakes and serve them (reheated if necessary) on a tray with a few bowls of hot fillings for guests to choose and fill their own. Provide extra knives, forks, plates, and paper table napkins.

Crepe Mixture: One cup flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 2 eggs, 1 tablespoon evaporated milk, water, butter or oil.

Sift flour and salt into basin. Make a well in the centre, work in beaten eggs, milk, and sufficient water to make a thin batter. Heat a little butter in small frying-pan. Add about 1 tablespoon mixture, cook until browned underneath, turn and brown other side.

FILLINGS:

Mushroom: Sauté lightly 1 cup chopped mushrooms and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup finely shredded onions. Add 1 cup sour cream or evaporated milk, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, salt and pepper to taste. Cook slowly 5 minutes. Thicken sauce with a little blended cornflour if necessary; reheat before serving.

Chicken: Combine 1 cup cooked finely chopped chicken with 1 tablespoon chopped red and green pepper, 1 tablespoon chopped olives, and $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups well-flavored white sauce.

Brain and Walnut: Add 1 cup cooked chopped brains, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped walnuts, and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped raisins to 2 cups white sauce.

PIQUANT PRETZELS

Eight ounces tasty cheese, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, poppy or sesame seeds, 2 pks. pretzels.

Place cheese in top half of double saucepan. Add milk and stir over boiling water until mixture is smooth. Dip half of each pretzel into cheese mixture. Sprinkle lightly with seeds, place on waxed paper to set.

By LEILA C. HOWARD, Our Food and Cookery Expert

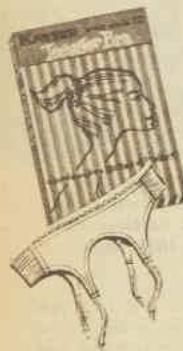
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KAYSER for Teenage Underthings

PRIIZE RECIPES

● An interesting recipe using prawns—one of the most popular of all shellfish—wins the main prize of £5 in this week's contest.

IN the main prizewinning recipe, the prawns are combined with other flavoring ingredients and set in a savory custard.

Consolation prizes of £1 each are awarded to recipes for Chester squares, a popular treat for morning and afternoon teas, and liver pate, a simple version of mock pate de foie gras. This pate makes a delicious spread for savory biscuits and sandwiches.

Spoon measurements are level.

PRawn AND CHEESE SAVORY

One onion, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped celery, 2oz. butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{2}$ cups small diced bread cubes, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated tasty cheese, 1lb. prawns, $\frac{1}{2}$ cups milk, 2 eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, nutmeg.

Heat shortening in pan, add finely chopped onion and celery, cook 3 or 4 minutes or until softened. Add bread cubes, continue frying until well coated. Place one-third of mixture in base of greased ovenware dish or divide mixture evenly between 4 or 5 individual ramekin dishes, sprinkle with cheese, then add layer of chopped shelled prawns. Continue these layers until ingredients are used, finishing with bread cubes. Beat eggs, milk, and salt together, pour carefully over ingredients in dish. Bake in moderate oven 40 to 50 minutes or until mixture is set. Sprinkle with nutmeg, serve immediately garnished with extra whole prawns and parsley.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. R. Robertson, 9 Maxwell Street, Turramura, N.S.W.

LIVER PATE

One pound pork liver, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. fat pork, 8 tinned anchovy fillets, 1 onion, 1 tablespoon butter, 2 tablespoons flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint cream or evaporated milk, 2 eggs, 2 teaspoons salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon ground cloves.

Wash liver thoroughly; pat dry. Cut into small pieces, remove skin and any hard cords.

Put through mincer twice and then again with anchovies and sliced onion. Mince pork

Baby's needs in summer

By
SISTER MARY JACOB
Our Mothercraft Nurse

WITH the coming of summer many adjustments are needed in your baby's life to ensure his well-being and comfort.

Baby's regime should be altered to suit the warmer weather. A free leaflet discussing these summer adjustments to his clothing, cot clothes, diet, and general care and management is obtainable from our Mothercraft Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please send a stamped, addressed envelope for the leaflet.

CHESTER SQUARES

Two cups stale cake crumbs, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 1 cup chopped mixed fruit, 1oz. chopped mixed peel, 1 teaspoon spice, 1 teaspoon ginger, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 tablespoon jam, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon bicarb. soda, 1 egg, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, 8oz. biscuit pastry, lemon icing.

Place cake crumbs, sugar, fruit, peel, spice, ginger, and cinnamon into bowl, add jam. Add beaten egg and milk which has had bicarb. soda dissolved in it; mix well. Line bottom of greased 8in.-square tin with half the pastry rolled out to $\frac{1}{4}$ in. thickness. Place cake-fruit mixture over pastry, cover with second half of rolled pastry, prick well with fork, and mark into squares. Bake in moderately hot oven 30 to 40 minutes. Cool in tin, top with icing.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. C. Kettle, Flat 3, 1 Wishart Street, Moorabbin, Vic.

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SINGLE TREAT-
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LIC. 18



698

PERSPECTIVE SKETCH shows ranch-style home with its double carport on the right. A big front patio gives a feeling of spaciousness to this house, which is only 28ft. deep and built on an area of about 14 squares.

FOR A SHALLOW SITE

• This week's Home Plan, No. 698 in our series, will be on display at the Master Builders' Association of N.S.W. Parade of Homes at Cherrybrook Gardens Estate, on Sydney's North Shore.

THE Parade, which will be the biggest of a kind ever held in the southern Hemisphere, will open next January for one month.

Nearly 40 homes will be built and each one will be finished and have a landscape garden. They will all be for sale, and visitors to the Parade will arrange to have similar ones built on their own sites.

The aim of the Parade is to improve building standards and show that master builders can build good houses at a reasonable cost.

Home Plan No. 698 featured on this page can be inspected in Lot 42 at the Parade of Homes.

It is being built by Mack Sons Pty. Ltd.

The design is suitable for a wide, shallow block of land. Although the home has a depth of only 28ft., its width gives an impression of spaciousness larger than its 14 squares.

The feeling of size is also emphasised by the double carport which is attached to the house under the same gable roof.

Mr. Mack is building the exhibition home in brick with tiled roof. Plans and specifications are available for 29/- per full set from any of our Home Planning Centres whose addresses are listed in

the panel at right in brick or any other building material preferred by readers.

The front door, which leads off the spacious patio, opens into a vestibule which is 8ft. 6in. wide and has a featured screen and plant box as a break between it and the living-room.

There is no division between the living and dining rooms, which preserves the feeling of space and freedom.

Kitchen and laundry adjoin, making it convenient for the housewife to supervise work in both sections simultaneously.

Wide windows on the rear wall of the kitchen give plenty of light and ventilation. A built-in seat and table under the windows provide a pleasant spot for quick meals.

The refrigerator is recessed, so the front remains level with the benches and eliminates dirt traps.

Each one of the three bedrooms has windows on two sides to allow for sun and breeze from different aspects.

An outstanding feature of the home is the bathroom area. There is a separate toilet with outside access and the bathroom has a bath, shower, and luxury vanity table extending from the basin under the window along the side wall. Next to the bathroom there is another room with a second toilet and hand-basin with vanity table.

The laundry is accessible

OUR CENTRES

THE plan shown on this page and all other standard home plans can be bought for 29/- per full set (five copies of plan and three copies of specification) from any of our Home Planning Centres, which have been established in conjunction with the stores in which they are situated.

Addresses of the Centres are:

SYDNEY: Anthony Horderns'.

ADELAIDE: John Martin's.

Brisbane: McWhirter's.

TOOWOOMBA: Pigott's.

HOBART: Fitzgerald's.

CANBERRA: Anthony Horderns'.

MELBOURNE: The Myer Emporium.

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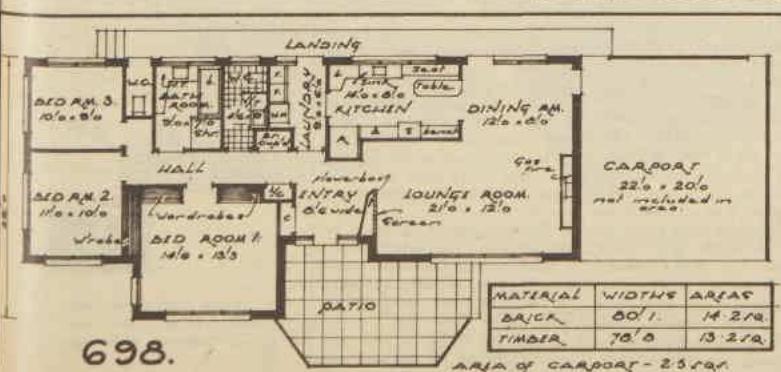


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FLOOR PLAN of design No. 698. Dining and living areas are combined. There are three bedrooms with spacious built-in cupboards in two of them and an extra toilet and wash-basin are included in the bathroom section.

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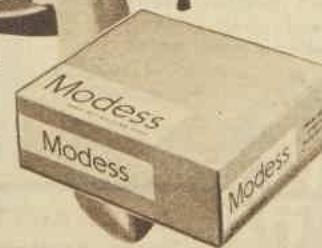
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Continuing . . .

THE CASE OF THE MYTHICAL MONKEYS

from page 17

the darkness it would have been all but impossible to have backed up the narrow, winding road.

At first Gladys had been afraid she might meet someone on the narrow road. Now she was beginning to wish that she could meet someone.

The headlights showed a sharp, right-hand curve ahead. As Gladys entered the curve she came to a point where she literally could not see the road. The curve was sharp enough so that the hood of the car obscured the road on the right. On the left the beam of her headlights was swallowed up in the darkness of the canyon.

It was at this point that the car swerved and settled. Gladys knew she had hit a soft spot, and in panic gave the car a sudden burst of gas.

She felt the machine lurch and skid; then she was suddenly conscious that the spinning wheels were digging into the ground. She was stuck and knew almost instinctively that her situation was hopeless. She left the motor idling while she got out to survey her predicament.

It was difficult to determine all the details in the darkness, but apparently a culvert had washed out and had made a mudhole some twenty feet long. The rear wheels in the soft earth had dug a hole in which the car rested.

Gladys knew it was dangerous to try to back up in the dark on account of the curve, but she decided to try it. She got back in the car, put the transmission in reverse, eased on the throttle. The car slowly began to move.

For a moment of swift elation she thought she was out of it and then the front wheels struck the holes which had been dug by the spinning back wheels and the car settled. She could go neither forward nor backward.

She had no flashlight and the night was pitch-dark. She shut off the motor and the headlights. Without a flashlight she knew it would be hopeless trying to extricate herself. She would have to wait until daylight or until help came.

She settled comfortably on the seat, but at the end of half an hour she was cramped and chilled. She started the motor, knowing how dangerous that was, yet determined to run it in a short burst so that she could get enough heat in the car to warm it up.

Suddenly she caught her breath. From the darkness ahead came the steady gleam of a light. For a moment she thought it might be an automobile approaching. Then she saw that it was a steady, stationary light shining through the trees and apparently not too far away.

She didn't realize the extent of her panic until she had experienced the feeling of relief which swept over her with the sight of that light. She wanted to shout, wanted to run, but instead she controlled herself and continued to feel her cautious way along the road.

By the time she reached the cabin she was wet and cold. Her numb feet stumbled up the rough board steps from the road to the little level place where the log cabin nestled under pine trees.

The light she had seen came from a single electric bulb shining through a window on which there was no shade. There was someone inside moving around.

Then she was pounding on the door, crying out, "Hello,

hello, inside. Help me, please."

She heard some article of furniture being moved. In the back of the house a door slammed shut. Then steps, and the door leading to the rustic porch was opened.

The light behind the man in the doorway showed him only in silhouette. She saw that he was erect, with broad shoulders and wavy hair. He was evidently young, but his voice was uncordial and sharp with suspicion. "Well, hello," he said. "What are you doing here?"

"Please," Gladys said, "I got on the wrong road. I was coming down from Summit Inn. There's a place two or three hundred yards up here where a culvert has washed out and has softened the road. I blundered into it on account of the curve and—well, I'm stuck."

Warmth and the aroma of fragrant tobacco smoke enveloped her as she entered the room.

"Stand over there by the stove," the man said. "You're rather wet."

She smiled at him. "Perhaps if your wife—"

He shook his head. "I have no wife. I'm here alone."

GLADYS took a good look at him then—a man perhaps twenty-eight or thirty, with straight nose, a prominent chin, and an uncompromising stiffness in his manner which showed resentment.

"Do you, by any chance, have a phone?" she asked.

"Heavens, no!"

"You have electricity?"

"Electricity which comes from a battery which is charged by a windmill, so I try to conserve the light as much as possible."

The stove was a big fifty-gallon gasoline drum which had been converted into an oil-burning stove. It gave out a steady, welcome heat. Gladys could see steam rising from her clothes.

"Look," she said, "I have to get back to Los Angeles tonight. I'm due there right now. Do you suppose you could—?"

She was interrupted by the determined shake of his head.

"But why not?" she asked. "I'm willing to pay, I'm willing to—"

"It isn't a question of money," he said. "In the first place, you need daylight for a job of that sort. If that culvert is washed out, that road must be a mess."

"It is," she said, looking down at her mud-stained legs and soaked shoes. "Where does this road go? On down the mountain?"

"That's right. There's a public camp-ground and picnic facilities a mile and a half down the canyon."

She had a sudden wild surge of hope. "I'll bet you have a jeep," she said. "You could go up and hook on to my car, and—and there must be a way down there to turn around and—"

"As it happens, I have no car tonight," he interrupted.

"But how in the world could you be here without having a car? You must have driven here. You didn't—"

"I don't think there's any call to discuss my personal affairs," he said curtly.

"But, obviously," she said,

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and . . .

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 16, 1959

throwing out her hand in a gesture, "I can't stay here all night."

He gave a faint shrug with his shoulders, a spreading motion with his hands. "What would you suggest?" he asked.

"Well," she said hotly, "you're a great big strapping man. You can go up there and I'll help. I'm already soaked anyway and we can jack the wheels up, and—"

"I'm sorry," he interrupted in a tone of finality. "I have recently recovered from pneumonia, and I have no intention of going out and slogging around in the cold mud and getting wet to the skin trying to get some social butterfly out of a mudhole. Furthermore, I don't know what you're doing down here, and frankly I'm not satisfied with your explanation."

"I tell you, I got on the wrong road."

"All the way down the mountain?"

"I was trying to take a short cut."

"Why didn't you keep on the gravelled road?"

"Because my directions said I was to turn here."

His eyes held a light of mocking triumph. "Oh, so you were to turn here. Then you didn't take the wrong fork. May I ask who gave you those directions?"

She said, "I don't know as I can quote your exact words, but I'll try—I don't think there's any call for us to discuss my personal affairs."

He smiled at that.

"If you have any whisky in the place you might at least buy a girl a hot toddy—and if I'm going to stay here all night, I warn you that any person who tries to make unwelcome advances is in for the surprise of his life."

He said, "I'm not going to make any unwelcome advances. As a matter of fact your showing up here is very inconvenient. What's your name?"

A L.L. characters in the serials and short stories which appear in the Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

Continuing . . . THE CASE OF THE MYTHICAL MONKEYS

from page 52

"What's yours?"
"Call me John."
"What's the last name?"
"There isn't any."
"Call me Gladys," she said.
"And your last name?"
"None of your business."
"Well," he said, "we seem to be getting on. I'll now get some hot water going and we'll try a toddy."

She watched him as he moved about the place. He had a big frame, but there was a spring to his step and his motions seemed so perfectly co-ordinated that they were a flowing rhythm of easy grace.

This man, she decided, had trained himself in co-ordination. He was either a juggler, a football player, or a boxer.

"Am I going to sit up by the stove all night?" she asked.

"There are two bedrooms here," he said. "They're unheated. There are plenty of blankets. There's a bathroom which does have hot water. There's a coil of pipe inside the stove here, and—"

"Wonderful!" she said. "If you have no objection, I'm going to have a hot bath."

"A hot shower," he corrected.
"All right, a hot shower."

"When?"
"As soon as you get that hot toddy, and as soon as I can get these wet clothes off."

The toddy was good. After she had it finished she bolted herself behind the bathroom door, got out of her wet clothes, enjoyed a hot shower, dried herself with a rough towel, looked into the adjoining bedroom he told her she was to occupy, and shivered with the cold air which greeted her.

She started to put on her wet clothes, then hesitated. After all—She crossed over to the bed, pulled off one of the heavy blankets, put it around her shoulders, wrapped it around her arms, picked up her damp garments, unlocked the

bathroom door, and entered the living-room.

"I'm going to dry out these clothes over the stove," she said. "I've taken the liberty of using one of your blankets as a combined dressing-gown, cocoon, and—"

She broke off as she saw that she was addressing an empty room.

She pulled up a chair close to the stove, spread the wet

Every woman can keep her house better than her mother till she tries.

—Thomas Fuller

clothing over the back of the chair. Then she settled herself in another chair, pulled the warm blanket tightly about her skin, and relaxed in the warmth.

She was dozing off when she heard steps on the porch, and the door opened. A draught of cold air entered the room.

Her host was peeling off a raincoat that was glistening with rain, stamping wet feet encased in high leather boots on the floor.

"Well," she said, "look who's taking chances with his pneumonia!"

He looked her over with an impersonal appraisal which somehow bothered her more than if he had tried to grab at the blanket. "I see you've made yourself right at home."

"I'm not going to sit around in wet clothes."

"No one asked you to. It's a free country."

"And I've told you I know how to take care of myself and don't appreciate unwelcome attentions."

"Look," he said irritably, "I didn't invite you here. Your presence happens to be dis-

tracting and annoying. I've offered what hospitality I can. There's a lock on the bedroom door. Now then, sister, curfew is ringing as far as you're concerned. Take your clothes and go on into that bedroom, lock the door, get into bed, and go to sleep."

He strode over to the chair, scooped up her clothes, walked over to the bedroom door, flung it open, and tossed the clothing on the bed.

She looked at him defiantly. He took a step towards her and suddenly she realised that he intended literally to put her in the bedroom if she didn't go by herself.

The thought of what might happen in that event caused her to arise with what dignity she could muster. She hunched herself inside the folds of the blanket and walked across to the bedroom. "Good night, John," she said with exaggerated politeness.

"Good night, Gladys," he said, and his voice was that of a man who was getting rid of a distracting influence, whose mind was already starting to cope with some more interesting problem.

Gladys turned on the small light globe as he closed the door. She looked at the window, which was devoid of shades or drapes, and, as she slipped out of the blanket, made a lunge for the light and switched it off, then crawled under the covers and went to sleep.

It wasn't until she awoke some time in the small hours that she realised she had, after all, forgotten to lock the bedroom door. Lying there she thought she heard the sound of an automobile engine backfiring. It seemed to be close at hand—almost as if it were in the cabin.

She stretched, yawned, propped herself up on one

To page 55

Fashion FROCKS

• Ready to wear or cut out ready to make.



Gwendoline

"GWENDOLINE."—This neat-as-a-button gingham sheath frock has a flat collar cut away from the neckline for coolness and is finished with a bow in contrasting material. The slim skirt has an inverted pleat. Material is check gingham in black, blue, pink, lemon, and red, all with white.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32 to 34in. bust, 63/9; 36 to 38in. bust, 65/9.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 to 34in. bust, 36/9; 36 to 38in. bust, 39/3. Postage 2/9 extra.

NOTE: If ordering by mail send to address on page 77. **Fashion Frock** may be inspected or obtained at **Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd.**, 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. They are available for only six weeks from date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

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elbow, held herself in that position for a while, then dropped back to the pillow and almost instantly sank into the warm oblivion of slumber.

When she awoke again it was daylight. The storm was over and her wristwatch showed it was seven-thirty.

She dressed hurriedly; then tentatively opened the door to the living-room.

The room was cold and empty. The stove had been shut off, and there was about the whole room an air of vacancy.

She opened the door and looked out on the porch. "Oh, John." Her voice was swallowed up in the still mountain air.

She went back and regarded the closed door of the other bedroom with exasperation.

"John, what do we do for cats?" she asked. "I'm famished."

When there was no answer she turned the knob of the bedroom door. She half expected to find it locked — it would be just like him.

The bedroom door swung open and Gladys looked inside. "Well," she said, "come on, sleepyhead. I'm a working girl. What do we do about —

Suddenly the breath went out of her at what she saw lying on the floor.

It seemed that she stood there for ages, holding the cold iron latch of the door in her hand. Then she screamed.

After that she had a vague recollection of kneeling, of blood, of a lifeless arm, of a small-calibre rifle lying near the open window, which she picked up and dropped. Then she found herself fleeing from the cabin, running blindly up the muddy road.

Della Street, Perry Mason's confidential secretary, said, "There's a very excited, very bedraggled young woman in the office who says she has to see you at once."

Mason raised his eyebrows. "Her name is Gladys Doyle," Della Street went on. "She is employed as a secretary-companion and hostess by Mavis Meade — you remember, she wrote the sensational novel, 'Chop the Man Down'."

"Ah, yes," Mason said, "a veritable smorgasbord of smooch, seduction, and smut. And as such, of course, a runaway best-seller. You say Miss Doyle looks somewhat bedraggled?"

"That's a mild name for it."

"How old?"

"Twenty-two or -three, attractive, good figure —"

"I'll see her," Mason announced.

Della Street smiled.

"Not because of the beauty," Mason said, "but because she's dishevelled. If a girl of that description intended to vamp a lawyer into working on her case without adequate compensation she'd have gone to the beauty-parlor first. From the way you describe her, it's either a genuine emergency or she intends to pay for the services in cash."

"That's an angle," Della Street admitted, "where I was thinking only of the curves. I'll bring her in."

She went to the outer office and returned with Gladys Doyle.

Notice to Contributors

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Short stories should be from 3000 to 6000 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose postage to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate.

Address manuscript to the Editor, The Australian Woman's Weekly, Box 4983W, G.P.O., Sydney.

Continuing . . . THE CASE OF THE MYTHICAL MONKEYS

from page 53

"Good morning, Miss Doyle," Mason said. "Miss Street said you have a matter which you consider extremely urgent."

She nodded.

"Care to tell me about it very quickly?" Mason asked. "Then I'll know whether I can be of any assistance. Just hit the high spots and you can elaborate later if it turns out I can handle your case."

"I went skiing over the week end," she said. "I was with a man about whom I know very little. It was a business appointment for Miss Meade."

"And you walked home?" Mason asked, glancing at the

of the closet, papers were lying around the floor."

"And Mavis Niles Meade?"

"Not a sign of her. She said once that if she ever got into any trouble she knew you could get her out. So, now that I'm in trouble — well, here I am."

"Well," Mason said, "you do seem to be in quite a predicament — before we call in the police we'd better get certain things established. Why didn't you call the police as soon as you found the dead man — I mean as soon as you got in your

the car down to the wide place in the road in front of the cabin, turned the car around, and took it back up . . ." Her voice trailed away.

"It was on the upper side of the mudhole?" Mason asked.

"Yes. Perhaps he had a jeep. Perhaps he was a good dirt-road driver. He certainly looked capable."

"Did you look for jeep tracks? This morning, I mean."

"I didn't look for anything, Mr. Mason. I just wanted to get away from there, and — and something's happened up at Miss Meade's apartment. It's a wreck. Someone has been in there looking for something."

"Can you describe the exact location of this cabin?" Mason asked.

"Yes. I've drawn you a little sketch map from memory. Here it is. I spent the weekend at the Summit Inn. This is the short cut I took coming back. Mavis Meade told me about the short cut."

Mason took the map. "You'd better tell me a little more about Mavis Meade, about your job and the weekend at Summit Inn," he said.

Gladys told him briefly what had happened. When she had finished, Mason said, "Here's what you do. You have some other clothes there in the penthouse apartment?"

"Yes, of course. I just didn't stop to get into them when I saw what had happened. I took one look and then came running here. I was told to be back by midnight last night — that is, to be back Sunday night."

"Go back to the penthouse apartment, get out of those clothes — no, wait a minute. You give Miss Street the data on the size of clothes you wear. Get a new outfit. Do you have money or a charge account in any of the stores?"

"I have money."

"All right," Mason said. "Get an outfit. I'd prefer not to have you going into the store for the try-ons. Now wait a minute — let Della get something that will fit you. Perhaps Della has some clothes in her apartment you can borrow."

"You're just about of a size. Get some clothes on, go back to the penthouse apartment, call in the house detective, tell him that you're very much concerned, that you think perhaps Mavis Niles Meade had some kind of a tantrum and threw things around. But you can't be certain, and the fact that she isn't there causes you some uneasiness. She was intending to be there?"

"I'm quite certain she was. She told me she had something very important for me to do this morning."

"All right," Mason said. "Now sit down for just a minute before I go."

Mason picked up the telephone, called homicide headquarters at the police department and asked for Lieutenant Tragg. When he had Tragg on the line he said, "Lieutenant, this is Perry Mason. You co-operate with the county authorities very much?"

"We work together," Tragg said. "What's the matter? You got another body?"

"I have another body," Mason said.

"You certainly collect 'em," Tragg said dryly. "Someday I'm going to get one of the tabulating machines at the department to find out whether you've been there first on more than fifty per cent. of our cases, or whether —"

To page 58



LUCKY MAN!



3 FOR THE ROAD

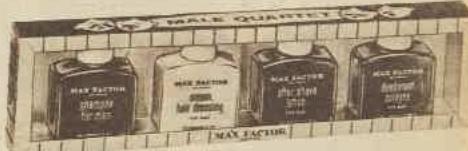
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Page 55

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WR 774

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 16, 1959



• Eight thousand Livingstone daisies, violas, pansies, double daisies, stocks, snapdragons, and other plants made this feast of color in the garden of Mr. J. W. Kirkwood, Ellery Parade, Seaforth, N.S.W.

BORDER BEDS

• Narrow border strips are very effective for brightening flat or gently sloping gardens near the sea or in exposed positions where strong winds may strip tall plants and shrubs.

STRIPS can, of course, be used in more protected positions, where maximum color is wanted in spring and early summer.

In very windy places, low-growing annuals such as Livingstone daisies, pansies, violas, *Bellis perennis* (English double daisies), *Primula malacoides*, *nemesis*, *linarias*, *alyssum*, *calendulas*, *forget-me-nots*, *candytuft*, *cornflowers*, *Californian poppies*, dwarf *gudetias*, *lobelias*, dwarf African marigolds, *nemophila*, *nigella*, *Phlox nana compacta*, *portulaca*, *sweet william* (biennial) are among the most useful.

But for less windy positions, stocks, *cinerarias*, *verbenas*, masses of Little Sweethearts (low-growing types) are excellent for splashes of color in spring.

Many of these are first sown in late December to February for the following season. These include pansies, violas, primulas, *sweet william*, *iceland poppies*, *Shirley poppies*, *cinerarias*, and stocks. They then bloom in late winter as well as in spring.

Biennials, such as foxgloves, *verbascums* (mulleins), snapdragons, Canterbury bells, wallflowers, *sweet sultans*, and *venidiums*, are taller and live longer.

Perennials, too, can be used in many positions; exposed, partly or fully protected from strong winds. But along the coast, where winds reach gale force during blooming seasons, and rainfall is often torrential, low-growing plants will do best.

Hugging the ground, they protect soil from wind and water erosion, but additional low herbs of flagging, rock, or flat boulders may be necessary to prevent the stripping of soil in rough weather.

Edges of *alternanthera* were once very popular for this sort of decoration. The plants grow about 6in. high. There are several varicolored types, the foliage of which is very beautiful and colors well in autumn.

For permanent edges, *Ajuga reptans*, or bugle-weed, is also handy. It has bronzy-green foliage and dark purplish-blue flowers about 9in. high. This spreading plant can be controlled easily with a pair of shears.

Phlox nana compacta, a dwarf type of *phlox*, is highly colorful, and so are *nemesis*, which should not be sown until well into the New Year for spring flowering.

Livingstone daisies (*Mesembryanthemum crystallinum*) should be sown in autumn for spring flowering. In cool districts, such as

the Blue Mountains, New England, and Northern Tablelands, and well down south, they are sown in late winter for late spring flowering. They make highly colorful beds (when massed) with their cerise-edged petals. The plants are rosetta-shaped, low-growing, and need about 10in. of space each way.

Dwarf shrubs, such as *Kurume azaleas*, *Punica nana flore plena* (dwarf pomegranate), *cerastostigma*, *ruellia*, *Cuphea platycnema*, *chorizema*, *cistus*, *heliotropium*, and *thyme*, all add color to beds filled with low-growing plants.

Kurume azaleas do best in semi-shade. *Ruellias* also appreciate the cooler conditions in such places, as well as the moister, rather more acid soils found facing south and south-east of walls, fences, or buildings.

Lift the bulbs that occupy beds during winter and spring and, after placing them in storage for February-March planting, manure the ground and get ready for planting out or sowing seeds for those decorative strips alongside footpaths, or for border beds next to fences or footings established rockeries.

Save a border for autumn planting of anemones, *rannunculus*, *hyacinths*, *daffodils*, *habianas*, *sparaxis*, *ixias*, or *grape hyacinths*, and manure the ground now. If you do not want them to be bare until planting time comes round again, sow with *portulaca*, which will flower quickly and be finished by the end of March.

Reserve space, too, in a semi-shady spot for *cinerarias*, *forget-me-nots*, *nigellas*, *primulas*, and *mignonette*. *Mignonette* needs well-limed ground and should be sown direct.

When setting out the annuals mentioned, or seedlings of biennials and perennials, water well, let the ground drain for an hour or so, and then set them out. Shade with leafy boughs if the weather is sunny and hot.

Quarried stone, such as Mr. J. W. Kirkwood, of Seaforth, N.S.W., used in the above picture, should be set deeply into the ground, and crevices cemented to prevent grass runners invading beds.

In the garden shown Mr. Kirkwood planted out 4000 Livingstone daisies, 4000 stocks, wallflowers, *calendulas*, *pansies*, *Bellis perennis*, snapdragons, and *cinerarias*, and used about 30 *Kurume azaleas* for additional color and effect. He also has 150 roses for color and fragrance when the annuals have finished.

The front and side gardens are unfenced and open for admiration of visitors and neighbors.

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Q. Do you know perspiration is caused by emotional excitement as well as by exertion?

A. It's true! Whenever you are anxious or excited you experience "emotional" or "nervous" perspiration. Doctors say the "emotional" kind is the big offender in under-arm stains and odour.



Q. How can you overcome "emotional" perspiration?

A. "Emotional" perspiration can happen **anytime**—any season. But you can be safe from every kind of perspiration embarrassment with gentle, but so effective, **Arrid** protection.



Q. Won't a daily bath or shower protect you from perspiration?

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Q. Why is **Arrid** protection the surest protection?

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Be sure of your freshness... sure of yourself . . . with gentle **ARRID protection.**

CMI66

Continuing . . . THE CASE OF THE MYTHICAL MONKEYS

from page 55

"I haven't been there first," Mason said. "But I'm going to co-operate with you, and I want you to co-operate with me. I'm telling you there's a body out in a cabin on a dirt road coming down from Summit Inn. I'm protecting a client."

"You're supposed to turn over all the facts to the police," Lieutenant Tragg said.

"You're the police," Mason told him, "and I'm turning them over."

"Not this stuff about your client."

"I'm not supposed to turn that over to anyone."

"Your co-operation!" Tragg groaned.

"Nevertheless," Mason told him, "that's what you're getting."

There was silence for a moment, then Tragg said, "Just where is this cabin?"

"Take a pencil," Mason said. "I'll give you directions on how to get there."

"How did your client happen to know all this?" Tragg asked after getting them down.

"Not telling," Mason said.

"You'll have an appointment with the grand jury," Tragg promised him.

"All right, I have an appointment with the grand jury."

"You'll be testifying under oath," Tragg warned.

"There you're wrong," Mason said. "I'll be under oath, but I won't be testifying. I'll claim professional privilege."

Tragg thought it over, said, "O.K., we'll look into it," and hung up.

Mason turned to Gladys Doyle. "All right," he told her, "get started. Now, when you're questioned about the mess at the apartment up there, tell them that's the way it was when you came in."

"If they ask you a lot of details about where you'd been and when you got back, tell them the truth about the time you first found the apartment had been ransacked. Then tell them you went out to try to find Miss Meade. Don't tell them where you went, just say you went to see someone you thought could tell you where Miss Meade was."

"Then tell the police you don't want to make any statement at all until you have talked with Miss Meade. You can say you were working on a confidential matter for her over the weekend. If they continue to press you, get mad and clam up. Tell them they're being impertinent."

"And I'm not to mention Summit Inn or the murder?"

"No," Mason said. "And don't keep thinking about it as a murder. It was probably suicide."

IT was late in the afternoon when Gertie, Perry Mason's receptionist, announced over the inter-office communicating system, "Lieutenant Tragg is here to see Mr. Mason." And then added, almost in the same breath, "He says he's coming in."

Mason looked up from the papers on which he was working as the door opened, and Lieutenant Tragg walked in with his characteristic shuffle, head thrust slightly forward, long, firm mouth twisted in a slightly whimsical smile.

"Hi, Perry," he said, "just happened to be in the neighborhood, thought I'd drop in and pay my respects and talk with you a little bit about that murder case out in Pine Glen Canyon."

"Glad to see you any time," Mason said. "Of course, some-

this murder out there in Pine Glen Canyon, and a person could have driven down that way from the Summit Inn."

"Miss Doyle had told someone she was going to take a short-cut she knew about—well, anyway, the burglary detail notified homicide, and I told them to look over Gladys Doyle's clothes, just for the purpose of seeing if there were any bloodstains on them. We wanted to get the clothes she'd been wearing, naturally."

"And?" Mason asked.

"No bloodstains," Tragg said, "but as a matter of routine we put them in ultraviolet light and infra-red light—a lot of things come out that way. You know, quite a few of the cleaners nowadays are using marks on clothes that are invisible to the naked eye, or virtually so, but come out with startling brilliance when ultraviolet light is turned on them."

"And?" Mason asked.

Tragg grinned and hopped one hip up on a corner of Mason's desk, sitting there swinging his left foot slightly.

"The number didn't agree with the other cleaning marks, and we got the idea that perhaps she might have borrowed some clothes from someone on account of bloodstains on her garments. So, naturally, we looked up the cleaning mark, and darned if it isn't the cleaning mark of Miss Della Street."

"I see," Mason observed non-committally.

"So I thought Miss Della Street might want to tell the police why she gave this Gladys Doyle some of her clothes to wear."

Tragg looked over at Della Street. "It would be interesting if up in Miss Street's apartment we found clothes that belonged to Gladys Doyle and found some bloodstains on them."

"Want to look?" Mason asked.

"We're looking," Tragg said. "Rather highhanded, isn't it?" Mason asked.

"I don't think so," Tragg said. "Under the circumstances we decided it would be a good idea to get a search warrant and take a look. I'm sorry, Miss Street, but my job is to investigate homicide. I hope you'll understand the reason for the inconvenience."

"Here's a murder case that Mr. Mason called to our attention. Presumably he had a client who had seen the body, so when we find one of Mason's clients wearing the clothes of his secretary, we start putting two and two together."

The telephone rang. Della Street picked up the receiver and said "Hello." She extended the telephone to Tragg. "It's for you, Lieutenant." Her voice was acid.

Tragg eased himself over along the edge of the desk, picked up the receiver, said, "Tragg speaking . . . You did, eh? . . . When? Well, that's good! Thanks a lot."

Tragg hung up the telephone, turned to Della Street, and said, "They found Gladys Doyle's clothing, complete with cleaners' marks, out there. They'll take it to the laboratory to be examined. You can get them back after they're finished with them—unless, of course, they find something significant."

"So I thought perhaps you'd now like to tell me whether Gladys Doyle was the mysterious client who told you about the murder in Pine Glen Canyon."

"Because she borrowed Miss Street's clothes that makes her

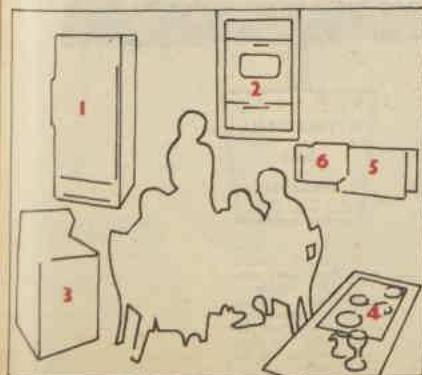
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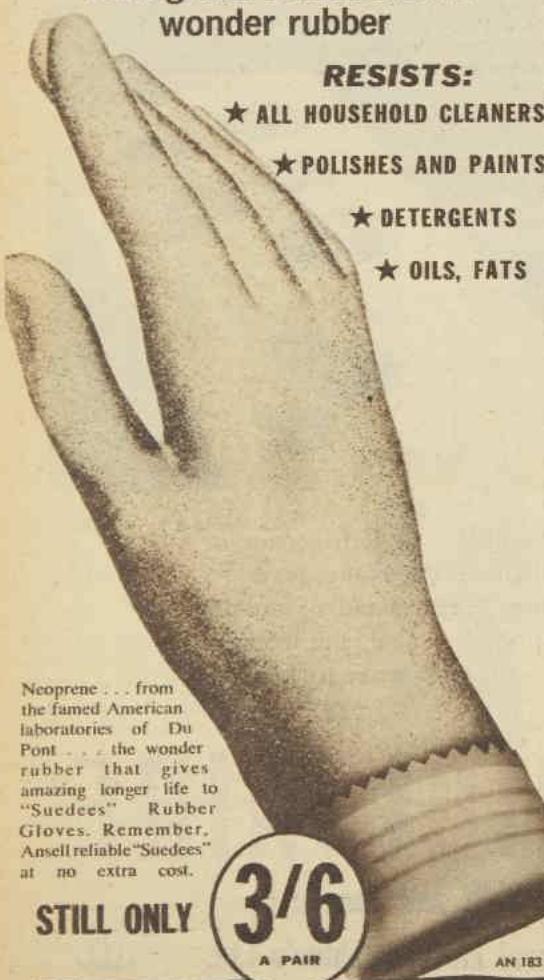
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3/6
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AN 183

Ansell GREEN "SUEDEES"

a murderer, does it?" Mason asked.

Tragg grinned. "Now you're jumping at conclusions, Mason. I didn't say that; didn't say anything like it. But you may be surprised at what the laboratory can find out from those clothes."

Della Street said to Lieutenant Tragg, "Well, thanks a lot for telling me, Lieutenant. It would be embarrassing to go home and find things all twisted around and—"

Tragg shook his head slightly. "No call for you to say anything at all, Miss Street. I'm talking with your boss. We'd dislike very much to get you mixed up in any murder case or catch you suppressing evidence or anything of that sort."

"We know that anything you did you did on instructions, so naturally we thought we'd like to find out what those instructions were. I think it would be a lot better for Perry Mason to tell us—you know, concealing evidence can be rather serious at times and—"

"And neither Miss Street nor

I would think of it," Mason interrupted. "Now, as I remember it, Tragg, in order for a person to become guilty of concealing evidence so that it's a crime, he has to know that it's evidence and has to conceal it."

"I'm quite certain that if the police found any clothing belonging to Gladys Doyle out at Della Street's apartment they found that it hadn't been concealed at all, but was right out in the open."

"Now you say that the clothing is evidence in a murder case, but unless there are blood-stains or significant fibres on that clothing, it isn't evidence of anything—it's just clothing."

"That's what comes of having a trained legal mind," Tragg said, getting to his feet and shuffling towards the door. "I thought Perry could answer the questions for you, Della—just happened to be in the neighborhood, Mason, and thought I'd drop in."

He went out. Mason and Della Street exchanged glances.

"Think we should take a run out to the Meade penthouse apartment and see if our client is available?" Della asked.

Mason shook his head. "We can find her just as quick sitting right here. She's undoubtedly in custody. They won't let her telephone for an attorney unless they charge her with something, and if they decide to let her telephone we'll get a ring."

"And in the meantime?" Della asked.

"In the meantime," Mason said, "we get hold of the Drake Detective Agency and start Paul Drake looking around."

Della Street put through the call and, after a moment, said, "Drake is on his way down."

The Drake Detective Agency, with offices on the same floor as Mason's offices, remained open twenty-four hours a day. Paul Drake, who did all of Mason's investigating work, sometimes shuttled back and forth between his office and Mason's as many as a dozen times a day.

Within a matter of seconds after Della Street had hung up the telephone, Drake's code knock sounded on the door of Perry Mason's private office, and Della Street let him in.

Paul Drake, tall, loose jointed, easy moving, contrived somehow to give the impression of being indifferent to his surroundings, yet managed to see everything.

"Hi, beautiful!" he said to Della. Then, turning to Perry Mason, "What is it this time?"

"This one," Mason said, "has everything—sex, sophistication, mystery, and melodrama."

"Shoot," Drake told him, draping himself in the big overstuffed leather chair.

Mason said, "Mavis Niles Meade, who wrote a novel, 'Chop the Man Down,' has a secretary, Gladys Doyle. Police have picked up Gladys Doyle, at least for questioning, in connection with a murder which took place in Pine Glen last night."

Drake nodded. "I know the place. A wild canyon that runs down the mountainside. There's a public camp and picnic ground called Pine Glen."

"There was a murder out there last night," Mason said. "I'd like you to find out all you can about it, Paul—just pick up what the police are doing, and I'd like to get some background on Mavis Niles Meade and find out where she is now."

Continuing . . . THE CASE OF THE MYTHICAL MONKEYS

from page 58

"I can tell you a little stuff about Mavis Meade right now," Drake said.

"What?"

"Her novel got pretty close to home, Perry. The rumor is that some big shot is pretty unhappy about some of the things in the book."

Almost always the most
needy are the most
generous.

—Stanislaus of Poland

"What sort of a big shot, Paul?"

"A lawyer," Drake said.

"What could have been in the book to make a lawyer unhappy?" Mason asked.

"Have you read the book, Perry?"

"No. I understand generally it's the story of a woman who got around."

"It's all of that, and among the men the heroine knew was a lawyer. Now, I understand this lawyer is a real character. He made a play for Mavis Meade, and everything was hunky-dory for a while—and then Mavis blossomed into a novelist, and that was bad."

"The lawyer talked too much?" Mason asked.

"To Mavis, yes. At least some of his clients are reputed to think so."

"What was the specialty of this lawyer?"

"Investments."

"What sort of investments?"

"Suppose we call them razzle-dazzle investments. Suppose a lawyer has clients who make big money out of gambling, bookmaking, numbers, and perhaps a little smuggling?"

"Go on," Mason said.

"Well," Drake said, "I'll ask you a question. What does a man do with this dough after he's made it? He can only spend so much."

"The Government likes to have a big part of it."

"That's the point, Perry. A man who makes a million out of doing something illegal doesn't intend to turn around and pay most of it to Uncle Sam in the form of taxes. Having violated one law to make a million, he'll violate another to save it."

"The Government usually considers its wants are paramount," Mason said dryly.

"That's right," Drake said, "provided the Government knows about the million, provided the Government can find the million, and provided the Government can prove that there was a million in the first place."

"Now, that's where a lot of this razzle-dazzle comes in. If you don't use banks, if you can do business on a cash basis, and if you have enough people shuffling things around, it's sometimes rather difficult to prove anything. And if some of the dummies are good-looking babes who can put on an act in front of a jury, it sometimes becomes even more difficult to tell where the razzle begins and the dazzle leaves off."

Mason thought things over for a minute, then said, "Mavis Meade shouldn't be too difficult to find."

"She shouldn't, for a fact," Drake said. "Have you tried the easy way, Perry?"

"What do you mean, the easy way?"

Drake pointed to the telephone.

Mason said, "She was missing shortly after noon, but it's an idea, Paul."

Drake said, "This Mavis Meade has a penthouse apart-

ment out at the Sitwell Arms. How long's your client been working for Mavis Meade?"

"About a month, I think."

Drake said, "You know, Perry, your client could have been hand-picked."

"By whom, and for what?"

"As a patsy," Drake said, "and by some smart lawyer who wanted to get himself out of a jam with some unconventional clients."

"Then Mavis Meade would have to be in on it," Mason said.

"Is there any definite assurance that she isn't?" Drake asked.

Mason thought the situation over for a few moments, then turned to Della Street. "Della," he said, "I think Paul Drake has a point. Ring up the Sitwell Arms Apartments, say that you're Mr. Mason's secretary, that Mr. Mason is very eager to get in touch with Miss Meade just as soon as she returns."

As Della's fingers flew over the spinning dial, Mason turned to Paul Drake. "In the meantime, Paul, find out all you can about the general set-up and about the murder. If we could locate Mavis Meade before the reporters get hold of her, it would—"

Della Street's voice said excitedly, "Chief, she just came in! The switchboard operator says she went up to her apartment about five minutes ago."

Mason reached for his telephone, and at that moment Della Street said, "Miss Meade, this is Perry Mason's office, Mr. Mason wants to talk with you. Will you hold the phone, please?"

Mason said, "Hello."

A throaty feminine voice said, "Well, well, Perry Mason. And how do you do, Mr. Mason?"

"Nicely, thank you," Mason replied. "I'd like very much to see you."

"And I'd like to see you."

"You're in your apartment now?"

"What's left of it, yes. My possessions are scattered to the four corners. The manager of the apartment is surveying the damage now."

"Will you do this?" Mason asked. "Will you ask him not to notify anyone that you have returned until after I can come and talk with you? Your secretary, Gladys Doyle, is in trouble. I'm representing her. I am assuming that you'd like to co-operate."

"Well . . ." She hesitated. Mason placed his hand over the mouthpiece of the telephone, said to Della Street, "I'm not going to plead with her. We've made the suggestion. We'll let it germinate."

The silence on the telephone became embarrassing.

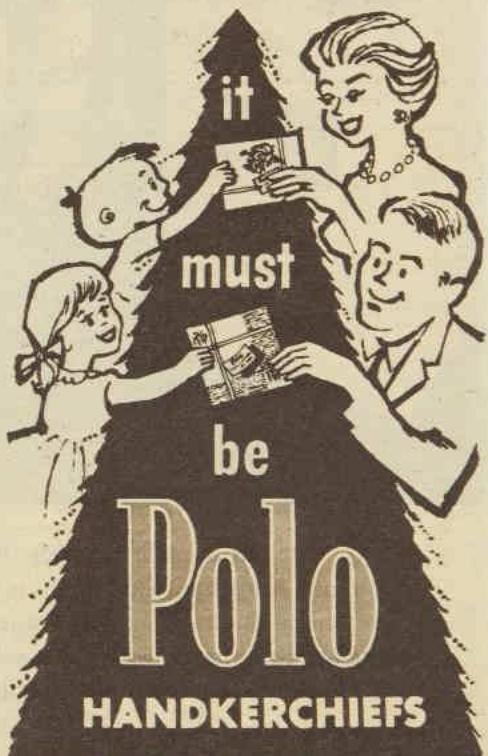
Suddenly Mavis Meade's voice said, "Are you still there, Mr. Mason?"

"I'm waiting."

"All right," she said. "Get out here right away. I'll tell the manager not to let anyone know I'm here. I'll talk with

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Xmas -



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you first. The apartment is forty-six A. Just come right up.

"And in the meantime," Mason asked, "will you ask the switchboard operator to disconnect all calls until I get there?"

"I'll think that one over," she said. "You'd better come right away."

"I'm coming," Mason promised.

The lawyer slammed down the telephone, glanced at his watch, and said, "I'll have to fight traffic. You close up the office, Della. Paul, you'd better keep yourself personally available until I get back."

"I'll be in my office," Drake said.

"And I'll be right here," Della told him.

Mason patted her shoulder, said, "Good girl!" grabbed his hat, and shot out the door.

The elevator eased to a crawl for the last few feet of its climb, then came to a stop. The door slid back, and Mason entered a small vestibule. On one side was a door bearing the sign, "Roof." On the other side a door had the number 46 A.

Mason pressed the mother-of-pearl button and heard chimes on the inside of the apartment.

A moment later the door opened, and a dark-haired beauty, holding a cigarette in a carved ivory holder in her left hand, smiled up at Perry Mason with impudent eyes and said, "Well, you look just like your pictures—strong, rugged, and intensely masculine. Come in, Mr. Mason. As you can see, the place is a wreck. Darn it, I wish I had Gladys here to help. How long are the police going to hold her?"

"That depends," Mason said, following Mavis Meade into the apartment.

She led the way into a liv-

ing-room and indicated a chair. "Sit down, Mr. Mason. Want a drink?"

"Not right now. I'd prefer to cover as much ground as we can before we're interrupted. How much do you know about the situation in which Miss Doyle finds herself?"

"Very little," she said. "I was scheduled to meet an Edgar Carlisle, who's from the movie studio that bought movie rights to my book. He wanted some co-operation on publicity."

"I intended to be up at the Summit Inn this weekend, but then I decided not to go. I'd told Carlisle I'd meet him up there, and so I told Gladys to go up in my place. In case you hadn't noticed, Mr. Mason, Gladys is rather easy on the eyes, and I think she knows her way around. I gave her a rather generous expense allowance and told her to take the station wagon."

"You also told her about a short-cut coming back?"

"That's right. That Sunday traffic can be deadly coming down the mountain, particularly when there are good skiing conditions. The short-cut is a dirt road, but I've made it under all sorts of conditions."

"Do you know what happened?" Mason asked.

"Only generally. The manager tells me that Gladys got off the road, got stuck, spent the night in a cottage, and found a body—at least, that seems to be what the police claim."

"How did you happen to discover that short-cut?" Mason asked.

Instead of answering the question, she said, "I thought

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I might need an attorney, so I mentioned to Gladys that if I ever got in any kind of trouble Perry Mason was the man I wanted—so now Gladys is the one who gets in trouble and she is your client?"

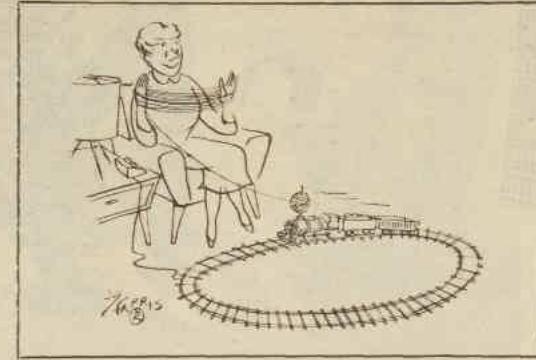
Mason nodded.

tal ball is no bigger than yours, Mr. Mason—probably not as big."

"Just why did you think you might need an attorney?" Mason asked.

Her smile was arch. "Aren't you being rather naive, Mr. Mason?"

"You feel there may be a



"You're going to represent her?"

"If she's charged with anything, I am."

"And, of course, while you're representing her you couldn't represent any client who might have conflicting or adverse interests."

"That's right."

"What a fool I was!" she exclaimed.

"Why?"

"To mention you to Gladys."

"Are you?" Mason asked, "in a position where you're going to have any conflicting interests?"

"How do I know? My crys-

conflict between your interests and those of Gladys Doyle?"

"I don't think I care to amplify my statement, Mr. Mason. I'll just say that I think you're being rather naive."

"Very well," Mason said, "let's act on the assumption, then, that you're a witness and I'm interviewing you."

"All right. What do I know?"

"Let us begin at the beginning," Mason said. "You have written a highly successful novel?"

"That," she said, "is something that we can—let's see, I believe stipulate is the word your lawyers use."

"Would you care to tell me what figure you received for the movie rights, for instance?"

"The newspapers have insisted that I got two hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars cash."

"And your royalties?"

"Well," she said, "royalties from the hard-cover edition have been very satisfactory. However, the paperback edition which is coming out is going to be the main source of income. It's no secret, Mr. Mason, that I have been given a guaranteed royalty for a period of ten years, payable in ten annual instalments."

"And, of course," Mason said, "you'll be writing other books."

"After a while, perhaps, but you see, Mr. Mason, I'm under no illusions as to the literary quality of my book. You know, people essentially are hypocrites. They love to lecture about morality, but they love to read about immorality."

"You evidently have this all figured out," Mason said.

"I've figured it all out, Mr. Mason. I wrote the sort of book I did deliberately and carefully. I studied the market. I studied the books that have become runaway best-sellers. I did a certain amount of research work, a certain amount of fieldwork in the subject of sex."

"All the time intending to write a novel?"

"All the time having this in the back of my mind. Of course, I had other things as well."

"I believe you described certain characters in your books," Mason said. "You have written a highly successful novel?"

"Powerful men are all ruthless," she said. "They're accustomed to having what they want. They get it by one means or another. People like to read about that. People also

like to read about the woman in the case, not a young woman who fumbles through the first adolescent adventures of life, but about a young woman who is demurely conscious of her charm, who attracts the attention of the strong, determined male who goes about getting what he wants in the world of romance with the same ruthless determination with which he batters down his rivals in the world of business."

"And then, of course, your girl has ultimately to acquire an ability to appraise the type of merchandise she has to offer and to capitalise on her feminine charm. If she can't have marriage, she intends to settle for material benefits. People like that."

Mason studied her with interest. "Why?" he asked.

"Probably," she said, "because every woman who is respectably married wonders just how much success she would have had if she had strayed from the straight and narrow path—I think the temptation is more universal than perhaps we realise."

"That," Mason said, "is to my mind rather a sordid appraisal of literature and of life."

"It's a good appraisal of the literary market," she said, "regardless of what it is in literature or in life."

"And you went into it deliberately?"

"I went into it deliberately," she said mockingly. "Or you might say that I used the literary field of exploitation in order to get my financial returns for the manner in which my own charms had been exploited by the ruthless male."

"Is that true?" Mason asked.

"I said that you might assume that it's true."

"I'm interested," Mason told her, "because I think that the experiences Gladys Doyle had

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last night are perhaps tied in, in some way, with her employment with you."

Mavis said, "Gladys Doyle is a young woman who knows her way around. She's attractive, poised, and provocative."

Mason's eyes narrowed. "Your advertisement asked for exactly that sort of a secretary."

"The answer is perfectly obvious," she said. "With the background that I had set up and the type of publicity I intended to use I certainly didn't want to have some mousy little runtocompoop as secretary."

"And," Mason said, "you directed Gladys Doyle down the mountain on a short-cut."

"I did."

"And the directions were such that she was certain to blunder into this cabin on the Pine Glen road?"

"Now there, Mr. Mason, you're one hundred per cent. wrong. You're—"

The door chimes sounded once. Then, after a brief interval, twice. They were followed by the sound of knuckles.

"I was hoping we could finish this phase of the inquiry without interruption," Mason said.

"I know you were—and I'm not certain that I want to finish what you call this phase of the inquiry, Mr. Mason. I have been looking forward to meeting you, but I'm not certain the experience is exactly as I had planned it."

Again the chimes sounded, and again there was an insistent pounding on the door.

With a little motion Mavis got to her feet, snaked her hips past Mason to the entrance hallway, opened the door and said, "Well, you might at least follow the rules of the house and be announced on the telephone. There's no need to break the door down."

"I'm sorry, ma'am," Lieutenant

Continuing . . . THE CASE OF THE MYTHICAL MONKEYS

from page 61

ant Tragg's voice said, "but I'm Lieutenant Tragg of Homicide, and it's part of our policy not to be announced. I want to talk to you."

"I'm not alone," Mavis Meade said.

"So much the better," Tragg said, walking on in. And then, catching sight of Mason, "well, well, well, Perry Mason! Well, this is indeed a surprise, Mr. Mason. I seem to keep running into you."

"You do, for a fact," Mason said.

"Well, I won't be bothering you any more, Mason. There's no need to detain you."

Mason shook his head. "I'm sorry, Tragg, but this is one time I'm not leaving. I am at the moment engaged in getting some very essential information from Miss Meade. I have no objection to sharing that information with you, but you're not going to have an exclusive on it."

Lieutenant Tragg surveyed Mavis Meade with thoughtful, appraising eyes, took in the lounging pyjamas she was wearing, the curves so daringly displayed, the indolent, almost impudent manner in which she tilted her head slightly to one side, her chin up as she looked at him with a half smile.

Tragg said, "I think Miss Meade and I want to talk privately, Mason, and I don't have time to postpone my discussion."

"Miss Meade," Mason said, "gave Gladys Doyle directions for taking a short-cut down the mountain from Summit Inn. Those directions included taking the road which led down to Pine Glen."

"They did not," Mavis Meade said with insistence.

Tragg grinned.

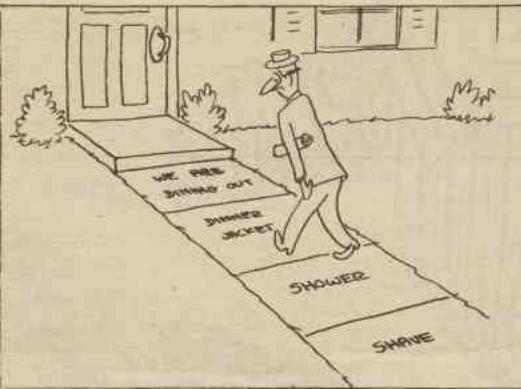
"And I say they did." Mason said. "Mavis Meade had a sketch map which she showed to my client. I am stating to you, Lieutenant Tragg, officially, that this map showed that my client was to go down the Pine Glen road. In doing

Tragg grinned. "Your client went to that cabin for reasons of her own—not that it makes a great deal of difference."

"You'll be surprised how much difference it can make."

They were silent for a few moments, then Mason frowned. Abruptly he got to his feet. "I think," he told Lieutenant Tragg, "that we should assure ourselves that evidence is evidence. Let's take a look."

Tragg grinned. "You're out



so she was following directions and instructions given her by her employer, Miss Meade.

"Now then, lieutenant, if you want to try and get rough about it and have me thrown out, and then Miss Meade should take the witness stand with any different story I'll use this interview to show bias on her part."

Tragg, easing himself into a chair, looked at Mavis Meade meditatively. "That true?" he asked at length.

"It is not true, Lieutenant Tragg."

"You told her about a short-cut down the mountain?"

"I told her about a short-cut down the mountain. The Pine Glen road turns to the left at the fork. I told her to take the right-hand fork at the Pine Glen turnoff."

"What about this sketch map?" Tragg asked.

"That is right. I gave her directions from the sketch map."

"And the sketch map shows that she was to take the right fork."

"That is right."

Tragg grinned. "Let's just take a look at that map, Miss Meade . . . Under the circumstances, Mason, sit down. Just stay right here. I think it will be a lot better for you to see the evidence right now than to claim it's been tampered with later on."

"The map is in the other room," she said. "It may take me a little time to find it. The place has been thoroughly ransacked."

"That's all right," Mason said, "we'll help you hunt."

"You will not!" she said with sudden vehemence. "There are some things on which a woman is entitled to privacy. You do not search my apartment—either of you."

"You go get the map," Tragg said. "We'll wait right here."

Tragg settled back in his chair and smiled at Mason. Mason watched Mavis Meade glide from the room.

"Nice work if you can get it," Tragg said.

"She seems to have been quite successful in getting it," Mason said.

"You misunderstand me," Tragg told him. "I was talking about your client and the map."

"My client," Mason said, "went to that cabin because she was directed to go down that road."

"The fork of the road here at fifteen and three-tenths miles is where you turn left, I believe, to go down to Pine Glen. The road I always take is the right-hand fork."

Tragg extended his hand. "Now, Miss Meade," he said, "if you'll just put your name down in the corner of this map and the date and the time I'll take the map."

"You'll have to lend me your pen," she said.

Tragg reached for his pen.

"Hold it," Mason said.

Tragg looked at him speculatively.

Mason's hand reached out, took possession of Mavis Meade's right hand. He held up the middle finger, then the forefinger. "How does it happen you have these fresh ink stains in between these two fingers if you don't have a fountain pen available?"

"I don't know," she said shortly. "Those stains have probably been on there for some time. I didn't wear these clothes all day. Did you want to make a search for a fountain pen, Mr. Mason?"

Mason walked to the door and pushed it open.

"You can't go in there," Mavis Meade said angrily.

"I'm in," Mason told her.

The room was equipped as a study, with a writing-desk in one corner. The desk had been opened, papers from the various boxes had been thrown helter-skelter on to the top. The contents of the drawers had been dumped on the floor.

A fountain pen, with the screw cap removed, was lying on the part of desk used as

a writing table, and a pad of paper was near the fountain pen.

"Don't you go near that desk! Don't you touch those papers!" Mavis Meade shouted angrily.

"I'm taking a look," Mason said.

"You get out of here!" Mavis Meade said angrily.

"You can't do this to me."

Mason said, "Miss Meade, you drew that map just now. You either couldn't find the original map or you didn't want to find it, so you made this one. The map you used in giving directions to my client showed that she was to turn left at the fork fifteen and three-tenths miles from the post office."

"What are you trying to do?" she asked angrily. "Are you trying to drag me into this?"

Tragg listened to every word of the conversation, watching every move made by Mavis Meade and the lawyer, and said nothing.

"I'm trying to get at the facts," Mason said, "and I want the facts. I'm warning you, Miss Meade, that you can't get away with this. You didn't have any ink on your fingers when you entered this room. When you came out with the map you had ink on your fingers."

"That pad of paper there on the desk is exactly the same size as this map which Lieutenant Tragg is holding. That pen had been knocked on the floor and left lying there. Some

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 16, 1959

Farther down the paper there was another fork in the road and the figure, fifteen-point-three miles. Again an arrow indicated the right-hand fork, then the road went on down to the extreme lower left-hand corner of the paper, where diagonal parallel lines were labelled Main Highway. The arrow went straight across the highway.

"Well," Tragg said, "that's very interesting, very interesting indeed. Now just which is the Pine Glen road, Miss Meade?"

"You check your speedometer at the post office," she said.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 16, 1959



"HOUND DOG MAN"



HAPPY TRIO off for a day's hunting are (from the left) young Dennis Holmes, Stuart Whitman, and Fabian.

Entertainment

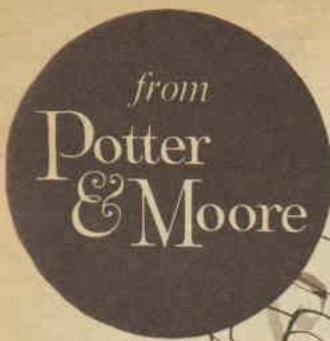
★ Fabian and Dodie Stevens, two of America's most popular teenage singers—both recently toured Australia — make their screen debuts in 20th Century-Fox's "Hound Dog Man." Photographed in color, this is a story of young love and family life, set in Western farming country early this century.

Stuart Whitman, breaking away from his usual role of a "heavy," plays the title character, with Carol Lynley, in her most grown-up role to date, as the farm-girl who loves him.

Fabian and Dodie play boy and girl neighbors who are going through the pangs of first love.



FARMHOUSE hospitality is extended to Whitman by Virginia Gregg, Carol Lynley, and Royal Dano (from left).



Fragrant gifts

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★★★ SAPPHIRE

Crime drama, with Nigel Patrick, Paul Massie, Michael Craig, Yvonne Mitchell. In color. Embassy, Sydney.

THIS is a taut, splendidly manipulated, splendidly cast crime-detection film from Britain, with London's present racial-intolerance problem as background.

A girl—Sapphire—is found murdered. An architectural student (Massie) could have done it.

Investigations conducted by detectives Patrick and Craig show that Sapphire was pregnant; she passed for a white, but was colored.

Who murdered her? Her student lover, his respectable mother (Olga Lindo), his proud sister (Yvonne Mitchell), or his ambitious father (Bernard Miles)?

Or was the murderer to be found among London's raffish colored element with whom Sapphire had led a secret existence?

A first-rate, intelligent script has been given the treatment it deserves.

In a word . . .

FASCINATING.

★ SUMMER OF THE SEVENTEENTH DOLL

Drama, with Ernest Borgnine, Anne Baxter, John Mills, Angela Lansbury. Century, Sydney.

LOOKED at purely as a film, this is an undistinguished piece of work, overcrowded and without repose, and none too clear as to character and intent.

Viewed as a screen adaptation of Ray Lawler's play, it is a disappointment. I have no special quarrel with what has been added, but with what has been left out.

Director Leslie Norman has over-exerted himself to get across his vision of a simple, beery, virile, and good-humored people. Certainly the beer, the shirt-sleeves, and the boisterousness are there—but at the sacrifice of the intimacy and warmth of Lawler's play. The relationships have been coarsened.

With the exception of Borgnine (whose habitual repose serves him well), the cast are all to visibly acting, acting, acting, instead of feeling.

Anne Baxter, an actress of limited range, as Olive the barmaid, who is afraid to face reality, actually resorts to showing the whites of her eyes.

As the cocky, comic little cane-cutter Barney, Mills strives admirably in what for him is a new sort of role. But Norman's methods push him too far and too fast.

Angela Lansbury's Pearl (the genteel friend persuaded by Olive to "make up the fourth" as Mills' new girl) seemed to me to caricature a role I remember as having quite another side to it.

And John Dighton's script never makes it clear why such a refined widow should embark on the adventure at all.

It is some consolation that Ethel Gabriel, grand old sole survivor of the play's origins! cast, manages to make her

New Films

Reviewed by Ainslie Baker

★★ Excellent
★ Average

★★ Above Average
No star—Poor

mutilated role of Emma the most valid of the lot.

Local actress Janette Craig, inexperienced in film work, offers nothing very original as Bubba, the girl next door.

The character of Johnny Dowd, the new young cane-cutter boss, is played by Australian Vincent Ball with a not-very-pleasant mixture of smart-alec virility.

In a word . . .

DISAPPOINTS.

★ GIRLS' TOWN

Juvenile drama, with Mamie van Doren, Paul Anka, Mel Torme, Ray Anthony, Maggie Hayes. St. James, Sydney.

IN this silly but not seriously offensive little offering, Mamie wriggles and gum-chews her way into a corrective institution, and out of it.

Teenage singer Paul Anka makes his movie debut as a youthful entertainer.

He's better on disc.

Anthony (a private eye hired to pin on Mamie a murder she didn't commit), Torme (surely the oldest juvenile de-

linquent in existence), and Maggie Hayes (the mother superior), round out a cast that could be better employed.

In a word . . . NONSENSE.

THE HANGMAN

Western, with Robert Taylor, Fess Parker, Tina Louise. Prince Edward, Sydney.

DEPUTY U.S. Marshal Robert Taylor, termed the "hangman" because of his relentless ness in sheeting home crimes, goes to a small town on the trail of Johnny Butterfield, played by Jack Lord.

Cynical Taylor, who thinks money will buy any information, thinks again when he finds the townspeople on Johnny's side — for beautiful Tina Louise, who could identify his quarry, refuses.

A fairly routine film, it has one surprising moment when Taylor and Louise, handcuffed together, have a horseback chase after the escapee. But it's the West once more—and the movie says nothing new.

In a word . . . FORMULA.

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TELEVISION PARADE

• Adult Westerns still hold the champion ribbon as top of the TV popularity poll in America despite determined private-eye attempts to oust them.

THE feast of slugging and bullets the private eyes provide still can't match the fascination of the Westerners' barking guns.

Just released are figures of the latest surveys taken after what the Americans call the establishment of the new winter season. Top Western and top show in the surveys is "Wagon Train," which rolls along unhindered by any new offerings.

There are 19 full-hour shows on the air in America, and seven Westerns are in the top ten.

"Perry Mason," "77 Sunset Strip," and "Desilu Playhouse" are the only non-Western offerings that got a place.

First of the surveys covered the hour shows. "Perry Mason" (coming back to Channel 9 in the New Year) came second. "Rawhide" (Channel 9, Thursdays, 8.00 p.m.) came third.

Next on the list were "Maverick" (Channel 7, Saturdays, 7.30), "Cheyenne" (coming back to Channel 9 in the New Year), "77 Sunset Strip" (Channel 7, Fridays, 8.30 p.m.), "Laramie" (Channel 7, Tuesdays, 7.30 p.m.), "Bonanza" and "Desilu Playhouse," which are not yet seen in Australia, took the next two places, then came "Sugarfoot" (Channel 9, Fridays, 8.30 p.m.) and "Bronco" (Channel 9, Saturdays, 7.30 p.m.).

The second survey was for all shows of any length—with "Wagon Train" on top again.

But second place in this survey went to "Gunsmoke" (Channel 9, Mondays, 10.00 p.m.) and third place to "Have Gun—Will Travel" (back on Channel 9 in the New Year, 9.00 p.m.).

Other Westerns in the top 10 of the top 20, if you get what I mean, were "Wanted, Dead or Alive" (Channel 9, Saturdays, 9.30 p.m.), "The Rifleman" (Channel 7, Mondays, 8.00 p.m.), and "Rawhide" (Channel 9, Thursdays, 8.00 p.m.).

"Perry Mason," in ninth place, was the only private-eye show to make it.

The saddest story of the lot, though, is poor old Mr. Nice Guy Perry Como, who only just made it. He limped into twentieth place, which is surprising for this show, which has been one of the top-raters for so long.

A GHOST typist, quite unaware that she was on camera, was the star of one of the last of the "Framework to Freedom" programmes produced by Dr. Malcolm MacKay during the recent Commonwealth Parliamentary Conference at Canberra.

The girl, who should get a special award for her beautifully straight back and general efficiency, was sitting at her desk behind a closed, frosted window that looked out on to the courtyard of the



ROBERT HORTON and Ward Bond, of "Wagon Train," look happy after hearing that their show topped two big popularity polls.

House of Representatives, where the discussion was filmed.

Silhouetted behind the window, she was obviously busy. She kept her eyes on her shorthand book and her trained fingers flew over the typewriter, as unaware of the earnest delegates as they were of her.

TV's longest drama to date was produced recently in America. It was Hemingway's famous novel "For Whom the Bell Tolls," adapted to a three-hour viewing session.

As well as being the longest, it is also said to have posed more "effect" problems for technicians than any other show.

Among their problems was realistic snow and making soldiers bleed when wounded.

By
NAN MUSGROVE

The snow problem seemed relatively simple at first. Instead of the old movie snow of whitewashed breakfast flakes that went crunch, crunch, they used a wonderful new chemical foam that looked like the real thing.

But rehearsals revealed a big fault in the chemical snow. It didn't melt as quickly as real snow, and characters who came in out of the snowstorm with the chemical snow on their shoulders had it there too long.

To get the necessary realism on the night it was presented, the producers had to mix the foam with a ton of real snow, and see that it was used for shoulder powdering.

Soldiers "bled" profusely after they had been wounded, because the sound-effects men shot them with "blood" pellets from an air gun.

But what really tickled me was the trouble technicians went to to see that the characters, when they came inside, gave the impression that it really was cold outside.

Everyone who did this sported a little wire basket of dry ice, worn under the chin and hidden with a scarf.

Just before they came on camera they had to guip down a cup of hot coffee, and presto—their breath emerged looking more frigid than it does on a below-zero day.

THERE are always debates among viewers on the relative merits of 17in., 21in., and 24in. screens, so it was interesting to hear what an American TV expert had to say recently about the U.S. ideal in video screens.

"Well, I guess the bigger the screen the more impressed most American viewers are," he said. "But as for the ideal screen, I don't think we've achieved it yet."

"I'd say to view TV ideally you should be able to project the picture on to a wall and then adjust the size of the picture to best suit the type of programme you're viewing."

"For instance, to view a spectacular ideally, the picture would best be blown up to the size of a wall, for it's the spectacle, not the detail of the picture, that counts."

"But for interviews, where you want a clear, close-up of a person, a 17in. or 21in. picture would be best blown up to the size of a wall, for it's the detail of the picture, that counts."

"One day we'll probably achieve this ideal. It will mean one wall of a viewing room will have to be left clear, but TV is with us to stay, so why shouldn't we plan our houses to suit it—even more than we do now?"



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Continuing . . . THE CASE OF THE MYTHICAL MONKEYS

from page 63

of the ink had leaked into the cap. You can see that there's ink on the barrel of the pen where it screws into the cap and that the ink is still moist. You picked it up to draw this map."

"You are trying to involve me," she said to Mason. "You are smart, you are deadly, you are dangerous. All right, Mr. Perry Mason, I'll tell you something. I, too, am smart; I, too, am deadly; and I, too, am dangerous."

Mason said, "I am calling on you here and now, in the presence of Lieutenant Tragg, to produce the original sketch map, the sketch map which you had in your hand when you told my client where to turn."

"Your client?" she said scornfully. "Your client is a fool! Where are the notes that your client made from the dictation that I gave her? Let her produce those notes. They will show that she was to turn right at the point in the mountain where the Pine Glen road turns off the main gravelled highway."

"Those notes were torn out of her shorthand notebook," Mason said.

"Hooley!" Mauvis Meade exclaimed. "You are a lawyer. You are supposed to be smart. You are supposed to be sceptical, yet you fall for a story such as that—you men!"

"Perhaps," Mason said, "her shorthand notebook is here. Perhaps we should look for it."

"All right," she said. "A good idea. This way."

The exaggerated undulations of her walk were no longer evident. She strode straight-backed across the room, jerked open a door, and entered the bedroom of Gladys Doyle.

Here everything was in order.

"Well!" she said, standing in the doorway and letting her voice show such startled surprise that for the moment it seemed almost overdone.

"Here," she said, "we have apple-pie order! The rest of the penthouse is torn up in a frantic search, but there was no search in this bedroom. It is almost as though the persons making the search knew that the thing they were searching for would not be in the bedroom of Gladys Doyle. Is that not so, Lieutenant?"

"I'm here only as an observer at the moment," Tragg grunted. "Go right ahead. If you want to look for the shorthand notebook used by Gladys Doyle it's all right with me. As yet I haven't a search warrant. In view of Mr. Mason's activities, I'm going to see that the place is guarded until we do get a search warrant."

"Well," she said, "you don't need a search warrant. I'm giving you authority to search. There is the shorthand notebook."

She walked over to a desk on which there was a typewriter and paper, picked up an opened shorthand notebook, whipped it closed, and handed it to Lieutenant Tragg.

"All right," Mason said, "show me where she made the notes."

Mauvis Meade opened the book, rifled through the pages. "This is correspondence we did last week," she said. "This is—

She paused as the neat shorthand notes terminated and the next page was blank.

"But this was the notebook she used," she said to Lieutenant Tragg. "I am certain of it. She had it in her hand."

"How does she take dictation?" Tragg asked, looking at the notebook speculatively. "With a ballpoint pen," Mauvis Meade said.

Tragg reached out, took the notebook, tilted it slightly, inspecting the blank page. Then he said with sudden interest, "Come over here a minute."

Tragg turned on a piano light with a flexible spiral tube

in the handle. He adjusted the light to just the right angle, said, "Miss Meade, would you mind turning off that main switch?"

She walked over to the door and clicked the main switch.

"Now, if you'll step over here, please," Tragg said.

She came over to stand by the two men.

Using the illumination from the single bulb in the piano light, Tragg tilted the notebook so that it was on one side and the light spread smoothly across the page.

"This is an old police trick," he said. "Quite frequently a person writing on one page leaves an indentation on the page directly beneath—there

is shorthand to know that that's the sign for 'right.' She's to turn right at that fork in the road."

Tragg folded the paper, put it in his pocket, started methodically looking through the wastebasket.

The telephone rang. Mauvis Meade said, "Pardon me," and went to answer the phone.

She was back by the time Tragg had finished making a list of the contents of the wastebasket.

Tragg looked at her sharply. "Bad news on the telephone, Miss Meade?" he asked.

"I—it's a personal matter."

the telephone, jumped up with an exclamation. "Gosh, am I glad to see you. Paul Drake has a line on the identity of the corpse. He wants you to call him the minute you get in—I'll give him a buzz."

"How did Paul happen to get a line on the corpse?" Mason asked. "And are we ahead of or behind the police?"

"Apparently we're ahead of them—at least Paul thinks we are."

Mason's eyes narrowed. "I don't see how Paul could have any information the police haven't," he said. "However—

He broke off his words as Drake's code knock sounded on the door.

Paul Drake had discarded his pose of easy nonchalance. He kicked the door shut with his heel, walked over to sit on the corner of Mason's desk and said, "I think we've got the corpse tagged, Perry."

"Go ahead," Mason said, "tell me about it."

"His name is Josh Manly—full name, Joseph Hanover Manly, but he signs it Jos, period, and then puts a capital H, period; so his friends call him Josh. He lives in a bungalow at twelve-twenty Ringbolt Avenue. He's been staying in that cabin up there off and on for several months."

"Why does he have a place on Ringbolt Avenue and then spend so much time in a cabin at Pine Glen Canyon?" Mason asked.

"That's one of the things I haven't been able to find out yet. Probably there's a woman in the case."

"That's a masterpiece of understatement," Mason said. "There are probably at least two women in the case. O.K., Paul, let's go."

"Bring a briefcase and a couple of shorthand notebooks, Della. It may be quite a while before you get anything to eat."

"That's all right, chief."

"All right, let's get started."

Driving out the freeway, Mason said, "Tell me how it happened, Paul."

"Just legwork," Drake said. "I put men out covering the place and trying to find out what they could."

"One of my men prowling around the back of the cabin, just giving it the once-over, noticed a neat stack of firewood that had been sawed into lengths for the kitchen stove and then split into small sticks."

"So what did he do?" Mason asked.

"So," Drake said, "the first thing he did was to get a tape measure and measure the pile. He found from the way the supports had been placed to hold up the ends of the pile that it must originally have held a full cord of wood."

"The fact that the entire pile of winter wood was limited to one cord indicated the wood had been purchased from a dealer, and the party living in the cabin intended to buy a cord at a time."

"So, when my man had carried his reasoning that far he got out of there fast and started asking questions about who had wood for sale around that part of the country. He found a man named Atkins living down the Pine Glen road had wood for sale. My operative went down and got to talking with him."

"Atkins remembered all about the transaction, even gave a pretty detailed description of what Manly looked like. Manly had paid him by endorsing over a cheque, and Atkins



"You don't know me, but I'm the guy she turned down for you!"

seems to be something here which I think we can bring out in the lab."

"Yes. You can see lines there," Mauvis Meade said. "There certainly are lines."

"There certainly are," Tragg said. And, abruptly snapping the shorthand notebook closed, slipped it into his side coat pocket.

Mauvis Meade said indignantly, "I'm not going to have her drag me into this thing. You examine the indentations and you'll find I told the truth. I said to take the right-hand fork."

Tragg looked around him and said, "It certainly is an interesting fact that nothing has been disturbed in Gladys Doyle's room."

"That's an insult," Mason said.

"Who's insulted?" Tragg asked.

"You are. The police are. The idea that anyone would be so dumb as to think the police would fall for anything so terribly obvious is an insult."

"I know, I know," Tragg said, "but I've been insulted by experts, and there's always the possibility someone making a hurried search knew the article he was after wasn't in Gladys Doyle's room and therefore didn't waste precious time."

Mauvis Meade, who had been looking around, said, "I notice there are some papers in her wastebasket. If the room hasn't been disturbed, the probabilities are the wastebasket hasn't either."

She reached gingerly into the wastebasket and said, "Here's that page out of the shorthand book, Lieutenant! Now we can see who's right and who's wrong."

She smoothed out a crumpled page from a shorthand book and said, "Here it is right at the top of the page. Received three hundred dollars expense money" and the date, and here are the directions—they're in shorthand. I can't read her shorthand very well, but I can manage to make it out—yes, here it is."

Mauvis Meade held a pointed fingernail on the page. "There you are, right there. I know enough about her system

"How personal?"

"Very personal. I—I'm afraid I've been under too much of a strain for the past few hours. I guess I'll—"

Again the phone rang.

Mauvis Meade looked helplessly at Tragg.

"Want me to answer it?" Tragg asked.

SHE hesitated a moment, then shook her head, got up, and went to the phone.

"Sure looks as though that last phone call gave her a lick right between the eyes," Tragg said conversationally to Mason. "We'll have to go about finding out who it was and what was said."

"This call is for you, Lieutenant," Mauvis Meade called out.

Tragg strode out into the other room, took the telephone from Mauvis Meade's outstretched hand, said, "Yes, hello; Tragg speaking . . . The devil—"

He was silent for a few moments, then said, "All right, I've got it," and hung up.

He turned and frowned at Mason speculatively. Abruptly he said, "Well, I have work to do. I'm leaving. I think, Mason, since Miss Meade is quite evidently beginning to feel the strain under which she's been laboring it would be just as well if you left when I did."

Mauvis Meade nodded. "I don't want anyone here. I don't want to see anyone."

She saw them to the door, then slammed it shut.

While they were waiting for the elevator, Tragg said thoughtfully, "I wonder what that telephone call was. It seemed to upset her."

"I'm wondering what your call was," Mason said.

Tragg grinned. "Did I seem upset?"

"No, but you're mighty thoughtful."

"I'm always thoughtful," Tragg said. "And when you are on a case, Mason, I get very, very thoughtful indeed."

Mauvis Meade held a pointed fingernail on the page. "There you are, right there. I know enough about her system

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1 envelope or 3 tea-spoons Davis Gelatine	Vanilla essence
3 tablespoons hot water	1 cup crushed strawberries or other suitable fruit such as passionfruit
2 tablespoons sugar	1 can unsweetened evaporated milk
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To page 71

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Continuing . . . THE CASE OF THE MYTHICAL MONKEYS

from page 69

wasn't too sure whether he wanted that cheque.

"So he jotted down the licence number of the car Manly was driving, a jeep with four-wheel drive. The cheque cleared all right, but Atkins was able to rummage around and located the licence number for my operative. So we traced the car registration, and it's this guy Manly."

"The cabin is heated with an oil stove, but the cooking stove burns wood. Apparently Manly had been up there for brief intervals for several months. At first he'd gone around and cut up what wood he could, using dead branches and sawing up a few fallen logs; then he drove into Atkins' place and made arrangements to buy a cord of wood."

Mason drove with swift skill through the traffic. At length he turned the car and said, "This is Ringbolt Avenue—it's a good-looking neighborhood."

"This looks like the place," Drake said. "The one over on the right, Perry, third from the corner."

"There's a light on," Mason said. "I guess somebody's at home but no police cars."

He eased his car to a stop and led the way up to the porch and rang the bell.

After a moment a woman who would have been strikingly beautiful in different surroundings came to the door. Her dark hair was stringy, her blue stockings were old and faded, and her short-sleeved blouse was opened deep at the throat. She was wearing rubber gloves.

"Good evening," Mason said. "Does Mr. Manly live here? We'd like to see him."

"He isn't here."

"Can you tell me where I can reach him?"

"Tucson."

"Can you tell us where he is staying there?"

"No. Probably a motel. He'll stay one place one time and another place another."

"I gather, then, he makes rather frequent trips?"

"You gather a lot, don't you?"

Mason smiled affably. "You're Mrs. Manly?"

"That's right."

"Tim Perry Mason, a lawyer. This is Della Street, my confidential secretary, and Mr. Drake."

"Well, for heaven's sake! What in the world brings you out here? Well, don't stand there. Come on in. Now, why in the world would you want to see Josh?"

"He may be a witness," Mason said.

"Well, come on in and sit down. I was just cleaning up the kitchen. Things are a mess and I'm a mess, but do come in and sit down. What's he a witness to, Mr. Mason?"

She stripped off the rubber gloves and shook hands with each of them in turn. "Do sit down and make yourselves at home—you would have to catch me looking like this!"

She laughed nervously, glanced at her hands self-consciously; then, as she noticed the smudged fingertips, hastily put the rubber gloves back on.

Mason caught Della Street's eye and shook his head, indicating she was not to take notes. He waited until they were settled comfortably.

"What business is your husband in, Mrs. Manly?"

"He's a sharpshooter."

Mason raised his eyebrows. "Buys and sells and makes deals."

"What sort of deals?"

"Heavens, I don't know. I don't ask him about his business, and he doesn't ask me."

"Not Josh," she interrupted.

"He handles everything for a quick turnover."

"Do you know if he's acquainted with any writers?" Mason asked.

"Heavens, no! At least I don't suppose so, Mr. Mason. I don't ask him about his business."

"Do you know if he ever goes up in the mountains?"

"Heavens, no. He can't do any business in the mountains. I've told you he isn't interested in mining deals."

"I'm just trying to get a line on his personal habits," Mason said. "Now do you have any pictures of him—photographs?"

Her eyes narrowed. "I have a picture or two, but—look here, Mr. Mason, I don't think Josh would like to have me give you a whole lot of information."

"It might save a lot of trouble," Mason said. "Or, I'll put it this way; it might save a lot of time. You see, Mrs. Manly, I'll be frank. I don't know whether your husband is the man I'm looking for or not."

"But you know the man you're looking for? Can you describe him?"

Mason glanced at Paul Drake.

Drake took a notebook from his pocket. "About five feet ten, chestnut hair, about a hundred and seventy-five pounds," Drake said.

She shook her head emphatically.

"That doesn't fit my husband at all. He's six feet one, he weighs—I think it's a hundred and eighty pounds, and has rather light hair."

"Well, of course," Drake said, glancing at Mason, "you can expect a certain number of mistakes in a description . . . How old is your husband, ma'am?"

"Thirty-two."

Drake sighed and shook his head. "The man we're looking for is at least fifty."

Her laugh showed a certain amount of relief. "Well, my husband is thirty-two, and he's built like an athlete."

"It's strange that there'd be such a coincidence on names," Mason said. "Did your husband say anything to you about seeing an accident at Pico and Western about five or six days ago? That, I guess, would be just before he left for Arizona."

"Not a word. Was anybody hurt?"

"A car tried to make a left turn without a signal," Mason said. "It was a pretty bad smash-up."

"Where would my husband have been? In one of the cars that was hit?"

"No, two cars behind, but he chatted briefly with a bystander, told the bystander his name was Manly and that his first name was Joe. He said he'd seen the whole thing, and then traffic was cleared and he jumped back in his car, drove around the wreckage and sped away."

"I suppose you're running down all the Joe Manlys in the city."

"We certainly thought we were on the right trail here," Mason said.

"Well, I'm sorry. You've drawn a blank."

"Well, thank you," Mason said.

"These people that talk with him," Mason said, "are they men or women?"

"Men mostly. Why?"

"I was just wondering," Mason said. "Usually a wife is a little more curious about her husband's business. Does he hold property and—"

"He's the guy, all right," Drake said. "The body is that."

To page 74

From Paris for you... Exciting news!

Luxurious **Gemey**

Pearl Mist Face Powder
combined with cream
base—the ultimate in
complete make-up

Final Touch

(dernière touche)



The fabulous flattery of
powdered pearls in
convenient compact form

Here is the newest, most complete make-up of all! The revolutionary Pearl Mist Face Powder . . . which includes the magic of powdered pearls . . . has been blended with the finest, smoothest cream base to make Final Touch—the perfect, ideal, modern make-up.

Final Touch is already the favourite make-up of fashion-conscious French women, because it gives complexions a lovely, velvet smoothness—radiant with the glory of powdered pearls. Add the final touch to your beauty with Final Touch!

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Gemey

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You'll adore the black
and ivory compacts
with gold-engraved tops
and hinged lids with
mirror. At all chemists
and selected stores 14/1.
(Refills 9/11.)



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Happy, colourful "little Asia"



You can have a hundred holidays on one visit to Malaya, and each one will be a new and enchanting experience. The eleven States each have their own ways, their own special attractions.

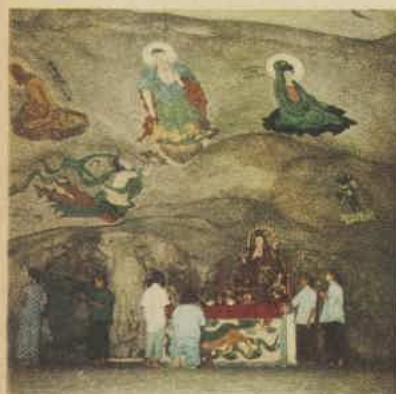
In Malaya you will find Chinese, Indians, Europeans and the Malays themselves. In a fascinating "little Asia", these races mingle, yet each retains their own customs, festivals, foods and religions.

You'll be enthralled by the unchanged beauty of Malaya. It's a country of jungles, beautiful coastlines, quaint villages, rubber plantations and countless mosques, churches, temples. Welcome changes are air-conditioned luxury hotels, air-conditioned trains, and fast, comfortable internal air and road travel.

Come to Malaya!
It's waiting
to give you a
wonderful
time.



It's more than one holiday



The "Sam Poh Tong" Chinese Temple in Ipoh — this unusual temple features a natural limestone cave temple with the most ornate Buddhist altar in Malaya.



The huge Reclining Buddha of the "Meh Prasit Sumat" Siamese Temple at Ipoh — halfway town between picturesque Penang and Federal Capital, Kuala Lumpur.



Highly-prized Kelantan silverware, hand-beaten by hereditary craftsmen from Kelantan State, makes fine souvenirs. A Malayan girl chooses a fine piece.



Traditional, colourful and exciting — one of the exotic attractions — the giant-top spinning game of the men of the east coast States of Malaya.



Penang's famous Promenade — where, at evenings, the multi-racial population of Malaya — Malays, Chinese, Indians, Eurasians, Europeans — stroll.



A typical Malay woman farmer cultivates giant cabbages in the cool climate of Malaya's mountain resort — Cameron Highlands.

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MY2

JACKY'S DIARY

By Jacky Mendelsohn
Age 32½.

LAST NIGHT I WENT TO A REAL SCAREY PARTY IN FATSO FREDDY'S HOUSE.

YOU ARE GRADUALLY INVITED TO A REAL SCAREY PARTY IN MY HOUSE. YOUR FRED, FATO.

I GOT DRESSED UP IN A CUT-OUT PILLER CASE & WENT THERE LIKE I WAS A GHOST.

DADDY WENT AS A SKELETON. BUT LATER HE WAS SORRY, CAUSE FREDDY'S DOG KEPT ON BITING HIM ALL NIGHT.



ONE GIRL GOT DRESSED UP LIKE A WITCH. ANOTHER ONE MUST OF BEEN EATING A PUMPKIN & GOT HER HEAD STUCK IN IT. BUT SHE CAME ANYHOW.



IT WAS A REAL GOOD PARTY ON A COUNT OF THERE WASN'T ANY PEOPLE THERE. JUST KIDS... SO WE COULD MAKE NOISE TO OUR HEARTS' CONTENT.



MY FRIEND IRA CAME DRESSED LIKE A BLACK CAT. ONLY THIS TIME FATO'S DOG WAS SORRY ON A COUNT OF IRA KEPT ON BITING HIM!



THEN ON WE PLAYED A GAME CALLED "DUNKING APPLES". THE IDEA IS TO TRY & EAT A APPLE THAT'S FLOATING IN A PAIL OF WATER, ONLY WITH OUT USING ANY HANDS. IT'S A LOT OF FUN, IF YOU DON'T GET DROWNSED.



P.S: ALSO THERE WAS SOME GIRLS THERE. BUT EVEN SO IT WAS LOTS OF FUN.



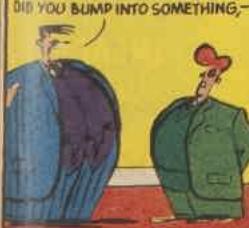
ADVICE FOR CHILDREN:

There isn't really such things as GHOSTS & WHICHES & GOBLETS. THEY'RE ONLY MAKE-BELIEVE. So if you see one behind your bed, DON'T GET SCARED.

Your Friends
Jacky

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

YOU'VE GOT A LOVELY BLACK EYE, DID YOU BUMP INTO SOMETHING?



AFTER YOU LEFT ME AT THE CLUB EARLY THIS MORNING?



By RUD

YES, MY WIFE'S RIGHT HAND!!



A joy to all the family.



8 A.M.

Buttered and placed face to face they are at home in the school bag.



11 A.M.

They will brighten up your morning tea.



Arnott's
famous
MILK ARROWROOT
Biscuits



4 P.M.

HERE'S MY "RACING FOOD"



There is no Substitute for Quality

of a man around thirty to thirty-three, the height is six feet one, the weight is a hundred and eighty-nine pounds; he has light hair, blue eyes.

Mason signed. "All right, Paul, we know the corpse. Now we've got to find out everything we can about him. How much time do you suppose we have?" Mason asked.

Drake said musingly, "We haven't any time. If he's thirty-two he's done military duty somewhere. They'll have his fingerprints. Tragg'll be out here any minute now."

"And when he arrives," Della Street said, "and finds that you have been there—well, Tragg will be wondering how you made the identification."

"We'll have to tell him sooner or later," Mason said, "or he'll think my client gave me a tip."

"Business in Arizona," Drake said thoughtfully.

"About a week at a trip," Mason observed. "Goes down there frequently—what's the best guess on that, Paul?" He drove in silence.

"Well," Drake said, "you

know what it means, Perry—woman."

Mason said thoughtfully, "Let's keep it in the singular and say woman, Paul, but let's not jump at conclusions. Start some men looking around in Arizona—and we've got to talk with your man who got the information. Where is he?"

"Right at present he's up at the camp and picnic ground," Drake said. "His name's Kelton. I told him to go up there and wait. He has a jeep."

"Good work, Paul. How much of a drive is it up to the campsite?"

"Not much. The road's surfaced that far. We can make it within half an hour from here."

"Eats?" Della Street asked.

"Later," Mason said. "Let's go, Paul."

Mason, Della Street, and Paul Drake found Kelton waiting at the Pine Glen campsite. "Can we get up to that cabin?" Mason asked, after Drake had performed the introductions.

Continuing . . . THE CASE OF THE MYTHICAL MONKEYS

from page 71

beam of his flashlight showing a sinister red stain on the rough pine boards. "Now you notice these beds have no sheets, but there are nice clean blankets. There are pillows and they're clean."

"The other bedroom is back here, and the bathroom is between the living-room and this other bedroom. The bedroom on the south opens into the living-room."

They crowded into Kelton's jeep, and Kelton eased the car into motion.

"How long will it take?" Mason asked.

"Sure," Kelton said. "I eased the place."

"How thoroughly did you search?" Mason asked.

"I didn't search. I just looked the place over to get the lay of the land. I was trying to find something that would give me a line on the person who owned the place."

"It's like that one in the cabin," Della Street said.

Mason used a handkerchief so that he would leave no fingerprints, and took the top off the can.

Mason held the flashlight over the can, then gingerly lifted a cloth out of the interior. "There's something heavy in this cloth," he said.

"That's a woman's scarf," Della Street said.

Mason lifted out the printed silk scarf. "Oh-oh," he said.

"What?" Drake asked.

"A scarf with the traditional three monkeys, see no evil,

hear no evil, speak no evil."

Mason said. "Now what's this?"

Mason unfolded the scarf.

"Well, well, well," he said, "a box of twenty-two-calibre long-

range shells."

He took the cover off the box, looked at the shells neatly arranged in rows.

"Some missing," Drake said.

Mason nodded, counted the shells, said. "Seven missing."

"That accounts for it," Kelton said. "Those are the same shells that were used in the murder, all right. The gun held seven. There were six in the magazine. One had been fired and ejected."

Mason thoughtfully replaced the cover on the cartridge box, put the cartridge box back in the scarf, folded it all together and dropped it in his pocket.

Then he replaced the cover on the coffee can, still taking care to leave no fingerprints, and replaced the coffee can under the house where he had found it.

"Now what are you going to do with that stuff?" Drake asked.

"I don't know," Mason admitted at length. "I'm going to evaluate it."

"That's evidence, Perry. You've got to turn it in."

Mason thought for a moment, then said, "The police aren't going to know anything about this; Paul, at least for a while. I want you folks to promise that you'll say nothing about this to anyone."

"We can't," Kelton blurted.

"Why not?"

"That would be suppressing evidence."

Mason said, "You simply keep your mouth shut. I'll take all the responsibility."

"Perry, you can't do it," Drake pleaded. "This is hot stuff."

Mason nodded. "I've got to do it, Paul. I'll take all the responsibility."

"Well, O.K." Drake yielded with poor grace. "Kelton, don't say a word about this to anyone."

"Come on," Mason said, "let's get out of here."

"Just an assortment of junk," Kelton said. "The place is built on a pretty good slope. On the east the distance between the floor of the cabin and the ground is enough so a person can stand up."

"It's a mess under there, an old casing or two, some junk, a few boxes and stuff like that. On the west the floor is within two and a half feet of the ground. That board is loose. You pull it back and you can get under."

The lawyer pulled back the loose board and eased his way under the house, prodded around, sending the beam of the flashlight darting this way and that, presently emerged carrying a can marked coffee.

"It's like that one in the cabin," Della Street said.

Mason used a handkerchief so that he would leave no fingerprints, and took the top off the can.

Mason held the flashlight over the can, then gingerly lifted a cloth out of the interior. "There's something heavy in this cloth," he said.

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"Come on," Mason said, "let's get out of here."

To be continued

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YOU CAN'T BUY A BETTER TALC AT ANY PRICE
THAN SUPER-ABSORBENT, SPRING-FRAGRANT THREE FLOWERS

TF101, 143

AS I READ the STARS

By EVE HILLIARD

For week beginning December 14

ARIES The Ram

MARCH 21-APRIL 20

★ Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, white. Gambling colors, white, red. Lucky days, Friday, Saturday. Luck in clear thinking.

TAURUS The Bull

APRIL 21-MAY 20

★ Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, orange. Gambling colors, orange, violet. Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday. Luck in compensation.

GEMINI The Twins

MAY 21-JUNE 21

★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, any pastel. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Monday, Saturday. Luck in social life.

CANCER The Crab

JUNE 22-JULY 22

★ Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, black. Gambling colors, black, blue. Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday. Luck in a new personality.

LEO The Lion

JULY 23-AUGUST 22

★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, mauve. Gambling colors, rose, mauve. Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday. Luck in being young in heart.

VIRGO The Virgin

AUGUST 23-SEPTEMBER 22

★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, rose. Gambling colors, rose, grey. Lucky days, Monday, Sunday. Luck in the family circle.

LIBRA The Balance

SEPTEMBER 23-OCTOBER 22

★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, brown. Gambling colors, brown, orange. Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday. Luck in the printed word.

SCORPIO The Scorpion

OCTOBER 23-NOVEMBER 22

★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, red. Gambling colors, red, grey. Lucky days, Monday, Friday. Luck in striking a bargain.

SAGITTARIUS The Archer

NOVEMBER 23-DECEMBER 22

★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, silver. Gambling colors, silver, gold. Lucky days, Wednesday, Thursday. Luck in popularity.

CAPRICORN The Goat

DECEMBER 23-JANUARY 19

★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, green. Gambling colors, green, violet. Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday. Luck in a decision.

AQUARIUS The Waterbearer

JANUARY 20-FEBRUARY 19

★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, yellow. Gambling colors, yellow, black. Lucky days, Saturday, Sunday. Luck in a shared project.

PISCES The Fish

FEBRUARY 20-MARCH 20

★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, navy, blue. Gambling colors, navy, green. Lucky days, Wednesday, Saturday. Luck in a new cycle.

The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.

★ If you're vague, uncertain, you'll be in a muddle. Make a list of what you have to do, don't trust to memory. Avoid last-minute important matters to the last minute, or you'll fail when you most wanted to shine. Once you've made a decision, stick to it. Frazzled nerves detract from a pretty face and a pleasing personality; be serene.

★ You may give up your ideas to please your family, friends, or the man in your life. This will not be so, there's a reward in affection and sacrifice. Someone else may gain a prize you coveted, but there will be a bonus for you in a surprise packet. A person who has disappointed you may turn over a new leaf, experience a change of personality.

★ You find friends taking up a large part of your time. Reunions, celebrations, club and organisations, will be the main water mark. You'll be eager to contribute some novel ideas, your enthusiasm will keep others in top gear. If young and romantic, your love affair may develop with dancing and clinking glasses in the background.

★ Since you're on display before the public in your world, spare a thought for your image and make it a pretty picture. You'll be a natural. A new hairstyle is flattering, extra care when putting on make-up will give freshness; a new dress in your favorite color should give your spirits a lift. You can radiate charm, gracefulness, whether you're young in years or heart.

★ Even if a grandmother, keep that romantic attitude. A party is a party, whether you're 16 or 60. Wear your prettiest dress, let your eyes sparkle, and you'll be a centre of attraction. You may find yourself doing things hitherto undreamed of, or considered undignified, but you'll love every minute of it. For some, an offer of marriage.

★ That pre-festive bustle is increasing. Virgo subjects are born cooks; nobody is more interested in food as an art. Your guest shelf will be loaded for guests, expected or otherwise. Your detailed precision arrangements mean a serene hostess with everything under control. The family confide in you, seek your advice, help, co-operation.

★ Look for ideas in publications; holiday suggestions are likely to have a special message for you. An advertisement opens up fresh possibilities, you may interest several friends in a plan that can be shared by all. You may consider or reject a number of propositions before finding exactly what you are looking for. Travel well, expect.

★ The elusive, hard-to-find article, the ideal gift for those you love best, or the thing they most desire, calls for intelligence, persistence as well as money. If it means straining the budget, you couldn't care less. Setting out with your goal clearly before you, you'll surmount every obstacle, refuse to compromise, bring home the prize.

★ You never had so many friends; people take an interest in your efforts whether in your business or social world. If young, eligible, this is the time for a love affair to blossom. If you're already dating someone, become a friend; if your relationship, for wedding bells are in the offing. Conciliate rivals, competitors, turn enemies into friends.

★ Once you've thought it over, weighed the pros and cons, made up your mind, nobody can budge you from your determination. If you're interested with present conditions or eager to make up in career or prestige, you are liable to make drastic changes in almost any direction. There may be regret attached to your action, but you feel it is right.

★ You join with at least one person, possibly with several, to accomplish a definite object. This may be appreciated by all, or dominating your efforts to a welfare scheme such as a summer camp for underprivileged children. Whatever the form, the joy of working together will be your chief reward.

★ You may be thrust into a prominent position without seeking it; fear you can't manage it gracefully, yet succeed through being perfectly natural. You are certain to be from some a good deal more than usual. You will see people of different types, enlarge your experience, make permanent friends who will have an influence on your affairs.



...any time
of the
month

Don't let "problem days" hold you back from basking on the beach, from looking and feeling your best in a bathing suit, from even going in swimming! Tampax worn internally can't be seen, can be felt—can't absorb any waste. Tampax is the sanitary protection that really protects, that keeps your secret so safe, you're apt to forget it's time-of-the-month for you. It even prevents odour from forming!

In every possible way, Tampax is daintier, cooler, modern. Your hands never need touch the Tampax, and it's so easy to dispose of applicator and all. Carry Tampax "spares" is never a problem; two or three tuck into the smallest handbag. And oh, the joy of never having to waddle under the bulky belt-pin-pad harness again!

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DR. MACKENZIE'S
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When your kidneys are not working properly, uric acids and poison toxins are deposited in muscles and joints, causing aches and pains that make life a misery.

The wonder-drug THIONINE in MENTHOIDS helps cleanse your blood of these poisons and soothes and relieves inflamed, overworked kidneys. resume normal healthy functioning. If you or yours suffer kidney, bladder, weakness, bad back, aches and pains or joints, rheumatism, arthritis, headaches or fever, flushes, etc., the MENTHOIDS treatment is the MENTHOIDS, with diet chart, 15/-, 9/-, or 5/- everywhere.

DR. MACKENZIE'S
MENTHOIDS

BEGINNERS' PATTERN

F226.—Beginners' pattern for a little girl's sunsuit, panties, and bonnet. Requires 3½ yds. 36in. material. Sizes 2, 4, or 6 years. Price 3/-.

Fashion PATTERNS

• Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. G.P.O. Orders to Box 4948. Tasmania readers should address orders to Box 66-D, G.P.O., Hobart. New Zealand readers send orders to Box 6348, Wellington. No C.O.D. orders will be accepted.

F5380.—Smart teenager sports outfit of Bermuda shorts and a tailored shirt. Shorts require 1½ yds. 36in. material, shirt requires 2½ yds. 36in. material. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Price 3/-.

F5403.—Flattering variation of the shirtnaker style, has three-quarter length or short puffed sleeves. Requires 5½ yds. 36in. material. Sizes 30 to 38in. bust. Price 4/-.



F2926

F5366.—Smart sheath dress to suit any age. Requires 3½ yds. 36in. material. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Price 3/9.

F4229

F4229.—Infant's layette of nightgown, dress, petticoat, and pincers. Requires 4½ yds. 36in. material, 9yds. 36in. lace edging. Infants size. Price 4/6.



NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

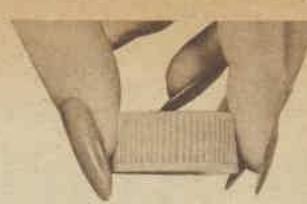
No. 177.—SHIRTMAKER FROCK
Neat and practical summer frock is available cut out ready to sew in a pretty floral cotton in pale pink with blue and green, pale blue with pink and green, and Nile-green with lemon and green. Sizes: 32 to 34in. bust. 44/6. 36 to 38in. bust. 48/3. Postage 3/- extra.

No. 178.—GIRL'S SHORTS, BLOUSE AND SKIRT
Little girl's summer play outfit of matching skirt, shorts and top is available cut out ready to sew in white cotton in pink, pale green, green, red, blue and pink, with white stripes. For a 4-year-old, 19/9; 5-to-6-year-old, 22/9; 7-to-8-year-old, 26/3; 9-to-10-year-old, 28/3; 11-to-12-year-old, 30/3. Postage 3/- extra.

No. 179.—GIRL'S SUNFROCK
Pretty sunfrock available cut out ready to sew in a spotted cambric in pink, blue, red, green, and aqua, all with white spots. For 2-year-old, 19/9; 3-to-4-year-old, 21/9; 5-to-6-year-old, 23/6; 7-to-8-year-old, 25/9; 9-to-10-year-old, 27/3; 11-to-12-year-old, 29/6. Postage 3/- extra.

No. 180.—GINGHAM FROCK
This pretty gingham shirtnaker frock is available cut out ready to sew in a wavy check gingham in pink, blue, green, red, lemon, and black, all with white. Sizes: 32 to 34in. bust. 34/6. 36 to 38in. bust. 36/6. Postage 3/- extra.

• *Needlework Notions are available for six weeks from date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.*



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Solution of last week's crossword.

AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - December 16, 1959

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE, Master Magician, PRINCESS NARDA, and their friend Dr. Tate are inside the "shaking" mountain and have encountered a robot caveman. The caveman tells them that his masters,

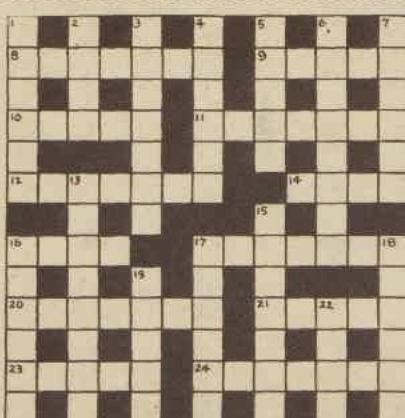
the men of other planets, have put him on Earth to watch and wait for the time when the Earth people become a menace to other planets. The time has come and he wants to take Mandrake and the others back to his masters. NOW READ ON:



THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

8. Ted, round the kiln, is browned (7).
9. I think it sad, or could be, the entrances of mines (5).
10. A Scotsman would toss for it (3).
11. A target on the water (7).
12. Letters for a new colonist (7).
14. S.O.S. (4).
16. It contains holy water or oil for the lamp (4).
17. Perfect joys (7).
20. Engraver's gouge in a clear P.S. (7).
21. Nothing in sole is free (5).
23. Entrance for a small arm of the sea (5).
24. Country with a secreting organ (7).



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

1. They may be fiddle or broom (6).
2. Balm for a great writer (4).
3. It leers (Anagr. 7).
4. Worshipper of a red oar (6).
5. Go after a human being for fruit (5).
6. Lean over less languid (8).
7. Form into a slope ending in a fish (6).
13. Neat Celt with a feeler (8).
15. Plunder in medicine time? (7).
16. Antiquated chap found underground (6).
17. Obstructed by a red bar (6).
18. Uses up the end that bookies carry (6).
19. Blots the steamer with the top inside (5).
22. City in North Africa (4).

Rub-a-dub-dub twins in a tub!



Paul and Bruce, 4-year-old twin boys of Mrs. Birch-noff, are full of life and always on the go. Mrs. Birch-noff says: "At the end of the day they're worn out—and I am, too! I pour a little Dettol into their bath water and mine. It is most refreshing". You, too, will find a Dettol bath is a real reviver.

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